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THE

HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF REV. FATHER BALLERINI, S.J.

Ralph

Raffaele Ballerini

BY

J. C. CURTIN.

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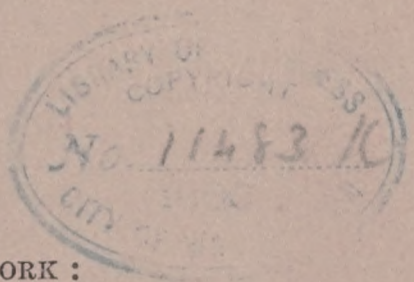

NEW YORK:

D. & J. SADLIER & CO., 31 BARCLAY STREET.

MONTREAL: 275 NOTRE DAME STREET.

1879.

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PREFACE.

THE translation, or rather adaptation, of "The Hunter of the Alps," presented now for the first time in book form to the English reader, needs but few words to recommend it, especially to Catholic patronage.

In the opening chapter a luminous picture of the era in which the thrilling incidents of the story occurred is drawn by the original writer.

I have endeavored to convey it in colors agreeable to the American eye, and fain would hope that those colors have lost none of their strength and freshness.

Part, but a very slender part, of the story will be missed by those conversant with it in the original, but the adapter assumes the responsibility of partial omission on the ground of rendering the whole more suited to the idiom and spirit of the English language.

In the very best stories, and even classic novels, of the age there are passages, nay, whole chapters, which might be omitted with the sanction of the judicious reader. On perusing "The Hunter of the Alps" in the original, I thought I should be doing Catholic literature a service in endeavoring to adapt it into racy, idiomatic English, without losing any of the pith and truth of the story.

Continental authors have produced nothing to rival the works of fiction of prose literature, either in plot or in development of character or truth to nature. It is, however, universally conceded that the French and Italians

are the best raconteurs in the world. In perusing "The Hunter of the Alps," I think the reader will be compelled to acknowledge that it possesses all those elements of interest that constitute a good story. The very history of the period involving its stirring incidents is in itself a romance. Before us loom up the figures of rulers, generals, and statesmen of colossal intellect and world-wide renown. In the picturesque group we find much variety—the sturdy and devoted adherent of imperialism, the foe of the Church, and enthusiastic advocate of Italian unity ; the high-minded officer who serves the ruler of the nation with honorable zeal, and the unprincipled adventurer whose only object is plunder and emolument, and who in the end but attains an ignominious celebrity. Louis Napoleon is gone to his account ; but the great captain who gained for him one of the principal battles which, in its ultimate consequences, changed the European map, and abrogated treaties to which the most sagacious diplomats of the Continent had affixed their names, to-day holds his place as the sagest, most conscientious, and most respected ruler in Europe. Cavour and Victor Emmanuel have disappeared from the theatre whereon they played so conspicuous and wicked a part. Another hero—Pius IX.—higher than all in sphere and character, prominently identified with the historic events herein narrated, has but recently passed away ; his name illumines its pages with the light of that virtue and exalted moral courage which he left as a legacy and a guide to all coming ages. There are few actors in the great political drama, the interludes of which are filled by the leading incidents of our story, yet living ; but as they pass in dioramic review before the mind's eye, the reader will not fail to experience a fascinating and thrilling interest in their characters, and will identify himself with the mighty actions interwoven in their web of life. The battles are brilliantly and picturesquely described, with sufficient minuteness of detail and criticism to give the reader an accurate idea of the relative merits of the commanders. They forcibly remind one of the Napoleonic

battles, as described in "Les Miserables," or of Napier's inimitable delineations of the Peninsular campaigns. The translator has spared no effort to preserve, as far as in him lay, the beauty, simplicity, and accuracy that distinguish the original.

The scenery in connection with the story, especially the beauteous lakes in the northeast of that land so famed in history, so venerable for its antiquity, and so glorious in its trials and triumphs, will possess an absorbing charm for the reader. This charm will be further enhanced by the circumstance that there it was the leading incidents in connection with the heroes of our story occurred.

It is none of the purpose of a preface to communicate names, save a few that are historic, and to which I have already alluded, nor to develop any portion of the plot, lest the reader should lose a particle of interest in a story which I confidently trust will become a favorite, especially in Catholic circles.

"The Hunter of the Alps" is throughout deeply Catholic in tone, and the moral of the denouement is very impressive in three of the most important relations of life—the political, social, and domestic. Especially in the latter relation, through the fairy web of story and the gradual development of incident converging to a destined issue, does the tale strike the reader's conscience more forcibly than the lecture or the sermon.

That it will be hailed as a valuable acquisition, on account of the acknowledged merit of Father Ballerini, to Catholic literature I have no doubt, and I hope it will be warmly welcomed by every Catholic reader. What service Catholic romance has conferred on society I should go back half a century to determine.

At that period, even in polite and virtuous Catholic circles, nothing in literature found favor that did not savor of the Byronic ultra-sensational type. But from the time when Cardinal Wiseman—that giant in the republic of letters—introduced his exquisite "Fabiola" to an admiring world, down to the date of the last issue from the graceful and

prolific pen of Mrs. Sadlier, a gradual improvement is manifest.

Should "The Hunter of the Alps" add but a little to the present zest for Catholic literature, the adapter will think himself amply repaid for his labor. Assuredly he must submit to just criticism, yet he shall ever feel certain that the cause which he pleads will throw its mantle of protection over its humble advocate, and conciliate the benevolence of all those who revere and love religion. J. C. C.

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE winter of 1859 will for ever remain an epoch in the annals of Piedmont. The ominous din of arms and the tramp of hostile legions then echoed from the fertile banks of the Tessino to the snow-capped summits of Mont Cenis. Never before were witnessed such direful omens of war, save in the idle and fantastic lucubrations of the novelist. The cities and towns that cluster around the foot of the Alps were all in favor of the coming conflict. The warlike murmur passed along the Italian shores, was heard within academic walls, disturbed the busy merchant on the exchange, rolled from market-place to market-place, and resounded in every theatre. One might almost have said that beneath the calm and placid sky of Italy, war was caressed in every sunbeam—an evident sign that the fatal hour was about to strike; that hour marked so long previously in the

dark conventicles of a mysterious Areopagus. Like a cloud of locusts the secret agents of Piedmont traversed Italy from end to end. Night and day, with breathless eagerness and unwearied industry, they continued to enlist the enthusiastic youth of the Peninsula, offering tempting bounties to all who were senseless enough to sacrifice their lives for the benefit of the Cross of Savoy.

What scenes were not witnessed in those days of deceit, of infatuation and madness? Newly-married husbands tore themselves violently away from the arms of their disconsolate wives; inhuman fathers abandoned the cradle of their orphan children; wealthy patricians forsook all the delights and attractions of their sumptuous homes; aged artisans deserted their workshops; students flung down their books and left their class-rooms; sons, betraying the tender vigilance of their parents, deserted the paternal roof. Money it was, to be sure, that seduced the majority, but many were urged forward by the imperious orders of the secret societies to which they had affiliated themselves by the most horrible oaths; others yielded to fear, to the raillery of evil companions, and cowardly considerations of every kind; while not a few surrendered to the fallacious promises of military distinction and brilliant decorations. Impatience of paternal restraint, love of adventure, a dislike to the monotony of every-day life, a morbid desire of novelty, a longing after unbridled liberty—these were the causes of that universal abandonment of hearth and home, of that desertion of native land.

The words "my country," so dear even to vagabonds, brigands, and criminals, served only as a mask of intrigue, a veil for the passions, a pretext for every description of turpitude. At the time I speak of, one had only to take his stand beneath the banner of Piedmont in order to be considered great, virtuous, magnanimous, heroic. But what of the floods of tears shed by parents deceived, the sad complaints of wives betrayed, the groans and sighs uttered in the bosom of bereaved families? To all such things the ear was shut; These jeremiads were drowned in the rapturous cheers and warlike songs that celebrated approaching victory.

These refugees—these volunteers, if you will—who had assembled by sea and land from all the circumjacent states, now poured into Lomellina and Liguria; and from thence, after reuniting at Alessandria, proceeded by rail to Turin, which presented the appearance of a huge slave-market, forcibly reminding one of the descriptions given of the ancient bazaars of Smyrna, Tunis, and Algeria. A junta was created, whose duty it was to receive, *fête*, and procure lodgings for the volunteers arriving from every quarter of Italy. These young men descended at the station in bands numbering from two to four hundred. On their hats they wore Italian cockades, and tri-colored ribands streamed from their button-holes.

Received at the station with extraordinary pomp and parade, they were conducted by a representative of the junta to the Convent of St. Thomas,

followed by a surging throng of gaping curiosity-seekers and boisterous street gamins. Recruiting offices were established there, where the names of the new arrivals were inscribed, the act of enlistment drawn up, the bounties paid, and the new recruits forthwith conducted to the citadel to undergo medical inspection and be incorporated into the various regiments. The law required that all volunteers between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six should form a contingent of the infantry or the cavalry of the line, and be conveyed on the morrow to the various fortresses of the realm. Those over twenty-six were to form an independent body of troops to be known as the "Chasseurs of the Alps," a picked corps, recently raised, and placed under the command of General Garibaldi, whom they were to follow in his daring enterprises. But though, in the beginning, all the men composing this select corps were required to be of a certain age, of strong physique, and splendid discipline, and though this rule was rigorously observed at the formation of the first regiment, which garrisoned Coni, still this rigor was relaxed with regard to the two other regiments, which completed their muster at Savigliano. Children of sixteen and even fourteen years, who were strong and somewhat tall for their age, were gladly received, enlisted, and immediately set at the laborious exercise of military drill.

CHAPTER II.

JULIAN.

On a beautiful morning in April the sun, already high in the heavens, shed down its dazzling rays on the white crests of the Alps, and flung a luminous splendor over the far-spreading valley of Piedmont, causing all nature to rejoice. Savigliano, a charming little city situate on that verdant plain between the two rivers, Maira and Grana, which irrigate and fertilize its fruitful fields, was bathed in an ocean of sunlight which softened its bracing atmosphere and perfumed it with the sweetest odors of spring-time. The city seemed to have assumed a new existence; all was joy and bustle in the streets. The trumpets of the Chasseurs of the Alps, who were returning from drill with measured step, had scarce flung their last notes on the palpitating air when, suddenly halting and breaking ranks, the soldiers scattered in all directions, besieging and invading the taverns and *cafés* in crowds, as vigorously as they would have besieged and carried by assault an enemy's fortress. These new guests, whose numbers daily increased, were lodged in three large convents that the commune had appropriated and

converted into barracks, after having turned out of doors, according to the custom of the time, the religious servants of Christ to make room for these improvised followers of Mars.

That day in one of these convents, the one furthest removed from the centre of the city, a silence reigned which it had not known since its new destination. Its spacious yards, toward which all the windows of the cells looked, were almost wholly deserted. Only a few soldiers appeared at intervals, who ran across to a wooden barrack, recently erected in a corner, carrying their canteens, and came out again in a few moments with a nondescript sort of fare that composed their meagre breakfast, which they gulped down while you would be turning on your heel. One of them, seated on an old rickety bench, with his back leaning against the wall, nibbled at a piece of black bread and a thin slice of fat pork which emitted no pleasant odor. He was a youth of delicate physique and distinguished mien, whose rather pallid cheeks and chin, which just betrayed the first approach of dawn, told that he was scarce twenty years of age. He was wrapped up in a capote of coarse woollen stuff covered with large, yellow buttons. A leathern belt was around his waist, and as, from time to time, he flung the huge folds of his capote aside, he exhibited the elegance and elasticity of his slender form. His almost equally coarse pantaloons, which were rather the worse for the wear, short, and without foot-straps, displayed a pretty pair of stockings of exquisite fine-

ness, which presented a rather singular contrast to his ponderous hob-nailed shoes. It was pitiable to witness the repugnance with which he ate his loathsome meal. One could easily understand the unspeakable disgust with which the poor young fellow made a virtue of necessity. His countenance, his manner, his every movement plainly told that he was never born to wear such an ignoble garb.

After finishing his melancholy repast, poor Julian walked across the courtyard and drank from a bucket placed hard by; then, taking off his kepi, he adjusted his long chestnut locks, returned to his former place, and endeavored to sleep.

All in vain. He raised his eyes heavenward and remained motionless as a statue. His comrades, at frequent intervals, passed him by, humming some familiar air, or, with broad grin, getting off some stupid joke. Julian, meantime, remained impassive, apparently unconscious of anything passing around him. Where were his thoughts at that moment? Was he praying or dreaming? Evidently his heart was burdened with deep and melancholy thoughts. His listless eye betokened deep languor; his pallid features, his fitful breathing, the desolate *abandon* of his entire person only too well testified to the grief which rent his troubled soul and the gloomy thoughts that preoccupied his mind. Was it the sting of remorse, mournful recollections, or the beginning of a tardy repentance? The heart of man is a sealed book, of

which the human features scarce indicate the title.

After remaining a considerable time in this state of ecstatic immobility the unhappy youth heaved a prolonged sigh, brushed the tears from his eyes, and nervously drew from his silken vest a superb gold watch, encased with the most costly diamonds, and viewed it seemingly with the tenderest affection. Suddenly one of his companions-in-arms approached him, and surprised him in his silent contemplation. "I have told you a hundred times, my dear Julian," he exclaimed, familiarly placing his hands on his comrade's shoulders, "you will keep on as usual till you find yourself some fine day relieved of your plaything. Was it not enough for you to have your purse and ring stolen, to say nothing of that diamond pin, worth a whole mine?"

"Why, I must know what time it is," responded the other, as he placed the watch in his pocket. "But have we fallen into the forest of Bondy, as they say in Paris?"

"Well, yes. People are very light-fingered around here; if they do not succeed in stealing our very skin from us we can offer an *ex voto* in Notre Dame. Don't you see the hopeful-looking crowd that every train brings us? One might almost think that all the criminals in Italy had come to Savigliano to rendezvous—jail-birds, galley-slaves, convicts, outlaws, thieves, and pickpockets. Last evening I purchased a small piece of the most delicious cheese—which, by the way,

cost me the last fifteen cents I possessed. I wrapped it up carefully in my handkerchief and hid it under the straw I sleep on. You can readily conceive what a pleasant breakfast I anticipated. Well, I awoke, groped and dug all around for my cheese, but—it was gone. One of those confounded screech-owls from the Romagna coolly appropriated it, leaving me nothing but a crust of bran bread for my morning meal. The ruffian rabble will pluck us bare. If you take a friend's advice, I tell you once more to sell that little Liliputian time-piece without delay; you will get a hundred francs for it, at least. Let us then put our stomachs out of danger for another month or so, and fling all *ennui* and care to the winds."

"Impossible! I could no more think of parting with it than with my own heart. But, Maso, why not come and sit down here beside me?"

"And you—why not come with me for a walk around the city? It is a lovely day, as you see, and the whole battalion are wild with fun and jollity."

"I cannot. I have a sore knee, the result of drill, and I intend taking a rest till noon. If we do not take a little care of ourselves I am greatly afraid we will turn up in the hospital. We are fatigued to death—the lives literally crushed out of us. Just think! to have our rations meted out to us by the ounce—a little mouldy bread at that, which we would not offer to a dog at home; to wear rags, and sleep in the midst of filth and vermin. Such is our lot, we who had been brought

up in the lap of luxury, and who enjoyed at home —but it is all over!"

"But look you, Julian, things cannot go on much longer as they are now. If Giulay crosses the Tessino with his Austrians we will see lively times, and whatever pleases God, of course, will come to pass. But if this accursed war does not break out we will have time to act our *rôle.* It is no use to rack our brains over it now, at all events. The die is cast. We have filled the cup; we now must drink it to the dregs. When we return home our parents will be very glad to see us once more, even though we be minus a leg or an arm. Just think for an instant of the rapturous welcome, the loving embraces that we will receive from our fathers and mothers, our relatives and friends! They weep in anguish to-day, but then they will rejoice. Away, then, with all *ennui!* Are you still determined not to sell that gew-gaw watch and banish starvation for the time being?"

"Yes, I am fully resolved not to part with it."

"Well, what a state affair, surely! Does it chance to be a talisman which will render you invisible to the Croats?—or, rather,

> "A sweet pledge of love
> Of some abandoned fair"?

"Maso, you seem not to understand the value we sometimes attach to certain souvenirs. I should rather die of hunger than hand it over to that rapacious Jew."

"True," observed Maso; "you are right. Pre-

serve your precious souvenir, and may your good angel save it from the grasp of the Chasseurs of the Alps. Apropos of Jews, did you hear of the summary manner in which the colonel dealt with those leeches of Ghetto, who followed us all the way from Turin?"

"No; but it was assuredly time for him to direct attention to them. They must have made at least three or four hundred francs on me alone. They have, as you observe, stripped me bare."

"And me likewise," replied Maso. "Samuel, that sinister-looking harpy, literally plucked me in one week. I had no sooner entered his den than he set to work to make an inventory of all I had on me from head to foot. He valued the whole at fifty-five francs, and forthwith handed me a small gold piece as earnest-money. Three days subsequently, when I came to deliver up the effects in question, he lashed himself into a tremendous passion, and, under a multitude of pretexts manufactured for the occasion, he beat me down eighteen francs, and left me like a cuckoo in beeswax. Oh! if my poor mother were to know that her Maso, in his Sunday outfit, was only valued at thirty-seven francs. And yet my *grecque*, brand new as it was, with its silk-velvet trimmings, had cost ninety-six!"

"It is an outrage which the municipality should not tolerate for an instant."

"This has been a fat month for the synagogue. It is said that that rascally old Samuel has cleared fully twenty thousand francs himself. Behold the

reason why these vultures have ever in their mouths the cry of 'Viva Italia!' and are so loud in their professions of patriotism."

"You spoke to me a moment ago of Giulay, and his passage of the Tessino," remarked Julian. "What is the news to-day? Have you read the papers?"

"I have glanced over the *Fischietto;* but it is impossible to get at the truth in *its* columns. In fact, it does not pretend to tell the truth."

"Well, what has it to say to-day?"

"Oh! as usual, it is full of pretentious nonsense and chaotic rhapsody. It thinks the Germans are only imbecile dandies, the bullets of the Croats are only sugar-plums, and the lances of the Ulans are as harmless as tooth-picks. The heroes of Piedmont have only to show themselves in order to put the Austrian armies to ignominious rout."

"That's a little strong."

"These pompous boasts will not count for much if the French come not to our assistance."

"But they will be with us, cost what it may."

"I am not by any means sure of that. If they do not take compassion on Piedmont, and the Austrians fall upon us, the war will not last long."

At this point Julian abruptly brought the conversation to an end, and, after casting a hurried glance toward the barrack-door, he grew confused for an instant, and, leaping from his seat, rushed toward the stairway, which he ascended with the velocity of an arrow.

CHAPTER III.

THE STEWARD.

JUST as Julian disappeared a gentleman, accompanied by an officer bearing the rank of captain, entered the yard. Both walked leisurely toward the bench whereon the two young volunteers had been seated. The officer having beckoned Maso to his presence, the young man advanced toward him and gave him, on his arrival, the usual military salute.

"My brave fellow," said the captain, "you will be good enough to conduct this gentleman through the various quarters and give him all the information he may desire. The commander-in-chief is awaiting me."

"All right, captain."

The stranger, as he took leave of the officer, thanked him for his kindness in the most obsequious terms. He was a small, lank, lean man, excessively ceremonious and exquisitely dressed. Maso, pleasant and jovial with his comrades, was frank and courteous toward everybody. His honest, youthful countenance and simple manners immediately won the confidence of the stranger. One might easily observe that the affected politeness of

the latter was but an artifice used to conceal the embarrassment he felt on finding himself alone in a place which he instinctively knew was not the home of the perfect.

But the ice was already broken, and without more ado he informed Maso that he was duly authorized to make search for a young man who had enlisted in the army of Piedmont, producing as he spoke his official documents.

After a moment's silence he continued:

"But, alas! I fear it is labor lost; he whom I seek is not here. Through the kindness of your good captain I have made a careful examination of all the rolls, and could not find the name ir question. I am told that I had better proceed to the camps of Fossano, Vercelli, and Alessandria, but how know I that I will meet with any better success there? I am not a wandering Jew, who must travel through all the cities, towns, villages, and hamlets of this vast kingdom. I can, however, conscientiously say that I have left no means unexercised to console that desolate lady. A mother! Yes, my boy, a mother. It is a question of an unconsolable mother whose child fled from home to enlist in the army, and whose whereabouts we have since been unable to discover."

"Oh! that is not an exceptional case," replied Maso, with a gentle smile; "it is, in truth, the identical history of all our volunteers. We are all, with scarce an exception, runaways from college, from our homes, and the workshops of our employers."

"Why, you surely are not one of those?" answered the stranger, with a look of surprise.

"Yes, indeed, I am," replied Maso, as a slight blush passed over his countenance.

"And where did you run away from?"

"From home."

"Indeed! And where did you live?"

"In a large town in Lunigiana. I am seventeen years of age, and am the eldest of three brothers. My father is a real-estate owner in easy circumstances, with a yearly income of from twenty to thirty thousand francs; and I might add that I have received a solid and thoroughly Christian education."

"And here you are now in the army of Garibaldi!"

"Oh! that's only a boyish freak. I have been played upon with so many idle stories and such sentimental balderdash that it was impossible for me to resist. I first fled to Leghorn incognito, whence I embarked for Genoa, and from thence proceeded to Turin. They first intended to enlist me into the Bersaglieri, but I requested to be allowed to join the Chasseurs of the Alps, and here I am."

"And your father and mother—what about them?"

"Well, during the day I manage to think of them as seldom as possible, but at night—my nights are nights of agony."

As he spoke the tears welled to his eyes; but wishing to conceal his emotion, he hastily added:

"And who is he, sir, whom you are in search of?"

"My young master—for I am the steward of the countess dowager, his mother; he is a wealthy lord, an only son, and scarce eighteen years of age. He is a magnificent boy, who has acted precisely as you have done, with the exception, perhaps, that *your* parents know where you are."

"No, sir, they have not the slightest knowledge of my whereabouts, except they have learned it from some source unknown to me."

"You are not speaking seriously?"

"Most assuredly I am. Since I left home I have not given the slightest sign of life. How could I do so? I could not return. My enlistment in the army precluded the possibility of that. And as for writing, I could not summon enough courage to put pen to paper. But what about that young man of yours? Will you allow me to ask his name and the locality where he resided?"

The steward forthwith informed his interrogator of the country and the family to whom his young master, whom he named Julian, belonged; then, fixing his eyes on the chasseur, he asked:

"Have you heard anything of him?"

"Nothing whatsoever. Be assured, sir, that if he belonged to my battalion I would have picked him out. We would certainly have known one another, for, when I meet an educated and gentlemanly companion, I form the acquaintance immediately, and am glad of the opportunity of being able to do so. If you have glanced over the rolls

of the two regiments of Savigliano without finding him out, you may come to the conclusion that he is not here. You must search Coni, where the First Regiment is in garrison, or, as you observed a moment ago, the depots of the line scattered throughout the entire kingdom."

"That is exactly what I purpose doing, were it for naught else than to console a disconsolate mother and a sister, the victims of the most heart-crushing sorrow. I wish to be able to say, on my return, that I have been everywhere and employed every means in my power to compass my object. Even to-day I have spent the whole morning, in company with your captain, in searching the two city barracks. Do you think that by time and perseverance I may succeed in ferreting him out?"

"If Julian is not dead, and if he is really under the banner of King Victor Emmanuel, there is no doubt but that your efforts will be crowned with success. Will you come inside and visit the corridors and barrack-rooms?"

"No; I have not long to stay, as I must take the mid-day train. Before taking leave, however, I would ask you to oblige me by giving me a hurried outline of your daily mode of life, your military discipline, the way you pass your time daily, so that on my return I can convey the information to the unhappy countess."

"Most willingly, sir. As to the discipline, it is scarce necessary to observe that a corps which has just been newly organized is not calculated to serve as a model, and ours least of all, for a va-

riety of reasons. However, I will give you in a few words the routine of our daily life. We rise at four o'clock in the morning; at half-past four the roll is called; at five o'clock, rain or hail, we must go to perform our field exercise; we return to the barrack-rooms at nine o'clock and partake of a scanty meal, if happily such a thing is there; at half-past eleven we resume our drill."

"If so, it is time for you to start now."

"Why, what time is it?"

"Eleven o'clock sharp."

"Eleven already? We shall now have to practise the manual of arms until three o'clock in the afternoon. On returning we gulp down a second morsel, and at four o'clock we have target practice; at nine o'clock the roll is called again, when we retire to our kennels like dogs, where we repose on a handful of straw."

"And how can you, so delicate, so accustomed to all the enjoyments of a comfortable home, bear up under such a state of things?"

"You see I have borne up thus far."

"Have you, at least, good rations?"

"Our rations consist of a species of nondescript compound that is dignified by the name of porridge, repulsive in the extreme. To that is added a slice of meat on black bread, and water in abundance."

"And you can stand such terrible treatment? That musket and bayonet which you carry by your side must needs weigh heavily on you?"

"Yes, but it is an error to suppose that each

and every one of us is possessed of a musket. In the whole corps there are scarce enough to fit out a decent armory. The great majority of us are still awaiting our muskets, and, according to appearances, must continue to wait; for the Government, which regards our arms with an evil eye, strives to thwart all our designs, and uses every means in its power to detach us from Garibaldi. Meantime, those who have no muskets go through their exercise with sticks, broom-handles, and so forth. Some have old-fashioned flint-locks, while a few are supplied with condemned Minnie rifles. Our officers are perpetually dinning into our ears that our most effective weapon is unflinching courage. They will, however, soon discover what madness it is to encounter an enemy with unequal arms."

"You are, then, determined to march against the Austrians?"

"If war breaks I certainly will. Think you I became a Garibaldian to vegetate as I am at present?"

"But you may get killed."

"That I am perfectly aware of; but, as we must die some time, it is better we should die in early youth than wither away slowly by old age. Besides, since I grieved the hearts of my parents by my recent escapade, I have grown disgusted with the world. I repent of my past offences, and, if a German bullet strikes me down, I trust that God will show me mercy. All boyish freaks are not mortal sins."

During this conversation the stranger kept his eyes firmly fixed on the youth's countenance. He had at first regarded him with a certain feeling of suspicion, but as Maso's candor and frankness became manifest he felt his heart so deeply moved that, had he been able, he would have immediately restored him to the arms of his parents. But neither the time nor the place was favorable to respond to the confidence with which Maso inspired him, and to the sentiment of compassion that moved his soul. He now saw himself surrounded by groups of soldiers returning to their quarters. They sang, joked, and uttered wild yells. The stranger lowered his voice and ceased his questions. He no longer heard, save with a sort of timid distraction, the words of his interlocutor. Certain sinister-looking visages around him caused him to feel somewhat uneasy. Glancing at these hang-dog faces, he moved backwards towards the door with a nervousness he vainly tried to conceal. Maso, without pretending to notice his uneasiness, accompanied him to the door, and with a polite bow took leave of him, for the command, "Chasseurs, to your ranks!" had just rung out. The stranger, cutting short the advice he wished to offer the deluded youth, shook him warmly by the hand and parted. He quitted these repelling precincts, cursing the seducers of the Italian youth, whose noble instincts and patriotism were exploited in order to plunge them into misery and idleness, to render them victims to remorse, and to carry sorrow and despair into the bosoms of happy households.

It was not without reason that Julian quitted the yard with such extreme precipitation. In his blind rush across the staircase and the corridors of the monastery, and from room to room and floor to floor, one would imagine he was flying for his life. All at once he dashed like an arrow into the windings of a small stairway leading to a kind of garret. Climbing thence toward a small opening in the wall, and looking precisely on the corner of the yard where his comrade and the stranger were talking, he fixed his eye on them and flushed, restless and trembling; he eagerly watched and followed their every movement, their slightest gesture. Not being able to hear their conversation, he seemed to be endeavoring to interpret it by their looks. His cheeks were crimson and livid by turns; and his whole body was seized with a nervous trembling. His knitted brows, his entire countenance, and his clenched and quivering hands bespoke a heart a prey to the deadliest fear. Evidently the poor youth sustained a desperate struggle against the most violent emotions; fear, desire, suspicion battled in and rent his troubled soul.

The brief conversation between Maso and the stranger seemed to him an age. Scarcely had the stranger started when Julian dashed at a break-neck speed toward his comrade. He met him in the barrack-room and seized him by the arm:

"Tell me," he cried impetuously, "did Florence speak to you of Natalie?"

At sight of his comrade apparently beside him-

self, his hair dishevelled, his clothes in disorder and covered with dust, Maso stood amazed, scarce knowing how to answer so unexpected a question. Glancing at Julian with a look of surprise, it seemed to him as if the latter regretted having said too much. Maso, seizing with the celerity of thought the action, the attitude, the features, and language of Julian, understood all in an instant. He cast on his friend a look so maliciously searching that Julian, taken on the spur of the moment, lost countenance and turned away his head.

"Ah! you know it, then," he cried. "I understand all now."

"Maso, do not betray me! With you," he added, "I will have no more mysteries; but do you swear that you will not divulge my secret?"

Maso replied in the affirmative with an air of irresolute complaisance.

"On the faith of a friend?"

"Of a true friend!"

"Well, then—"

Here the inexorable sound of the bugle interrupted the confidential conversation, and the two friends were hurried forward by their companions-in-arms, who were rushing in crowds through the barrack-yard to form ranks and begin the usual exercises.

CHAPTER IV.

A BEREAVED MOTHER.

On a lovely morning in April a lady approaching the autumn of life and a beautiful young girl were seated in a parlor looking over the terrace of a small villa situate near the large and populous city of Amelia. Both continued their work in silence. Reclining in a large arm-chair, the elder lady, with pallid countenance and downcast eyes, wrought in a distracted manner at a tambour-frame, which after a brief space she placed on a work-table. She remained for a time absorbed and motionless, and then cast a painful look at a crumpled letter lying on her lap. She resumed her work, but only to lay it aside again in a few moments.

Opposite her, at a short distance, the young girl was seated in a small chair, modestly attired in a costume of delicate blue bordered with a *ruche* of ribbon of the same color. She remained bent attentively over a piece of embroidery whereon she was engaged. From time to time she cast a furtive glance at her companion, whose frequent sighs and melancholy countenance betokened a dis-

consolate heart. By a spontaneous and sympathetic impulse the girl suspended her work and cast on her companion a look of the tenderest compassion.

With a half-suppressed sob she lowered her eyes, while the tears fell fast on the embroidery-frame placed on her knees. Singular contrast! Without, all joy, and beauty, and loveliness; within, weeping, woe, and desolation! Betimes the girl opened her pallid lips, as if about to address her mother a word of consolation; but not daring to break the painful silence, she as often repressed her desire. Perchance she feared lest a sigh should escape her lips instead of a word of condolence.

All at once the elder lady seized, with convulsive grasp, the note whereon all the energies of her soul appeared to be concentrated. After gazing at it with a strange and half-dazed look she began to read it in a voice of mingled bitterness and pain:

"I could not, would not return hate for hate to a tyrant mother whom I loved so tenderly, and whose irrational aversion to me—"

She repeated the above phrase several times, and seemed to meditate upon and drink in its every word; but the oftener she repeated it the more she yielded to the sorrow that weighed her soul. Her breathing grew broken and fitful, and her every feature but too plainly betrayed her to be the victim of unutterable woe.

"O mother!" cried the young girl, as she rushed from her seat toward the disconsolate lady, "put away that wretched letter. Give it to me at once, and I will fling it into the fire."

"No, never!" exclaimed the lady, as she seized the letter with quivering grasp; "that must go down with me to the grave. It is the steel that has entered my heart. I will, and declare, that it rest for ever with my ashes in the tomb."

And as she uttered these words with an angry emphasis, she cast a glance of severe rebuke at her daughter, which caused the latter to burst into tears.

"I *a tyrannical mother?*" continued the lady, as she commented on every word. "I to hate my own child—him who was the very life of my soul? Has it ever yet been heard that a mother could hate the child of her bosom? The very beasts of the forests will die in defence of their young, and shall it be said that I prove more unnatural than they—that I hated my child, and without the *slightest reason?* Ah! Natalie, can you for a moment conceive how a son could accuse his mother of harboring towards him a wicked hatred—his mother, who loves him more than the apple of her eye? Oh! no; but Julian is a wretched ingrate, a monster, a parricide!"

"O mother! do not speak so, I pray," replied the girl, as she grasped the hand of her disconsolate parent. "Julian was beside himself; he knew not what he was doing when he penned that letter. He did not wish to give you the slightest offence or pain. Besides, it was to me he wrote it. Poor boy! pardon him, I pray, and do not add to his present misfortunes by heaping on him your maledictions."

"Oh! God forbid that I should wish him ill," the lady replied, with a look of unmitigated horror; "so far from it that I pray for him daily and nightly. I am squandering my life for love of him. I have pardoned him already; I pardon him now, I shall pardon him for all time and eternity. Oh! would that he were here at this moment. I would press him to my bosom; I would teach him with what love and tenderness his mother's heart throbs for him. But I cannot help giving free vent at times to the anguish which consumes me. Had he only fled from home, though by doing so he would have disgraced his family and forced us to quit the city, as we actually have done, rather than become the laughing-stock of everybody, I would have borne it with less anguish of heart. But to run away because he believed himself the object of his mother's detestation, and in going to leave us that cruel letter! Ah! when I think that I have a son, in the bloom of his eighteenth year, a fugitive concealed heaven knows where, or in what condition, whether a soldier or a vagrant—a son who thinks of his mother only to see in her an implacable enemy! And I am that mother—I, who have ever loved him with an ineffable love. O my dear daughter! if ever you become a mother, you will then be unable to conceive how I can survive a martyrdom like to this."

"But Julian loves you still," urged the young girl, as she seated herself beside her mother and reclined on the cushion of the divan. "Believe me, his freaks are all over now. Have you not

read over and over again, after that foolish and wretched phrase, the cordial and touching words in which he recommends you to my care? Ah! Julian has a warm and tender heart, and I can confidently assure you that he will not remain away from you long. How know you but that some morning you will receive a nice letter of apology, or you will see him drop in on us all unexpectedly, submissive and repentant? And then what happiness and rapturous rejoicing!"

"Do not rely too much on that, my dear, and do not fill my soul with vain hopes," responded the lady, striving as she spoke to suppress the gleam of joy that lit up her saddened countenance. "Florence has brought us melancholy news. While readily admitting that a heart worthy of me beats within Julian's breast, I cannot but feel conscious that all escapades in a youth of his character are fatal. On that point there is no doubt. Julian is lost for ever."

"But, mother, Florence does not despair of finding him. Last evening, when pressed to snatch a brief repose after his weary voyage, he told, it is true, that he was unsuccessful in his search, but he gave us no news in any wise discouraging. Did he not also tell us that multitudes of young men left their homes to go, like Julian, to join the army of Piedmont, and that shame alone prevents them from writing to their parents? Julian but acted like the rest. You know how tenderly I love him; and yet I feel convinced that he is living still, that he is well, and that ere long he will write home.

Who knows but that he may come back directly? Meantime, let us continue our novenas, and Heaven will not be deaf to our prayers."

"Amen!" responded the mother, as she looked tenderly at her daughter, and heaved a sigh of relief, or mayhap of despair.

"You are my good angel," she continued; "but for you I were inconsolable. The anguish of heart I suffer wrings from me many a complaint I had rather remain hidden in the depths of my soul. Poor Natalie! I afford you a bad example and add deeply to your pain. But what can I do? I am so terribly wounded in my maternal affections. I a tyrant mother? And it is Julian, my own beloved son, who dares to call me such! After prayer alone the only relief left me is to pour into your guileless soul the cruel bitterness that consumes mine. You alone it is who prevents me from sinking under the weight of my woe. You hope that God will grant us the favor we implore; that he will restore to you your brother, and will protect him from all danger?"

"Yes, mamma, I have the fullest hope of it; but to merit this favor you must overcome your chagrin. In meditating on the sorrows of Mary we will find strength to support our own. When weighed down with grief the thought of the sword that pierced her immaculate heart alone sustains me. And this, as you know, is but the teaching you instilled into me when yet a child."

"You are right, my daughter. I confidently hope that the Queen of Heaven will take compassion on

my weakness. She has already partly heard my prayer, since she inspired Don Egidio to go in search of Julian. I expect Don Egidio to-day."

"Then he has not set out for Piedmont?"

"He has relatives whose good offices he can use without any inconvenience to himself. Ah! my existence is centred on that hope. I will tell you all at another time and place. But why has not Florence returned? He is to bring me news from Don Egidio, and I await him with the utmost impatience."

"He cannot delay long; I will go to the gate and see if he is in sight. But give me that letter first, pray."

And, as she spoke, the young girl with graceful dexterity removed the paper from her mother's lap.

"Oh! to burn it?" exclaimed the affrighted lady.

"No, no; I promise to keep it perfectly safe."

And forthwith she left the salon, descended into the garden, and, casting a hurried glance around her, hastened to, and seated herself within, a little laurel bower. This tender child, who in presence of her afflicted mother evinced such calmness and fortitude, grew all at once feeble and disconsolate. She unfolded the ill-advised letter, placed it on her knee, and wept bitterly in silence. Oh! what a relief were those tears to her tortured soul. Rather than add to her mother's grief she had for hours dissembled her own anguish of heart. This pious girl, scarce sixteen years of age, had resolved to weep but in secret.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRIDE OF YOUTH.

THE Countess Leonie was the widow of Valerian, a rich and worthy nobleman. There was a difference of two years in the ages of their children, Julian and Natalie. When Julian had come to the use of reason, the good count, his father, sent him to an excellent college in the suburbs of the city.

The countess was a lady of refined and elegant manners, cultured and lofty in her bearing, and endowed with a rare sagacity. She was much attached to Julian, her eldest child, and she was very much opposed to his being sent so young away from home. The kind-hearted father, who loved to distraction his wife and children, insisted for once on having his way. It was impossible for him, he thought, with his whole time and attention centred on his worldly affairs, to devote himself with that care to the education of his son which he knew would be necessary, especially when he was aware that the years between youth and manhood, the most dangerous in our lives, should tax his faculties to their utmost.

Leonie no longer objected to the firm resolve of her husband, and as Julian pursued his studies she was delighted beyond measure at the rapid progress he made, and she turned her whole attention to form the character and direct the taste of her little daughter, who never quitted her side.

The sudden death of the count left her a widow. Her bereavement was too much for her; it crushed her spirit to the earth. She sank under the blow and fell into a prolonged and dangerous illness. At length, when pronounced convalescent, she desired earnestly to see her son; and this she asked as a favor of his uncle, who had been named his guardian.

Julian in his thirteenth year was brought home from college, where the quick intelligence of the boy, along with his close application to study, had not merely gained him much applause and many honors, but brought him dear little friendships, sweet associations not known outside college life, and really great progress for one of his age. No wonder, then, that the bright, quick-witted child shed tears, and would love to while many an hour away talking of his old professors and classmates. This lingering attachment of her son to his college and its memories, and his sorrowful separation from them, could not but be observed by his mother and make an impression on her mind. Her health was now completely restored. She now regretted having taken him away from college so soon; but it was too late. For if Julian, on the one hand, was more than ordinarily favored by na-

ture in her gifts, his disposition, on the other, was hasty, imperious, self-willed, and naturally of a somewhat sombre cast.

Perhaps never was the strong, firm hand of a father so much needed in guiding and modelling the character of a child. The mother's sagacity now made her feel more acutely the loss of her beloved Valerian. She studied, however, to assuage the gravity and firmness of his character towards her darling child, that he might feel as little as possible the loss of his father. This heroic mother ever evinced for her son very great affection ; yet as he advanced in years Julian could not but feel a certain staidness in her manner, and a lack of that sweet, lively expression of a mother's love that mothers, alas ! too often in their weakness show to their children.

The naturally strong and forcible character of Leonie made this line of conduct an easy one, perhaps, for her to follow ; for, as we have said, hers was a soul cast in the mould of a heroine—powerful, refined, with high culture, and endowed with a strength of will, a firmness of character all but unknown to those of her rank and sex. She was a model Christian mother, full of a pure and religious faith, and ever charitable to the poor ; she was esteemed and loved by all who came near her. Yet withal was there ever in the woman's strong nature a constant battle going on to keep up this apparent reserve towards her cherished boy. Did she at all persevere with any promise of success, it was not without having to accuse herself of many an act of

forbearance that ought not to have been, gifts and fond indulgences without number.

Well satisfied and thankful to God for the strength he gave her to act her part, she humbly besought her Heavenly Father to bless her endeavors in forming the character of her son, who daily advanced in years and grace.

A learned and worthy priest, the Canon Don Egidio, superintended the studies of Julian. He was an old friend of the family, and the boy was as dear to him as the pupil of his eye ; nor could he complain of lack of diligence in his young student, for the youthful count, whose mind was of a mathematical turn, studied with great application. He had just entered on his eighteenth year when he completed his philosophical studies. Julian, ever respectful and obedient to the countess, his mother, had a sweet and tender attachment for his sister Natalie, and while in his bearing there was ever a religious conduct that made him set at naught any fear of the opinion of others, he was dear to every member of the household. In him were centred the hopes of his house. He was the pride and delight of his mother, the very idol of a sister's love, and many of the noble matrons, friends of the countess, saw in him a model for their children, and envied her that she was the mother of so noble a youth.

As the Christmas of 1858 drew near, Leonie suddenly fell into a pensive mood, and her cold severity of manner with her son showed itself now more than ever. In her bearing towards him he

in vain looked for even a pleasant smile. She was ever serious and almost haughty, and if she spoke to him it was seldom, and in an incisive tone.

If there was one thing more than another that seemed to delight Julian it was the recreation he took in a drive with his pair of fleet chestnut ponies. Now some trifling pretext was laid hold of to take from him the graceful team in which he so prided himself, and at the same time his gay carriage disappeared from the coach-house. It was customary every year when Christmas came round for the countess to bestow rich Christmas gifts on her children. But this year, while those for Natalie were unusually brilliant, there were *none* for Julian. Nay, more, Florence, from whom he received his pocket-money each month, had not given him his allowance for December, and now it was the middle of January. Such, he said, were his instructions from the countess.

Julian saw but could not account for this mysterious change. He felt it keenly, but never uttered a word in complaint. Nor was Natalie slow to perceive it. She regretted it, but dared not to interfere, save to question her brother about it.

"Julian, how is this? Mother is annoyed at you. How have you offended her?"

Julian's reply was merely a shrug of the shoulders and no more. Natalie then grew bolder, and asked her mother.

"What has Julian done that you are so severe on him, and for such a length of time?"

The countess would appear not to have caught

her meaning, as a tender embrace would smother any further enquiries.

This conduct of the countess towards her son was so manifest as to become the subject of varied comment, even among the attendants; nor could they attribute it to any reason.

Did Julian himself really know it? Was there nothing, nothing at all that the quiet monitor within could accuse him of? Some thought there was, others said enthusiastically that it was impossible, but the majority of the servants leaned in their opinion to the judgment of the mother against the son.

This state of affairs had lasted for about three weeks, when the manner of the countess softened gently towards her son. The old smile of greeting appeared once more on her face, but it was far from being a happy smile.

The ponies were back again in their stable, and Florence was once more happy that he could again give Master Julian his monthly allowance.

Julian now hesitated. He knew not how to act. Should he pretend to feel and act as if nothing had occurred, and at some other time make a representation to the countess on her treatment of him, or had he not better show by a certain reserve in his bearing the state of his wounded feelings, and thus respond to the advances of the countess? This was only a slight feeling of pride, yet while he struggled with his feelings he fell into a culpable error. Twice did his mother invite him to accompany her in her walk. On each occasion

he made some excuse, and with a certain constraint of manner declined. One evening the countess, to compensate for the loss of his Christmas presents, handed him a costly diamond scarf-pin. He received it with a chilling coolness from her hand, never deigned it a glance, and, turning, handed it to Natalie, who stood confused and amazed. At another time Leonie asked him to take his sister out for a drive. He replied languidly that he now scarcely ever drove that team he was wont to be so fond of. Natalie knew how jealous the countess ever was of the respectful conduct of her children towards herself, and was now worried in her endeavors to solace the wounded spirit of her brother. Julian—the thoughtless, foolish boy—could easily have dispelled for ever and aye this passing cloud by a pleasant word or a gracious act of submission. But now, by a foolish revenge, a show of pride and haughtiness, he simply drew the tempest about his head. Did he imagine that the countess looked on herself as at fault? Foolish idea!

When a wise mother has in mistake exceeded her rightful bounds of maternal authority, she will accuse herself to God and never to her child. Besides, if Julian did know the motives that actuated the conduct of his mother, why not seek an explanation from his mother, whom he always knew to be so open to explanation from him, and so ready to overlook a fault? But if he was ignorant of her motives, why not seek with a respectful candor to learn them? Why show in his face a culpable obstinacy? But passion is ever unreason-

ing? The youth now contended with his mother, foolishly forgetting that the Countess Leonie is by no means the woman who will allow herself to be contemned and treated with disrespect by a beardless boy.

The February of 1859 at the château was an unusually dull month. A pall of gloom, of sadness hung over it as it passed by. In vain did the noble mother strive to move the headstrong youth. At one time she would put on a severe and menacing air. At another she would stoop to assume an insinuating manner. By turns she would be haughty and overbearing in her tones; by turns plaintive and aggrieved, but all was to no purpose.

Julian did not care to understand her. He would not look toward her at table, and continued taciturn. On other occasions he even strove to avoid a chance meeting with her. He was a stranger in her boudoir—a stranger in his own home. The iron had entered his proud soul. His heated imagination clouded and changed his very nature, infusing it with the evil spirit of hatred, that made him regard his mother as simply an unjust persecutor.

Natalie was ever by his side, striving to reason with him, to supplicate, to reproach him. With tears in her eyes would she daily make her appeal to him. His manner in response would be a sad and silent look. He would frequently place his hand fondly on her shoulder, and play with her silken tresses, or press his cold lips to her forehead, but words seldom, if ever, escaped him. She, poor devoted

child, would rush in frenzy to the oratory, throw herself on her knees, and, looking with eyes almost blinded in tears on the image of the crucified One, offer herself to God as a victim for her brother's sins, her mother's imperfections.

The only change that came with time was that matters grew still more disagreeable. The wound did not heal up. The persistent obstinacy of Julian alarmed the countess mother. She had recourse to Don Egidio. Counsel was taken; Julian was again approached; but all in vain. No happy plan, or gentle stratagem, or sweet concession that a mother could make but was devised and had recourse to. Leonie went heart and soul to work, and was persevering ardently in her plans when an unhappy occurrence came for ever to dash to earth her every hope.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LETTER.

JULIAN was desperate with the anguish of a soul soured even to death with an absurd and remorseless spite. He presented himself one day at the house of his uncle, Count James, who had been his instructor, and with a boyish air besought him to free him from his mother's control—to be for ever separated from her. This annoyed and angered the good uncle, who administered to him a severe reprimand, bade him not to be influenced by such childish extravagances, and that such visionary nonsense was unworthy of him. This movement of Julian augured ill, but the firm bearing of his uncle in his refusal to hearken to such a request took the sting out of the blow, and common prudence would hush up the whole matter; the countess must not be pained in hearing of this action of her misguided boy.

How it fell out, however, we could not ever learn, but she was acquainted with every detail of this scene between uncle and nephew, even at the time when a reconciliation had been arranged by the canon. The countess could not control the bitterness of her spirit, her indignation, and disgust.

That afternoon, when she was receiving some friends whom she had invited to one of her evening parties, her unusual nervousness and paleness of her cheek did not escape Julian, though he neither knew nor could he suspect the real cause. His ordinary tranquil and indifferent air, though assumed, stung his mother to the soul. She could not restrain her feelings, and gave vent to them in open and bitter speech—so bitter, so cutting that it made the blood tingle in his veins. It burst like a thunder-cloud on his devoted head. A sickly pallor came to his cheeks, his hands worked convulsively, as if clasping an unseen something, his frame trembled visibly, and, rising, he left the chamber with a dark and bitter smile faintly outlined on his half-clenched lips. Natalie, faithful, tender-hearted sister, rushed after him and was at his side just when he reached the door of his study. She came like an angel to soothe, to condole with, his troubled spirit. When Julian saw her about to enter with him he grew livid with anger, and, seizing her by the shoulder, dashed her violently from him into the corridor and then slammed to the door of his room. It was the first rude act she had ever known from him.

Julian kept close to his study, and for three days in succession would not go down to the dining-room. The enraged countess, herself unyielding, would break the obstinate spirit in her son. While he so persisted in his refusal to appear at meals she ordered nothing but bread and water to be served to him. His sister interceded in vain; she could

not move her mother from her fixed resolve. The proud spirit of the boy would not stoop to let even a remark fall from him as to his prison-fare. Leonie never bethought her to seek advice as to how she could bring about a better feeling in the spirit of her child; she was her own adviser. She murmured at her hard lot, and sought in the too frequent use of absinthe a calming and unnatural solace. Was this the whole duty of a mother? It may be that she was right in her desire to be firm, yet up to the present she had not gained her point —in restoring peace to her family, in asserting her parental authority, in winning back the heart of her boy—and oh! what unavailing anguish had been spared her had she only been less severe.

Julian one evening sent for Natalie. She came promptly, but approached him in a timid and subdued manner.

"Natalie," said he, with the easiest, calmest tone of voice, "I was very rude to you the other evening. I cannot now tell you how much I regret it. I did not know what I was doing. Will you pardon me?"

"Just like you, my noble Julian!" cried the devoted girl, her face lit up with a sudden joy. "I fear that you were also angry with me. . . . I have not closed my eyes in sleep ever since. . . . *I* pardon you! I have nothing to pardon you for. . . . Why not speak in that way to mother? . . . You will then restore her to happiness. . . . Oh! if you only knew what she suffers on your account. . . ."

"Mother," he said, interrupting her, while his pale face grew even more livid, and he spoke slowly and with deliberate ostentation—"mother is a tyrant." A nervous rising in the throat choked his further utterance, or he had said more.

"Mercy!" cried the astonished girl, "you have committed a terrible crime in uttering that word."

"No, no," he replied, "my conscience acquits me of that. My heart bears no hatred towards her; on the contrary, I love her. . . . Believe me, I do. A time will come, and you will be astonished that I could love this woman whom you call my mother. But, Natalie, do you forgive me?"

The poor girl was shocked, was stunned at such hard language; her only reply was a silent nod of the head.

"Well, then," he continued, "do me this favor: let me have one of your watches. I require it for a special purpose."

"Which of them shall you have?" said Natalie in a broken voice. "That which my godmother brought me from Paris?"

The young girl hurried at once to her room and returned with the costliest watch of the two. From it hung an elegant chain of Venetian manufacture, and richly set in brilliants. She handed it to Julian. As he took it his eyes filled with tears, and looking tenderly at his sister, "Natalie," he said, 'don't you love me?'

"How strange you are, Julian," she replied, "to talk so! Why should I not?"

"Good-by, then," said Julian. And taking her

hand gently in his, he led her to the door of his room, and again in a tremulous voice repeated: "Good-by, Natalie!" . . . He spoke with difficulty, and pressing her hand in his, he stooped and kissed her affectionately.

She felt his warm tears fall on her cheek as he thus bade her farewell. In her astonishment and emotion his language of repeated farewell was a mystery to her. Nor, timid soul! dare she mention to her mother his brotherly kiss. All she said, in a constrained manner, was that Julian wept bitterly and asked her to forgive him.

"Yes!" cried Leonie, with a heart-felt sigh, "he asked thy forgiveness and not his mother's, the ingrate!"

The countess retired then to rest her in a sleep that denied rest to her anxious mind.

The action of Julian, her noble boy, in seeking his pardon from his sister, touched a cord in the mother's heart, and now she would, at any sacrifice, overcome this foolish and unheard-of obstinacy of her son. When morning came she went to his room, determined to bring under his rebellious spirit Julian was not in his apartments. He had already gone out. Leonie's heart was heavy and gave forth many a sigh as she walked through his empty rooms and returned to her boudoir. At noon Julian had not returned. The clock on the old tower struck two, and Julian was still absent. It struck four, and Julian did not yet appear. Patiently had his noble mother awaited his return. But when it at length rung out the sixth hour

of the afternoon, Leonie was completely overcome with suspense and long and anxious waiting. She went out, and returned as one wild with distraction, speaking all the time in a half-audible whisper to herself. Poor Natalie was ever at her side and wept with her. About seven o'clock P.M. Gervaise, a farmer's son, desired to see Natalie. "Who is he?" exclaimed the countess. "Let him come in."

"This morning," said the peasant, "before getting into the carriage, the young master bade me take this letter here towards night-fall. This is it."

"What carriage? What do you say?" said the countess in a tremor.

"My lady, I don't know. The young master came on foot to our farm about eight o'clock this morning, and shortly after that a carriage arrived with a stout, heavily-bearded man in it. Young master handed me this letter and his orders; then both of them leaped into the light wagon and drove away."

The countess then dismissed Gervaise. When he was gone the poor mother clasped both hands on her heart, as if to still its beating. A glassy stare came into her eyes as she gazed on her daughter. She sank down almost in a swoon into a chair near her. Recovering herself, Leonie forced herself to read the following letter:

"DEAR SISTER: Though I write you this letter in my study, I know that before it reaches you I shall be far away on my journey. The unnatural

dislike of my mother has at length driven me from home, where it made life a burden.

"Uncle James, my old instructor, has no sympathy for me. He turns a deaf ear to my complaints—will do nothing for me. Until of late I knew not in what direction I should turn my steps. But now I am resolved to leave here. I shall join the Army of Piedmont, and as a soldier fight for the freedom of my country.

"While I live your beautiful little watch shall be by me as a token of a sister's kind and constant love. I shall ever wear it near my heart in remembrance of you. It consoles me to think that you forgive an erring brother, and that you, at least, in all the world, will think sometimes of me. Your regard for me, my sister, is dearer to me than life; for the constant kindness that you alone of all God's creatures have shown me has taught me that he is good. My father is no more; and my mother—would to heaven I had never had such a mother!

"Natalie, your brother Julian has now none to think of him but you. And I can assure you, my sister, that I never did aught to lose the esteem of any one, and least of all that of my mother. I can say I never gave her pain, that I but sought to please her and gain her love. Never did I knowingly displease her. Her feelings towards me have been ungracious in the extreme. I am her son, and that entitles me to no claim with her but one of unmerited personal dislike. Yet she is my mother, and would to God that she had taken

back the very life she gave me rather than play false with my name and honor! In her treatment of me she has trampled under foot every law of nature. Natalie, I repeat it, I have never injured any one; and if I must go far away from you it is because I wish *not* to return in kind the unreasonable and unnatural hate of a tyrant mother whom I yet love. Think not of me with horror. To hate any one is not in me. There is little of the tiger in my composition. Could I but hope for love and pardon I should seek both, even from my mother. But her soul is incapable of either towards me.

"However, the future is before us. What it shall be God alone knows. To thousands of brave hearts war means death. This war may yet number me among the slain. If so, dear sister, my last and only wish is that my remains, if found, be laid in the family vault beside my kind father. Your inheritance will be ample. Have me remembered in many Masses, and for the repose of my soul be generous, I pray you, in your alms to Christ's poor. If your lot is to be in the married state, I request of you not to think slightingly of the attentions of our relatives, the sons of General Peter. True, they are our cousins, though in a remote degree. They are gifted with every personal quality I could desire in a husband for you. Though the riches of the world are not theirs, in all my acquaintance I know of none outside of that family worthy of you. And even among them my favor would fall on the third son. Remain always

near your mother ; be never wanting in your attention and care of her ; and ask her to think more favorably of me, at least when I am gone. Assure her that I have forgiven her, and that even to my dying day I shall not cease to love her.

"Natalie ! I cannot say how I feel in this separation from you. My very heart-strings are rent, my spirit is clouded, is crushed. You are good ; never forget to think of me in your prayers to God.

"Adieu ! adieu !—Your brother,

"JULIAN."

CHAPTER VII.

A PAINFUL DELAY.

THINK you not, dear reader, that Natalie had ample reason to shed many a bitter tear while perusing this sad letter? For a whole month she sought no other pleasure than reading its melancholy and ill-advised lines whenever she could manage to steal a solitary hour. But to what purpose all this weeping and affliction? Was not Julian far away, and unconscious of the pain and anguish he had caused her? But, ah! these sighs and tears were not lost on the deluded youth. They were an expiatory sacrifice, a holocaust of charity, offered up not for her happiness and welfare, but for his.

She knew how to sanctify the sufferings she endured. She raised her heart to heaven in resignation, while watering the earth with her tears. From her earliest infancy her pious mother had taught her to lisp the name of another Mother, whose heart had been pierced by a sword of sorrow. By the grace of divine Providence Natalie cherished the tenderest devotion toward Our Blessed Lady, and communed with her immaculate heart in daily prayer. In the depths of that abyss of light and

love her complainings were stilled, her afflictions assuaged, and, while the tears flowed down her cheeks, her soul, serene and tranquil like the eagle soaring far above the regions of clouds and storms, reposed in the calm splendor of faith and the divine light of prayer. All her tears and afflictions were converted into a fragrant incense, which, pure and acceptable, ascended from her guileless heart to the throne of God, imploring forgiveness for her erring brother.

At length the gate was flung open, and Florence drove through. He was still the same lank, meagre, ceremonious little individual whose acquaintance we have already made at the barracks of Savigliano. Having returned from a fortnight's search in Piedmont and Liguria, he entered the house with heavy heart at finding no traces of his youthful master. The unwise love he cherished for Julian, and his poignant regret at being unable to convey any intelligence calculated to alleviate the affliction of his worthy mother, had cast Florence into a moody and disagreeable humor. His failure preyed sorely on his mind. The evening before he had given the countess a minutely-detailed account of his voyage and his researches. Although he received from his mistress the most unequivocal marks of gratitude, he nevertheless observed that she placed very great reliance on certain intelligence she had received from Don Egidio, and which she was confident would be attended with the happiest results. He felt within him a secret sense of shame and disappointment, as if what the

servants dubbed his *fiasco* was the result of his own negligence and unfitness. It must not, then, be a source of surprise if Florence harbored in his heart a slight tinge of jealousy of his rival, Don Egidio; for Florence was human after all.

The gate had no sooner begun to grate on its hinges than Natalie, quitting her lovely little bower and brushing the tears from her eyes, rushed forward to meet Florence.

"Take care, my girl," he remarked in a familiar tone.

"Florence," she eagerly asked, as she approached the carriage, "have you any news from Don Egidio for mother?"

"Yes; he will be here to-day."

"And is that all?"

"That's all, my dear."

"Do you think he will have any news for us?"

"That I certainly don't know. Since I have gone over the same ground as he has without meeting with any success, I cannot help thinking that he would have done just as well to have stayed at home and minded his prayers. But the sun is very hot; you had better go into the house, my child."

"One word more, Florence. Mother, you know, will have a thousand questions to ask you about the war, the soldiers, and a multitude of things, and I want you to be on your guard lest you may say anything that may add to her pain. Yesterday evening, while you were speaking of the Garibaldians, she suffered a real martyrdom."

"Oh! make your mind easy on that point; one thing is beyond doubt—namely, that Julian is not among those demons. I have seen almost every one of them pass, as it were, in review before me. Oh! that he were at Coni or Savigliano. Madame would have him at home, safe and sound, ere this."

"Above all, do not hint that it will be impossible to find him. Be very prudent in what you say. You know the pitiable condition she is in. I fear every moment that she will fall sick. If you have any unwelcome news it is to me you should always communicate it, not to her."

"Oh! that's nothing. The main point is not to grieve mother. If she is right all is right. Do you understand?"

"Certainly; rest assured I'll do my best."

"Very well, then; I'll go and tell mamma that you are arrived."

Scarce had she informed her mother of the canon's visit than a beam of delight lit up the face of the unhappy countess. She now breathed more freely, and her whole countenance assumed an air of gayety and hope.

"That is a happy omen, my dear Natalie," she exclaimed, as she pressed her daughter to her bosom. "Perhaps Julian—but, no; I do not wish to cherish any vain hopes."

"Julian?" demanded the girl in breathless expectancy, as she eagerly scanned her mother's face.

"Nothing; it is nothing, my child," answered Leonie with *nonchalance*.

"Oh! no, mamma; you have got some news," urged Natalie, as she continued to gaze into her mother's face with enquiring look. "What is it?"

"Welcome!" exclaimed the countess in a jubilant voice, as she saw Florence enter the room. "Be seated. You deserve a nice present for the excellent news you have brought me. I awaited you with the utmost impatience. Don Egidio comes to-day, does he not?"

"Yes, madame; he intends dining with us to-day. We must send the carriage for him at two o'clock."

"Certainly; when did you see him last?"

"At nine o'clock this morning."

"And he told you—?"

"Nothing, save that he was coming here to-day."

"And not a word of Julian?"

"Oh! if it is a question of words, the good canon can deluge you with them. But how, I ask, could he ever hope to discover Julian's whereabouts, since I, who ferreted everywhere, high and low, among colonels and generals, in fortresses and barracks, and turned over the rolls of almost every regiment serving under Victor Emmanuel, have been unable to discover the faintest trace of him? And Don Egidio pretends to have almost found him, but *where* he takes precious good care not to say."

"But," demanded Leonie with eager anxiety, "has Don Egidio really told you that he had almost succeeded in finding Julian?"

"But, madame, it is *he* who says it, and that makes a world of difference."

"Yes, yes, we believe him," cried Natalie impetuously, as she cast a glance of severe reproach at Florence.

"Almost found him," repeated the countess, as she gazed in the face of her daughter with a half-jubilant, half-doubtful air. "What is your opinion, Florence?" she continued, after a moment's pause.

"To be candid, madame, I pay so little attention to such balderdash that I am not prepared to give any opinion, either for or against."

"Florence!" interrupted Natalie in a slightly peevish tone, "such language is by no means becoming. You should at least respect Don Egidio."

Brusquely changing the subject, he resumed his pompous Odyssey, when the countess, a prey to her doubts, impatiently exclaimed:

"I can no longer remain in this cruel state of incertitude. Send for Don Egidio immediately; it is now almost noon."

As Florence, not a little chagrined, withdrew to execute the orders of the countess, Natalie, a prey to the most poignant perplexity, and not knowing what to think of all the ambiguous and contradictory statements she had just heard, affectionately implored her mother to reveal the mystery to her. Leonie, happy to divert her attention for a moment from her present anxiety, readily answered:

"Last Monday, when I received the telegram

from Florence apprising me of the failure of his efforts, the canon was present, and was visibly affected by the sad news, as you know he loved your brother dearly. He then conceived the idea of trying a more expeditious means. One of his intimate friends hobnobs with the Liberals; another is a near relative of one of the most active recruiting officers in the province, a man devoted heart and soul to King Victor Emmanuel. Through the good offices of this gentleman Don Egidio has begun to make enquiries. So skilfully has he gone to work that he intimated to me recently that he would certainly have something of importance to communicate to me to-day. You will understand, therefore, how strange that ambiguous message of Florence's sounds in my ears."

"Since Don Egidio announced his intention of visiting us, it is evident that Julian has been found," observed Natalie.

"I only wish it were so; but I dare not entertain the thought; the disappointment would be too cruel."

Natalie, at this juncture, hastened to the presence of Florence, and requested him, with a half-reproachful smile, not to return to the presence of the countess; then, returning, she silently seated herself by her mother's side and resumed her needlework.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO FRIENDS.

On observing the cordial friendship which existed in the daily relations of Julian and Maso one might almost be induced to believe that they had been intimate from childhood and educated together. Yet they knew one another but three weeks, and had never seen each other till their accidental meeting in the railway-car between Genoa and Turin. But no sooner had they exchanged a few polite words amid the motley crowd of volunteers who, like themselves, were hastening to enlist under the flag of King Victor Emmanuel, than, by one of those mysterious laws of the human heart which compel mutual sympathy, and which happily are not always deceived, the two youths sensibly felt themselves attracted to one another. Their very looks seemed to say, "Would that we belonged to the same regiment!"

Both were handsomely dressed, of about the same age, and of a striking and prepossessing appearance. Maso could discern in every lineament of Julian's countenance an unspeakable sadness which excited all his compassion; while Julian found Maso so frank, so honest, so simple of manner that he at once yielded to him his full sympathy.

Both listened in a kind of distracted way to the coarse jests and nonsensical *friponnerie* of their companions, casting at one another occasionally a glance of surprise. One would almost think that they discovered in each other's countenance the mark of their common treason toward their families, and that, conscious of having committed the same offence, they desired to lighten the burden by bearing it together. It is, then, no matter of surprise that in descending at the Turin station they warmly shook hands before parting, and enquired in turn, "What corps do you propose joining?" Neither, however, could as yet return a decided answer to that question.

Julian spent four days at Turin, living rather economically off the proceeds of a magnificent English watch he had sold at Genoa in order to defray the expenses of the journey. Maso likewise remained four days in the capital of Piedmont, but without once meeting his genial comrade. Julian enlisted in the Chasseurs of the Alps, and Maso, as it happened, did the same. Julian took the train for Savigliano, and hardly had he been settled in his quarters when he was agreeably surprised by Maso stealing up and taking his seat beside him. The merest accident had brought them together again.

In a brief space they were bosom friends. Both readily perceived the abyss wherein they had fallen; they promised to render one another mutual assistance, and their friendship grew strong through the confidence they placed in each other, and the reve-

lation of a first secret which was the outcome of remorse and repentance.

The abandoned throng of youthful debauchees, tramps, and criminals by whom they were surrounded inspired them with unspeakable disgust, perpetually augmented by the impious and obscene discourses they heard, the frivolous language, the horrible blasphemies, the dissolute laughter and ribald conduct of these heroes of independence. Scarce one among them knew even the elementary rules of polite society. The reserved language, refined manners, and graceful appearance of the two comrades soon won them the title of aristocrats, and subjected them to the clumsy ridicule of their companions. They were accordingly obliged to live apart from their comrades and associate together exclusively. Among the soldiers were many young men of distinguished families and superior education, but they differed vastly from Julian and Maso in morals, manners, and principle.

The sufferings of hunger were now added to their other cares. The filthy rations of the common soldier filled with ineffable disgust these two youths, accustomed as they were from earliest infancy to all the conveniences and felicities of life. To procure proper food money was needed, and that they had not got. We have already seen how they were relieved of what they possessed. They were therefore compelled to content themselves with the muddy slop of the barrack—bran-bread and water. Julian could not look at the huge mess-dish save with the utmost repugnance, and his stomach re-

volted at the very thought of the soup. Maso commiserated him, and, being of more robust physique, shared with him his rations of meat, and bravely swallowed the soup his comrade would not dare to taste.

Amid this penury Maso, who was of a gay and facetious disposition, and somewhat inclined to levity, generally took things as they came and endeavored to dissipate all ill-humor. Julian, on the other hand, though always amiable and refined, always wore a serious air, spoke little, and often revealed the dark cloud of sadness that passed over his countenance. Maso, who at first did not dare to enquire the real cause of his friend's hidden trouble, conducted himself toward him with the utmost affection, and was never happier than when, from time to time, he would succeed in forcing a smile from his lips.

Possessing unbounded confidence in Julian, he had already related to him every detail relative to his home, family, and studies.

Julian, on the contrary, confining himself to generalities, maintained the greatest reserve on all his domestic affairs. Two days before Florence arrived at the barracks, Maso chanced to surprise Julian, who was seated on a stone in a corner of the yard, tracing with his bayonet in the dust the following lines :

Di cruda madre all' odio fatto segno,
Il mio fallir non è di sensa indegno.*

*I was the victim of a cruel mother's fate ; my offence is not inexcusable.

Julian, on observing that Maso was peeping over his shoulder, blushed deeply, and with the celerity of thought effaced the lines on the sand. Not wishing to wound the susceptibilities of his friend, Maso did not intend to have read or even perceived them. Towards evening they both went for a walk on the drill-grounds; and in the course of the conversation Maso revealed his intention of reconciling himself to his family. His father, he was convinced, would pardon his freak; it was only a question of dropping a line to his mother. He asked Julian if it were possible that a mother would refuse her interposition in a similar circumstance, and turn a deaf ear to the request of an erring but repentant child.

"It depends entirely," answered Julian, "what kind of a mother you have."

"My mother, replied Maso, "is about like all other mothers."

"I know one who is not like all others," rejoined Julian impetuously.

"Who is she?"

"Guess," replied Julian dryly; and he forthwith changed the subject of conversation.

CHAPTER IX.

CONFIDENCE.

As the reader may remember, the sound of the bugle brought the confidential conversation of Julian on the subject of Florence and Natalie to an abrupt conclusion. Marching in rank, they could, if necessary, continue the conversation in a subdued tone; but Julian, with haggard eye and clouded brow, observed an unbroken silence. His comrade sought earnestly to induce him to continue the conversation, but without success.

Nevertheless, the words that had escaped his lips before falling into rank opened up a new horizon for Maso. It was his settled conviction that an intrigue existed wherein Julian played the chief part. The violent agitation of his friend, and the impetuous manner in which he cross-examined him anent Natalie, to whom the stranger did not even refer, convinced him also that she was no stranger in the drama. But what relation had this Florence to Julian and Natalie? He only spoke of a certain youth, the son of a widowed countess, who had abandoned his home—a youth who had a sister; but who that youth was he knew not. The city of his birth was not that whence Julian had pretended to have come. How,

then, could the latter have supposed that Florence would have spoken of Natalie? Maso, in short, was under the inpression that Natalie was no other than Julian's betrothed. He remembered the two mysterious verses Julian had traced on the sand under the initials of her lovely name. He had got a clue, and all that was now required was to follow it up.

Dinner-hour arrived. Maso, as was his wont, approached Julian with his porringer, to make the usual exchange of rations. The moment for resuming the conversation was well chosen.

"My dear Julian," he began, "you look at the dark side of things. Perhaps you believe that I would be capable of betraying your secrets. If so you are mistaken; we are friends, and understand each other perfectly. I do not wish to pry into your private affairs by any means. You can interrogate me, and I will answer. Will you be satisfied with that?"

"Maso," replied Julian, "I am very far from deeming you capable of betraying my secrets; but how could I speak to you in the presence of the company, where we were, at any moment, liable to be overheard? I will chat with you now all you please."

"All right; but ask your questions. I don't wish to know anything you do not desire to communicate; but I would have you understand that Florence told me a great deal."

"Florence?" responded Julian with evident anxiety.

"Yes, sir," replied Maso serenely; "he is a perfect gentleman, too."

"Where is he now?"

"Would you like to see im?"

"No, I don't care about seeing him. Is he gone?"

"I think so."

"Are you certain?" urged Julian, with eager earnestness.

"No; but if he has not changed his mind he must be away by this time."

"Did he tell you his name?"

"I saw it in the documents he showed me."

"Ah! he showed you his documents, then?"

"Yes, through mere courtesy."

"But what did he want?"

"Oh! a multitude of things. If you only just heard what he said to me about your Natalie!" added Maso, in a tone of playful malice.

"What is it?" asked Julian eagerly. "Is she ill? is she dead?"

"Oh! no; she is living, and you are the subject of her daily and nightly thoughts."

"Did he tell you who she is?"

"Who she is? You tell me."

"I?"

"Yes; you need not simulate amazement! Now know that I am aware that Natalie is your betrothed, your Laura, your Beatrice."

"Did Florence give you that bit of intelligence?" enquired Julian with a smile of unmistakable pleasure.

"I did not say that. Florence seemed to me to

be a man of too much discretion to talk on such matters; but I'm not a dullard, and I assure you I understood a great many more things than you imagine!"

"Well, once for all, will you tell me what he said to you?"

"And you—will you reveal your mysteries?"

After a moment's painful hesitation Julian removed his kepi, approached his friend, and in a serious tone remarked:

"Well, a truce to levity. Could you but read my heart, you would there discover a wound that would compel your commiseration. And now, in the sacred name of friendship, I ask you frankly to relate to me your conversation with Florence."

"Certainly, but only on the condition that you will tell me in turn all about Natalie."

"Agreed."

"Well, Florence asked for information of his young Master Julian de ——, son of a widow countess, who had fled from home to enlist in the army of Piedmont. He added that the youthful count was not as yet eighteen years of age; that he was the only heir of his house; that he was enormously wealthy and of irreproachable character. He told me likewise that his mother would not be comforted since his departure."

"That's not so," interrupted Julian, with impassioned vehemence.

"But it is, and he moreover added that this Julian's mother and sister were almost crazed with grief."

"As to my sister I have not the least doubt; but with regard to my mother, it is not only folly but falsehood."

"What! are you the Julian in question?"

"Yes; why conceal the truth any longer?"

Observing that Julian grew deeply agitated, Maso refrained from continuing the conversation. Giving him his own rations, and assuring him that he could place the most implicit confidence in him, Maso withdrew, leaving Julian to his own melancholy thoughts.

CHAPTER X.

DON EGIDIO.

No sooner was the gate of the mansion passed by the carriage of Don Egidio than the voice of Natalie was heard on the top of the terrace. "Look here! look here!" she said.

And the countess started, and, casting a glance in the direction indicated, fell back on the lounge pale and breathless.

"Good God!" was her exclamation, "what tidings can he bring with him?"

"Good news, dearest mother—good news!" And quick as a deer the devoted child was gone to meet the carriage.

"Don Egidio! Don Egidio!" she cried as she stood on the step of the vehicle, "what is the news now?"

"The very best," said the canon, smiling. "Did not Florence tell you? Why, Julian is found!"

Natalie gave a cry of joy and ran back with all speed to her mother, only to throw herself breathless and speechless into the arms of the countess, who soon saw that all was well. Words could not describe the feelings of Leonie. This was the first

moment of relief that poor mother's heart had known after a month of death-like bereavement.

The carriage has stopped. Don Egidio's step is on the stairs. Already he has stopped at the half-open folding-door. He enters the room smiling. And Leonie seizes the good canon's hands, and gives vent to her tumultuous feelings in tears.

Natalie did not weep. The fond child saw nothing in all but a cause for unbounded joy.

Don Egidio, good man! was silent.

"Thank God," said the countess, breaking the silence, "that my son is safe! But where is he, where is he, that I may go to him?"

"I shall explain all when you are a little tranquil."

"Where is he, where is he?" said the impatient Natalie. "Tell us that now."

"In one moment; if you only wait a little while, you shall know all."

"Is he with Garibaldi's troops?" enquired the mother, who had a foreboding.

"Let me explain to you. Allow me to speak! He *is* in Piedmont. He is well. Now no more interruption, or I shall forget half I was about to say."

The good priest thought to break the disagreeable portion of his news by degrees to the countess. The mother and daughter drew their chairs near him and listened anxiously to his account.

"Now," he began, "Julian left here very early on a Saturday morning. And who do you think was the stranger with the heavy moustache, and

who was muffled up, who came to go with him? Why, the doctor, Alexander."

"What!" said the countess, "was it *that* cut-throat, that incendiary?"

"That outcast!" exclaimed Natalie. "How did Julian come to know him, mother?"

"Julian did not know him, and perhaps to this moment is unconscious of how bad a man that is."

"But, dear canon, do not keep me any longer in suspense. Say where is my poor brother Julian?"

"A little patience, my sweet child, and do not, please, interrupt me any more. Two days before Julian left here—that was on the evening of Thursday—he was accosted by one of our recruiting officers—madame, we have now six in the town. He was asked to join the volunteers in the cause of their country. Julian was deluded and consented. He refused money offered to him to defray his expenses on the way. On the following Saturday he was to meet by appointment that agent of the devil at the farm. But he insisted on the affair being kept a secret."

"Oh! how could my child Julian entertain the thought of thus abandoning his mother?" exclaimed the countess in accents of ineffable grief. "He was the light of my life; I loved him to distraction; and he has not only abandoned me, but even stigmatizes me as a *tyrant mother!* He even believes himself to be the object of my hatred. Oh! how senseless I was to act towards him so haughtily."

"There is no necessity to give yourself up a

prey to grief, now that we know his whereabouts. We should rather rejoice. But allow me to continue : Dr. Alexander, supplied with a fleet horse, was ordered by the Liberal committee to bring Julian to ——, whence he was to proceed to Genoa by stage."

"The wretches!" exclaimed the countess bitterly. "The Government knows all this, and yet never thinks of interfering. The pettiest thieves are sent to the galleys, and yet these kidnappers, these conspirators, these enemies of all public happiness, ply their guilty trade with impunity. The Government will repent of all this yet. If the French ever come to the rescue of Piedmont, and turn the tide of victory in its favor, these vipers, nurtured by the Piedmontese king, will turn on him and sting him to the heart. Domestic woe will ere long be turned into national calamity What terrible times we live in!"

"You are perfectly right; God wishes to chasten us. He permits our legislators to walk in the midst of darkness. But, to resume, Julian arrived safe and sound at Genoa, and from thence proceeded to Turin. All this intelligence has been communicated to me by the secretary of the committee. At Turin Julian enlisted, but as yet I am not aware if it was in the volunteers of Garibaldi or in the *bersaglieri.*" *

"Ah! I had a presentiment that Julian had fallen into this abyss," replied the mother. "You know not, then, in what regiment he enlisted?"

* Chasseurs.

"In the *bersaglieri*, is it not?" added Natalie in broken, quivering accents.

"To be candid, I must tell you the truth: Julian has selected the Garibaldians."

At this unwelcome intelligence both mother and daughter looked the picture of unutterable grief.

"Your distress on learning this news does not in the least surprise me," continued the canon, "and I feel it just as keenly as you do. But you must, nevertheless, deem it a great satisfaction to have learned Julian's whereabouts. The main difficulty is already overcome. Before a week elapses you shall see him home safe and well."

"But then the disgrace of his having joined the army of that wretched old fillibuster who turned Rome topsy-turvy in 1849! Ah! what would my poor Valerian say were he alive to-day?"

"These Garibaldians are not all real demons," exclaimed Natalie, endeavoring, as usual, to appease by her gracious candor the impetuous and passionate emotion of the countess. "Florence has probably exaggerated. You know how fastidious he is; he always looks at the dark side of everything. Besides, you remember what he told us about that excellent and amiable youth whom he met at Savigliano. There are, you may be sure, many others like him there, and Julian will not be slow to select them as companions."

"Is he stationed at Savigliano?" demanded Leonie, with tearful accents.

"He is; a young medical student of my ac-

quaintance wrote no later than this morning that a week ago, on the 15th inst., while passing through Savigliano to join his regiment, he was agreeably surprised on meeting Julian. He had a lengthy conversation with him, and learned that he is the only one from this city who enlisted in the Chasseurs of the Alps."

"On the 15th, did you say? Why, Florence was at Savigliano on the 16th, and searched the call-rolls with the greatest care, but failed to find his name. How can that be explained?"

"In the simplest manner imaginable. Julian assumed a false name, of course. I know his character thoroughly. He certainly wishes to remain *incognito*, but that will not prevent us from finding him."

The countess, deeply moved, remained for a moment motionless, and then, as a sudden gleam of joy shot across her countenance, continued:

"We shall start for Savigliano to-morrow, then."

At these words Natalie's face lit up with a radiant joyousness and beauty, reminding one of the angels of Raphael.

It was agreed that Don Egidio and Florence were to dine with the countess on that day. It was a delicate meeting, and one calculated to ruffle the vanity of Florence not a little. Natalie, who, notwithstanding her sudden joy, did not forget to take every precaution to prevent any unpleasantness, preceded her mother and the canon to the dining-room. She called Florence aside, and in the most engaging accents said:

"Florence, you are fully and entirely justified. Mother and I were deceived as well as you. Julian assumed a false name."

"Ah!" replied Florence with triumphant air, "I now esteem Don Egidio a thousand times more than ever. From the outset I felt convinced that Julian had changed his name. I said so, as you recollect, a hundred times. But you know I was as often contradicted; 'it was impossible, a pure invention, preposterous.' You now see I was right. But has Julian been really found?"

"Yes; he is at Savigliano, in the army of Garibaldi. There can be no mistake about it."

"It is not impossible. But why should I not have met him? He were so easily distinguished among those abandoned wretches. Oh! did you but see them for a moment."

"I hope you will be silent on that point in presence of mother. You should strive by every means to mitigate the melancholy news you brought us last evening. Speak at length of that excellent young man with whom you were so well pleased, and say nothing of a nature calculated to intensify mother's grief."

During dinner the conversation was lively and pleasant. The old home seemed to have regained its wonted happiness. Julian was, of course, the absorbing topic.

The countess, though she evinced no marks of excessive joy, was much more calm than usual. She chatted pleasantly, and the smile on her lips was to Natalie as the ray of spring-time. The

canon, though a grave man of over fifty years of age, gave himself up on this occasion to banter and jollity. In a good-natured sort of way he began to talk of Florence's late tour in a nonchalant, cavalier fashion. The latter took no offence thereat, and even accepted as complimentary the refined wit of the canon. Provided everybody acknowledged that he had scrupulously fulfilled his mission, Florence was prepared to hear everything, so overjoyed was he on learning the welcome news that Julian was safe and well.

"You were somewhat sceptical this morning," remarked Leonie, "in communicating the details of your journey, and in referring to the canon you spoke in a strain that I hope you will avoid for the future. The idea, to doubt of a fact so palpably evident!"

"You must pardon me," responded Florence. "You cannot forget that I made a distinction. Had any one pretended to have found Julian under his real name and title I would most assuredly persist in maintaining the contrary. But when I learn that he has been found under an assumed name, it puts an entirely different complexion on the matter."

"That's perfectly true," observed Don Egidio; "everything you do and say is executed with mechanical precision."

"Right," answered Florence, with evident self-complacency.

"Can't you give us any fresh information anent the Chasseurs of the Alps stationed at Savigliano?"

remarked Natalie. "Is it not true that there are a multitude of young men among them of high birth and superior education?"

"I only know of one—he who made, as I told you, so deep an impression on me. A veritable rose among thorns."

"But there must be many others like him in the regiment."

"Not many; I doubt very much if there is another one, except, perhaps, Julian. As for me, I had rather see my portrait in the rogues' gallery than among them."

These words were not overheard by the countess, who at the moment was engaged in giving orders to one of the servants. Accordingly, the conversation was brought to an abrupt termination and another subject introduced.

Leonie was firmly resolved to set forth without delay for Turin with her daughter, and from thence proceed to Savigliano. Toward evening the countess, full of consolation and hope, started to the city, accompanied by Don Egidio and Natalie, in order to be ready for the journey on the following morning. And this was the mother that Julian had stigmatized as tyrannical. However, it must be admitted that the countess had greatly changed since Julian had left home. She yearned to behold her son once more. Formerly she ambitioned being the idol of his heart; she purposed to reign over his affections both as mother and queen. Against the queen he revolted, but it were wrong to assert that he was in anywise less attached to his mother.

CHAPTER XI.

REMORSE.

JULIAN, who had sacrificed at such terrible cost the dearest affections of the human heart, had lost all peace of mind since his sad and ill-advised separation from his mother. Accustomed from his childhood to regulate his conduct in conformity with the most delicate sentiments of duty and piety, he now felt that he had committed a grievous error, and was a victim of intense remorse. Hunger, wretchedness, fatigue, evil company, the hard life of the soldier—all were as nothing in comparison to the offence which was ever before his mind. He strove, but strove in vain, to divest himself of the melancholy thoughts that constantly haunted him. Almost every moment his thoughts reverted to home, the sanctuary of his tenderest affections. The dearest idols of his heart, his mother and sister, were ever present to his mind, and rendered him wretched and unhappy. He saw Natalie, a prey to grief and anguish, fading like a blasted flower and imploring him to return. This image, which he could not banish, filled his soul with unutterable woe.

From time to time he would raise his soul to

heaven, the sole refuge of the sinner. He felt assured that mercy would there be shown him, provided he repented, made reparation for his offence, and reconciled himself with his mother. It was a struggle between duty and self-will, between faith and pride, between conscience and passion. He knew his duty, but chafed at the idea of performing it. He hesitated, shrank, resisted the voice of conscience, and obstinately persisted in asserting, "No; I am right."

And it was to dissipate this cloud of gloom that Maso so often, when in company with his friend, indulged in banter and harmless levity.

The arrival of Florence, which furnished him with so excellent an opportunity to twit Julian in a friendly way, filled the heart of the latter with ineffable pain. The thought of the undeserved grief he had caused Natalie followed him like his shadow; he could no more get rid of it than he could of his senses. He sought to dissemble the pain caused by his ingratitude toward his mother, but he suffered in reality more from it than from his conduct toward his sister.

The harmless raillery of Maso was brought to a sudden termination by Julian, who led him aside, told him his real name, and related in detail his entire family history. In the course of their conversation Julian observed with lively emotion:

"To-day we have formed an indissoluble friendship. You have promised not to disclose my secret, and I entertain not the slightest doubt of the sincerity of your promise. I am now going to re-

veal to you something known but to me alone. In so doing I feel that I shall relieve myself of an intolerable burden. Could you but look within my heart and see the hell that's there! The arrival of Florence hither has renewed all my suffering. I am the most unhappy of mortals, for bitterness has superseded all love within my soul. The hatred displayed toward me by those from whom I should naturally expect but unbounded love has changed the entire current of my feelings. One person in the whole world besides yourself entertains any friendship for me—namely, my sister. And yet I inflict on her untold pain; but for that my mother is answerable. It is neither Natalie's fault nor mine. My guiding thought is to render her happy, but circumstances prevent me from doing so."

Maso, sympathizing deeply with his friend, remained for a moment silent. Oh! had the Countess Leonie but witnessed this scene, how plainly she could observe, though now too late, how completely the heart of her son was in her keeping. Both youths repaired to a bench hard by and seated themselves.

"Maso," observed Julian, after a brief pause, "you feel convinced that Natalie is all right, and that, without going home, I can restore her to her former happiness?"

"Write to her," answered Maso, who now felt assured, notwithstanding his former conjectures, that Natalie was really Julian's sister—"write to her, and she will be happy once more.'

"I would write to her daily but that my letters

would undoubtedly fall into the hands of my mother, and I don't wish her to know anything of my whereabouts; as regards her, I may be numbered among the things that were."

"But what evil can result from the fact of your mother knowing you are still living?"

"My friend, you can form no conception of the kind of mother I have. Imagine a widowed lady, possessing an only son whose every thought was how he could best please her. Suddenly, and for no conceivable reason, he becomes the object of her direst hate, deprives him of the simplest and most innocent enjoyments—in short, excludes him from the family circle. He bears all without murmur or complaint. But his mother, not satisfied with this irrational severity, slanders him in the presence of his uncle and tutor, whom she fills with prejudice against him. More than this, without the semblance of a pretext, this mother insults her son in the presence of a number of friends and gloats over his humiliation. Well, allow me to inform you that I am that son, and that mother is mine."

"My friend, I am under the impression that your temper outstrips your judgment. To my mind it seems impossible that a mother could entertain the shadow of hate against so amiable a son as you. I think you are laboring under an egregious mistake. I am convinced you do your mother a grave injustice."

"By no means; a chasm exists between us that can never be bridged over."

"I fail to understand how you can enjoy a quiet conscience, and at the same time entertain such a virulent resentment toward your mother. As for me, I suffer untold anguish for the ungrateful manner in which I acted toward my parents."

"I can't help envying you, then. But you do me an injustice when you accuse me of entertaining the slightest feeling of resentment. I certainly do not believe that children should be made the puppets of their parents' caprice. Not only do I not hate my mother, but I really love her. However, I never want to see her again."

Maso readily perceived from this brief conversation that his friend's feelings were deeply wounded. He forthwith changed the subject in question, asking his friend if he purposed making his Easter duty.

"Certainly," answered Julian. "I am a Christian, and, what is more serious still, war may break out at any moment."

"You then had better come with me."

"When?"

"To-morrow, after first drill."

"Agreed."

"It will, at least, do us no harm. Then I purpose writing home to my mother to acquaint her of my whereabouts and to ask her to send me a little money. And you should be equally courageous and write to your sister Natalie."

"Yes, we must be prepared to make a slight sacrifice occasionally."

"Bravo! And now I want you to relate to me

your entire adventures: how you ran away from home, why you changed your surname—in a word, everything."

Julian accordingly satisfied his friend's inquisitiveness, and, apropos of changing his name, added:

"I purpose remaining away from home till I attain my majority. Then I will assume possession of my estates, and have no relations whatever with my mother. Till then I intend to remain in obscurity."

"But in writing your sister what name will you assume, and what address will you give her?"

"Yours, if you give me permission."

"Most assuredly I do."

The two young friends continued to talk in the same strain for a few moments, and then, at the sound of the bugle, repaired to their kennel, where they slept more contentedly than usual, thanks to the pious resolution they had taken.

CHAPTER XII.

EMOTIONS.

To the Countess Leonie and her daughter the night preceding their departure for Savigliano seemed an age. Julian was the exclusive subject of their thoughts; they could think of naught else. Natalie had elaborated a programme for inducing Julian to return home. She had anticipated every objection and prepared every argument. She was convinced that she held the victory in her hands. The countess was by no means so confident; she harbored within her bosom deep suspicions, which clouded her serenity of soul. She conceived that Julian's heart had grown hardened. She who knew, or imagined she knew, the cause of his estrangement doubted and grew apprehensive in the midst of hope. From time to time she repeated the sad exclamation in the saddest of tones, "Julian is lost for ever!"

On the following morning at early dawn both repaired to the parish church to celebrate the Feast of the Resurrection. They offered up their most heartfelt thanks to Heaven for the favors recently bestowed on them. On returning from church,

while the countess was conversing with one of her lady attendants, Natalie observed a letter lying on the parlor table addressed to her. The superscription was in Julian's handwriting, and the postal mark "Savigliano."

Natalie nervously seized the letter, knew at a glance that it was from Julian, but refrained from opening it, inasmuch as her mother had forbidden her to open any letters addressed to her without first seeing them herself. Though painfully impatient of delay, Natalie awaited her mother's arrival.

As she entered the room she rushed into her presence with the letter, joyously exclaiming, "This is from Julian!"

Her mother took it with ill-concealed emotion, looked at the superscription, and, handing it back to her daughter, requested her to read it.

Natalie had no sooner pulled open the envelope than the countess impetuously exclaimed:

"Give it to me; I will read it myself."

She glanced at it for a moment, and then suddenly exclaimed:

"Yes, it is from him; read it for me aloud."

Whereupon Natalie read in a broken voice the following lines:

"SAVIGLIANO, April 17, 1859.

"MY DEAR SISTER: More than a month has elapsed since I last saw you, but it appears to me an age. I had resolved never to write home, but I cannot resist the desire of communicating with you.

"This morning I made my Easter duty, and had

to promise my confessor to write you forthwith. He impressed on me with deep-felt earnestness that it was my duty both as son and pupil to ask pardon of my mother and my guardian for having fled from home without her permission. I promised unhesitatingly to write to her, and I now, as you observe, redeem my promise.

"But that promise I must fulfil through you, you can do it so much better than I. I also promised to say that I entertained no feeling of resentment against my mother, but that was wholly unnecessary, as, notwithstanding the cruel manner in which she treated me, I love her still with an ineffable love that none other but myself can know.

"I learned by accident the fact that Florence came here in search of me, and that he told one of my comrades that you were wasting away through sorrow since my departure from home. Could you only conceive for a moment the pain which your grief has caused me! I protest vehemently against your thus foolishly giving yourself up to sorrowing. I hope you will think no more about me, or else think about me with joyous spirit. I am well; you are the subject of my hourly thoughts, and I think more of you than I ever did before. Accordingly I hope that you will not worry about me for the future.

"We are told that the congress which it is supposed will soon meet will postpone, if not indefinitely defer, the war. Perhaps there will be no war at all. At all events we are prepared for all emergen-

cies. We drill almost every hour, Natalie, and if you only knew the fatigue I have to suffer!

"I want to have a letter from you, alone and beyond all, but you must not send it to my address. I have assumed a false name. I wish you to address your letter to Thomas ——, a young soldier of the Second Regiment of the Chasseurs of the Alps, first battalion, second company, at Savigliano. He is my best—in truth, after you, Natalie, the only—friend I have in the world.

"Now, I want to ask you for something: I am in need of a little money, and I wouldn't ask any one else for it but you. If you have it, and can spare it without inconvenience to yourself, and especially without letting any one know it, I shall accept it with the most cordial thanks. I yet have that superb little watch you gave me, and I prize it above all things else I possess. But this is not enough: I want also your photograph at the earliest opportunity. Now, as the bugle is about to sound in a few moments, calling us to drill, I must abruptly conclude. Yours most faithfully,

"JULIAN."

The girl forthwith withdrew from the presence of her mother, whose heart was deeply moved. In its hasty reading this letter seemed to her so replete with beauty, piety, and tenderness that it appeared specially written to console her afflicted mother. Alone in her quiet room she sought to calm the tumult of her sentiments, and measure, by her own excessive joy, her mother's happiness in that long-desired moment.

Natalie now conceived the idea of destroying the cruel letter that Julian had left at his departure. After the present affectionate missive she should not keep the other, but, on the contrary, forget that it was ever written.

In her haste she forgot that she had transcribed it on a former occasion and had placed the copy in her bureau. She accordingly destroyed it, and then repaired to the presence of her mother, who still continued to read and meditate upon the last letter.

Natalie found her mother perusing, perhaps for the twentieth time, Julian's kind and tender note.

"Mother," she exclaimed, "you must now, at least, feel content," and then added: "I have just destroyed that cruel, ill-conceived letter that Julian wrote on the eve of his flight from home. Do not think of it any more, pray; Julian has repented of his offence. What sweet, tender sentiments it contains!"

"Doubtless you find it exceedingly beautiful," coolly answered the lady, as she looked at her daughter with a smile of quiet sarcasm. "The more I read that letter the less am I satisfied with it. But then I am not Natalie, *the only object of his love*, the only *friend left him in all the world.*"

"What! you cannot surely be displeased with that letter?"

"But to whom has this ungrateful boy written?" added the mother in a bitter tone.

"Why, to me," answered Natalie. "Have you not read it?"

"To you," continued the countess. "But you—who are you?"

"Why, I am his sister."

"And does he not know that he has a mother—that I am that mother? And it is to you that he has the audacity to write, and tell you that you are the only one in the world who ever cared for him. As for me, he does not even deign to mention my name, but refers to me as *her*. He is a confirmed ingrate!"

"I must have been most cruelly deceived, then," answered Natalie, in a half-timid tone.

"What! doesn't he know you are not his mother? Still he tells you that you are the only idol of his affections; appeals to you to send him money and give him your portrait. And as to me, not a word—scarce a reference; all about you, his 'dear sister.' You the only object of his affections, and a thousand times dearer to him than you ever were before."

"But did not Julian beg your pardon?" demanded Natalie, in a disappointed tone.

"No; it is simply a piece of derision; an insult a hundredfold worse than his silence. It is not in a cavalier way one begs pardon of a mother treated as I have been. Why should he ask you to act as his interpreter with me? Did he not know that I have eyes to read, a heart to receive, his expressions of repentance and forgive him? But he cares not about having my forgiveness; he had much rather I was dead. But you are the idol of his heart, the only one in all the world who cares for him, and I,

who am squandering away my very existence for him, seem to him as though I never lived. I am simply referred to as—*her!* To nobody save you does he owe anything! And now, when he wants assistance, it is *you*, and not *me*, he asks for it, as though I refused him for it. Does he not know that everything you possess you receive from me? You ought to be ashamed of having unjustly defended him as you have done." And then, rising from her chair with a haughty air, she swept out of the room, adding as she went: "Preserve with all the selfishness you please the love which he sends you. And now you can go to Savigliano to look for him; I purpose staying at home." And as she spoke she flung Julian's letter in the face of her daughter, left the room, and betook herself to her private apartments.

CHAPTER XIII.

RUMORS OF WAR.

On Easter Sunday morning Julian was on duty as sentinel in front of the barracks. As he marched up and down, with his piece on his shoulder, and as stiff as if he had been starched and ironed, he observed that a more than ordinary excitement prevailed among his companions in arms. There was a perpetual rush to and fro, an ominous murmur, a sort of rabble gathering, and boisterous talk here and there through the barracks yard, intermingled with vociferous cries of "*Hurrah for Italy!*" "*Hurrah for France!*" "*Hurrah for King Victor Emmanuel!*" "*Hurrah for Garibaldi!*" As he turned on his round, Julian found himself in the presence of one of the Chasseurs of the Alps.

"Well, what's the news?"

"We are going to meet the Austrians! Hurrah for Italy!"

Julian looked at him with an air of mingled surprise and incredulity.

A few moments subsequently a Lombard soldier entered the quarters in a state of more than ordi-

nary excitement, carrying an armful of muskets and bayonets.

"What the deuce have you there?" asked Julian in amazement.

"Some cold steel for the Croats. We march for the battle-field to-morrow. Long live Italy!"

Julian smiled sadly, and continued on his round.

A third soldier in a few moments passed by.

"What news?" again enquired Julian in an anxious tone.

"Prepare for the march," answered the chasseur, as he rushed by with a pompous, swaggering air.

Julian could scarcely believe this piece of serious intelligence. He remained pensive and motionless for a brief space, then, "ordering" his musket and "resting" on his bayonet, he remained for some moments waiting to be relieved from duty. Suddenly some one touched him gently on the shoulder. It was Maso, who stood and looked in his face in his usual good-natured way. He seemed to be in the best of good-humor, though somewhat excited.

"I have good news," he observed suddenly, in a nervous, impetuous manner.

"What is it? War?" asked Julian with quick anxiety.

"So they say, I am told; but I have in my wallet something else besides war. I have assured victory. It is down below there; you will see it in a moment." And as he spoke he skipped out of the room.

Julian's blood in a moment became quicksilver; he

paced up and down nervously, and burned impatiently to rejoin his friend. The warlike shouts of his comrades, their stupid rejoicing, and, above all, the few hints thrown out by Maso, gave rise in his mind to a multitude of suspicions, fears, hopes, illusions, which made every moment seem to him an age.

In order to understand his agitation of mind correctly, the reader must take into due consideration the political condition of Italy at this period, when nobody seemed disposed to look seriously on the pretentious boasts of the majority of certain people and the deafening sounds of approaching war.

It is none of our purpose here to explain at any length the causes which then held Europe in suspense and Italy on her tenter-hooks.

Whatever may be thought of these mysteries, many of which are not yet clearly understood, certain it is that from the earliest days of 1859 a singular course of action toward Austria was inaugurated in Turin, which course of action obtained throughout the entire Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and the whole world had dinned into its ears a perpetual litany of remonstrances, complaints, and threats. The mysterious *brochures* which were scattered broadcast throughout Italy were an active agent in egging on the Italians to war. During the interval the political "sects," most all of whom were affiliated and devoted body and soul to the cause of Piedmont, lent a helping hand to the politicians of Turin, and grasped at every pretext for war under the abused name of a United Italy.

Meantime numerous bands of volunteers assembled from all quarters of Italy to swell the ranks of the King of Sardinia. In violation of all law, and spurning every sentiment of honor, the new conscripts hurried by hundreds to Piedmont. It was agreed that Piedmont should play the rôle of lamb in the presence of a wolf.

At Turin every one was engaged in organizing the army, in procuring war materials, provisioning fortresses, issuing bounties to the Italian youth, and in studying every means to impress the Emperor Francis Joseph with the fact that the gauntlet was flung down in his path.

While the journals and manufacturers of news announced peace to-day and war to-morrow, and parliament members chattered like parrots, skilful diplomats were flying from court to court to raise the storm they pretended to dread. At the moment the crisis seemed to be at its height the meeting of a congress was proposed by Russia. The proposition was accepted, and before Easter negotiations were entered on. England intervened, and endeavored to smooth over all difficulties. All the indications of war seemed for the moment to vanish, and the volunteers garrisoned at Piedmont, for the moment, lost courage and almost despaired of war.

It is, then, no cause of surprise that Julian, who had witnessed the complaints and dissatisfaction of his companions at the tergiversation and hypocrisy of the policy of Piedmont, was still in doubt on hearing of the approaching war.

But this was not the only cause of his uneasiness. He harbored an intense and poignant animosity towards his mother, whom he regarded as his persecutor, and whom he nevertheless felt and knew was not by any means what he wished, in vain, to persuade himself she was. In obedience to one of the many mysteries of human nature, Julian, who keenly felt the wrong he had committed, and who deeply regretted it, endeavored to soothe his conscience by calumniating his mother and casting on her all the blame attaching to himself. But the endeavor to lie to one's own conscience is an impossible experiment. From that hour his heart was the scene of a perpetual conflict between duty and passion, between the counsels of Christian reason and the subterfuge of imaginary wrong, between the belief that he not only did not hate, but on the contrary loved, his mother. And these protestations, which he unceasingly repeated, were so many accusations against himself.

He knew the tender susceptibility of his mother; he knew how passionately he loved her; how jealous she was of his esteem and affection; how inexorable she was in exacting from him every mark of courtesy and attention, and all those marks of respect which a kind mother is supposed to expect. He did not forget how many times he had promised his mother that he would ever remain near her as her stay and consolation, and how tenderly he reciprocated every mark of affection she showed him. He did not forget the thousand occasions when she evinced toward him a mother's partiality for her

only boy. Julian was naturally generous, kind, and virtuous. Despite his every effort he could not but feel that he had unjustly caused his mother unspeakable pain. He tried to persuade himself that he no longer loved his mother; that she in effect *hated* him; but his conscience spurned the pretext and told him he was wrong.

He was so affectionately attached to his sister that he seemed to live but for her. Anything against himself he could willingly forgive, but a word said against her—never! She was the object of all his affection and solicitude, and was scarce ever absent from his thoughts. He imagined himself not only her brother but her guardian and protector.

His mother was delighted at the kindness he evinced toward his sister, and not unfrequently told him so. If virtuous children are the pride and joy of a mother, the Countess Leonie must needs have been happy to possess two such children as Julian and Natalie. True, the sudden and unexpected flight from home of Julian had rent a link of that golden chain of happiness; but he bore within his breast a kindly heart, instinct with love and virtue. Amid all the scenes through which he passed the ever-uppermost thought in his mind was the pain he caused his sister by his freak, and refusal to communicate with his mother.

Thanks to the good advice of his companion, he performed his religious duties, and, in accordance with the advice of his confessor, promised, by a supreme effort, to repress within his soul any feeling of resentment toward his mother.

He forced himself at length to believe that he was not even the object of her hate, and forgave her for the imaginary wrongs she had wrought against him.

Julian was thoroughly sincere. Had he not been at Savigliano, he would have hastened home and reconciled himself with his mother. But he was so far away and so circumstanced, that this was impossible; and meantime the glowing fire of filial love flagged and smouldered.

The letter which he penned to Natalie cost his proud spirit much; in writing it he imagined that he was the very impersonation of meekness and humbleness; but, as has been seen, he studiously avoided saying a word to his mother. While sincerely under the impression that he was acting as an affectionate and submissive son, he was really only acting as a brother.

Julian awaited an answer from day to day with eager anxiety. He deemed it impossible that Natalie would refuse to send him a few lines of consolation and encouragement. At times he sought to persuade himself that his mother, to punish him, or through a spirit of pure resentment, had forbidden his sister write him; but as frequently his better judgment rejected the idea. He dreaded the thought of the manner in which his letter would be perused, commented upon, and dissected by his mother, and almost reproached himself for having so far humbled himself to her. But he likewise knew that she would derive much consolation therefrom —a circumstance which caused him, even though

against his will, to rejoice. He imagined he saw Natalie sending him the money asked for, and his mother doubling the sum, and debated within his mind as to whether or not he should accept his sister's and reject his mother's gift.

To one so circumstanced and in such condition of mind it will be easily understood how unwelcome was the news of immediate war. He yearned to hear from home; he awaited with wearying impatience the pecuniary assistance he had asked for and which he so keenly needed, and a multitude of things that he himself scarce knew. But now he was about to start on the campaign, from which perhaps he might never return. These thoughts lay heavily on his soul and caused him the most poignant pain.

After a brief space the corporal relieved his guard, and in a few moments he was in his friend's presence to learn the latest war intelligence.

CHAPTER XIV.

FIVE HUNDRED FRANCS.

JULIAN found Maso in the height of good-humor, his face radiant with joy, and, calling him aside to a quiet and retired spot, asked :

"What's the latest news anent the war ?"

"The French, I understand, have crossed the Savoy frontier, and to-morrow we will be ordered out to pepper the Croats."

"Then may Heaven help us ! for they will make short work of us."

"Oh ! away with all groundless fears. Don't you know it is all braggadocio ? But look you here," he added, drawing, as he spoke, from the pocket of his huge coat an envelope, which he ostentatiously flourished before his friend.

"What is that ?" demanded Julian curiously.

"A letter from my father enclosing a check for five hundred francs, which I purpose getting cashed at noon."

"What ! you have received a letter from home ?"

"Yes, half a dozen letters in one. The first page, as you observe, is from my father, the next from my mother, and those three notes enclosed

are from my three brothers. And all extend to me full pardon."

"I cannot help envying you. And what do they all say to you ?"

"Oh ! a multitude of things, the best of all which is the circumstance that my mother has recovered since the reception of my letter from the severe illness she was stricken with in consequence of my flight from home. She urges me in the most earnest terms possible to return, but you know I am so circumstanced that I cannot. Listen for a moment and I will read it for you."

Julian looked at the letter with envious eye, and, while Maso read, intently contemplated the excessive tenderness of his friend's parents, and, his thoughts sadly reverting to his own case, he considered himself as being alone and uncared for in the world. The tears welled to his eyes as Maso read the following passage from his mother's letter.

"You are the subject of my daily and nightly thoughts. I have wept for you till the fountains of my tears are dried up. Nothing keeps me alive but the hope of seeing you once more. How could you conceive for a moment that I could hesitate to forgive you ?"

"How different from my situation !" exclaimed Julian impetuously.

"But you did not observe the promise you made your confessor. He enjoined you to write your mother directly, and you nevertheless obstinately persisted in writing your sister."

"You are mistaken in that. The good pastor did, indeed, earnestly advise me to write my mother, but when I demurred to his counsels he declared that he would be fully satisfied with a letter to Natalie, provided that I would ask pardon in clear, unmistakable terms. And that I did."

"Well, I certainly would not have acted as you have done, but I suppose you know your own business best."

"In that regard I do; I could not even think of writing to *her*. If I do not get an answer it will furnish a further proof, if such indeed were wanting, of her *kindly feelings* toward me."

"Of your sister?"

"No, my *mother*."

"Pshaw! that's folly. It is plain by the way you talk that you effected no reconciliation with her."

"I don't want anything from *her*, and I do not expect anything; the best thing she can do toward me is to imagine I never existed. But I do desire intensely to know what has become of my sister, and how she is. Do you think my letter may have gone astray?"

"No; it isn't likely."

"Well, then, why is it not answered?"

"Have I not told you a thousand times it is because your mother has looked at the thing in its wrong light? Think you, if, instead of writing my mother directly, I addressed my letter to my sister Jennie, I would have received this letter and this bank check?"

"Still it will be a piece of intolerable tyranny to forbid Natalie to write to me, her brother. If so, she will pay dearly for it; because no sooner shall I attain my majority than I will take Natalie away from her entirely, as I shall then be her legal guardian."

"You are very wrong to talk so; you are entirely too spiteful."

"But I am tired of her insults; I could pardon her all else but the fact of her alienating Natalie's sympathy for me. If you only knew what a delightful girl she is; it were impossible not to love her."

"I can imagine what she is. She has, I presume, all your good qualities and none of your bad ones. Do you expect to get much money, if Natalie answers your letter?"

"Oh! no. If she can get together twenty francs it will be something wonderful. I do not expect any more, and shall be quite satisfied with that. I would prize more a cent from her than the wealth of Crœsus, if given by her mother."

"And you are foolish enough to believe that if your sister sends you money your mother will not do likewise?"

"I told you I didn't want any from *her;* if she sends it, I will return it immediately."

"I'll guarantee you won't. Once you get it you will be glad to keep it."

And Maso, taking up the letter, continued to read, without for an instant suspecting that by his demonstrations of joy he was causing Julian the most exquisite pain.

Toward noon Maso requested him to accompany him to the bank, whither he was going to get his note cashed, and have a good dinner in the best restaurant in the city. At the close of the meal Maso drew out the sum he had received, and, counting out half of it, reached it to Julian, remarking as he did so :

"These two hundred and fifty francs are for you."

Julian looked at him with unmixed amazement, and refused to accept his friend's generous offer.

"But you must," urged Maso ; "among friends everything should be divided. I am not in straitened circumstances. I can get more money whenever I need it. Were my mother to know that I have a friend as kind and amiable as you are, and not divide with him, she would deem me ungrateful and unworthy of her. So take half; it is yours, and look well that you do not let it be stolen."

Presently they left the room. Julian, deeply moved and confused at the generous action of his comrade, remained for a moment silent, and then observed as he grasped his comrade's hand :

"Listen. I do not expect anything from home, and, furthermore, I do not intend to accept anything coming from that source. However, I am heir to a large estate which will soon come into my possession. More than that, I will then be the guardian of my sister, herself heiress to an enormous fortune, and one of the most beautiful of mortals, and I should be delighted if you would accept her hand in marriage."

"Why, impossible! I am not a count, a marquis, nor a nobleman."

"But you have a noble heart—that is sufficient; you belong to the nobility of nature. The only danger remaining for either of us is the Austrian shot and shell."

Both comrades proceeded immediately to the barracks. Scarcely had they entered the yard when they were informed of a telegram from Garibaldi, ordering their regiment to proceed at once to Chivasso. War had at length broken out, and they were to start on campaign early on the morrow.

CHAPTER XV.

A MOTHER'S HEART.

It were unjust to conclude from the harsh manner in which the countess acted toward Natalie that her love of Julian was in the least diminished. Since he had so cruelly slighted her she had fallen a prey to an acerbity of manner which she had never known before, and which she now displayed on the occasion of the least annoyance. But these spells lasted but a few moments. Usually these storms fell on the head of poor Natalie, who, gentle and timid, never complained, but by her amiability and tender kindness endeavored to restore her mother to her usual serenity. This melancholy condition of her mother was not the least painful of the many thorns that pierced her tender heart, already so grievously wounded by the loss of her brother. Leonie could not bear to be separated for an instant from her daughter, now her sole delight and comfort; and Natalie, the tender victim, who felt herself wasting away through grief at sight of her woe-stricken mother, had, by a refinement of filial piety, not only to repress her sighs and dissemble her grief, but even to simulate a happiness which

she did not enjoy. And what was frequently the reward of this heroic charity? Severe rebukes and harsh words from a mother almost beside herself. Without a special grace from heaven it were difficult to conceive how a child of such a tender disposition and excessive sensibility could bear up under these severe trials.

However, it is but just to observe that Leonie acted on Easter Sunday with more than her ordinary harshness toward Natalie, on the occasion of the reception of Julian's letter. But the cause that kindled the fire of her passion possessed in itself also the means of extinguishing it. If it wounded it likewise healed the wound it made. That wound, as may be remembered, was disappointed hope. On receiving that unexpected letter the countess before opening it reckoned on its contents, but unhappily the reality did not correspond with her expectations. She imagined that Julian would make a great display of the sentiments of tenderness, piety, and obedience with which she knew him to be animated. She judged Julian's heart by her own, or rather she imagined that the Julian of Savigliano had again become the Julian of former years. She believed herself slighted, and her indignation knew no bounds. It could scarce be otherwise. The love displayed to Natalie exclusively wounded the mother's feeling severely; the mild expressions, the studied phrases, the infinite tenderness for her alone deeply impressed her. Julian's preference for his sister seemed to his mother an unnatural substitution of the love he

owed herself; she looked upon herself as a dethroned queen; her daughter she regarded as a rival preferred, and she grew jealous of her success. In the excess of her indignation she made Natalie sorely suffer for the partial and exclusive love of her brother. It was but an instance of the weakness of human nature.

And yet a letter from Julian, who, after having scrupulously performed his religious duties, humbled himself so much, though not to his mother, was an event of no common importance.

After the first storm of passion had subsided, this letter, reprehensible though it was, became a suggestive fact to the mind of Leonie. She knew by heart every word of the ill-conceived one Julian had written on the eve of his departure. What a difference between the two letters! In the former Julian had steeped his pen in gall and wormwood with regard to herself; in the latter he had studiously avoided any harsh language. The one was dictated by bitterness and spite, the other displayed naught else than cold indifference; the one stigmatized her as a *tyrant mother*, the other confined itself to referring to his mother as *her;* every line in the first breathed anger and bitterness, in point of fact the second asked to be forgiven. Accordingly the latter note could not but soon become as a healing balm.

And such it did indeed become. Scarce had the countess calmed down after her outburst of anger than she regretted and grew ashamed of her own weakness. She recollected how unjustly she treat-

ed her daughter. She repented of her hasty act, and, opening the door, called to her presence Natalie, who had remained in her room weeping bitterly. On seeing her Leonie deplored in the depths of her heart her inconsiderate weakness, and, tenderly embracing Natalie, endeavored to soothe her, requesting her in the tenderest of accents to take no notice of her involuntary rebuke, to pardon her, and seat herself by her side. Essaying to control her feelings, and awakening the sweet sentiments of abnegation of which a mother's heart is alone capable, the countess asked for Julian's letter, which she proceeded to read again, both herself and Natalie commenting on every period, passage, phrase, and word, interpreting even the omissions and reticences. To what a keen dissection, what a rigorous criticism, were not these hastily-written lines subjected! Happily, Natalie was present with her quick intelligence, sharpened by her love for her erring brother, to solve every difficulty, explain every obscure point, render clear every difficulty, fill up every void, and many such indeed were there in that letter.

Her strongest point of defence, however, was that Julian had instructed her to ask his mother to forgive him.

"Accordingly," she insisted, "it is from me and not from Julian that you should exact all the excuses, protestations, professions of submission, and the reparation due to you."

"But why did he not write to *me*, then?"

"Because he was ashamed to do so, being per-

fectly conscious of how deeply he displeased you. You know well of what a susceptible disposition he is."

"But why pompously tell you that he wrote solely at the instance of his confessor, instead of doing so of his own free will? Any act forced from one cannot pretend to lay claim to merit; he who performs an act of that character is not sincere."

"Because he was anxious to impress on your mind that he acted solely in accordance with the dictates of his conscience, and you always taught him that in acting in obedience to his conscience he would prove that he was sincere."

"But why not speak of me as his mother, instead of merely referring to me as *her?* What does he mean by *her?*"

"Julian thinks of you with such affectionate familiarity that to him the word *her* appeared just the same as mother. That is as clear as day."

"Well, be it so; but then he never sent me a single expression of his love. Oh! if he but knew what consolation it would afford me."

"Well, since he has instructed me to ask your pardon for him, I am entitled to offer you the expressions of love and affection. I do so in his name a thousand times; you must surely be satisfied with that."

"Yes, but your professions of love are not his. And then to say that you are all the world to him, you alone—is not that the height of insolence? Did he not know that I would read his letter?

The idea of his writing to *you alone* stings me to the heart. Why not write to me also, and to me much rather than to you?"

"Oh! those things are only the result of his customary peculiarities; you should pay no attention to them. You know full well as I that Julian has ever treated me with all the marked kindness that brother ever showed a sister"; and she added, in tear-laden voice: "He employs those endearing expressions simply because he knows that it would please me. But you may rest assured that he did not mean the slightest offence to you by so doing; all his expressions of affection for me were written solely with a view of pleasing you, and if he said nothing about you personally it certainly was not from want of will."

"Why did he not say so, or why, before concluding, give some indication of his affection for me?"

"Do you not remember him saying that he wrote in a great hurry, that the bugle had just sounded for roll-call?" And, to change the subject of conversation, the girl adroitly asked: "What is the meaning of roll-call?"

"It is the act of summoning the soldiers at fixed times into the presence of their officers, where each must answer his name when called."

"And what will Julian do now that he has changed his name?"

"Yes, I had forgotten. How that melancholy comedy he is playing pains me! To deny his father's name—the name which I always called him!"

"But you must not forget that he has signed his real name in writing us. If he has assumed another name among the Garibaldians it is, perhaps, all the better."

"But what if he get perverted among that horde of libertines and unbelievers?—he who was so pure, so modest, and that after all my assiduity to keep him removed from evil company and render him pious and virtuous!"

"Oh! as to that there is not the slightest danger. If he had grown bad he would not have performed his religious duties; and in this connection you may remember how he said that he had only one associate, a certain Maso, whom he praised so lavishly. He is that splendid young soldier whom Florence met; he as much as said so. Florence will give us all the details about him to-day."

After having interpreted every expression of the letter in a similar strain, Natalie succeeded in impressing the countess with the belief at first that it was good, then that it was exceeding good, excellent, until it finally became to her a source of consolation. The outcome of it was that immediately after dinner they began to make hurried preparations for their departure on the evening of the same day, and without the slightest loss of time.

The mother and daughter were both fully convinced that they would succeed in inducing Julian to return home, his substitute being ready to take his place in the regiment.

The girl proceeded in hurried haste to prepare Julian's trunk, and in an incredibly brief space had

it full of a multitude of precious fal-dals. In the midst of their preparations Don Egidio arrived. They handed him Julian's letter to read. He was delighted to find his assertions anent his search in Savigliano confirmed; and, by a series of adroit remarks, he made Leonie believe the letter a veritable treasure.

The countess had recovered her usual calmness and serenity, and requested the canon to tell her frankly if he believed that her son was sincerely repentant.

"Do you think he would be pleased to see me?" she asked in a half-doubtful tone. "Would he yield to my wishes? Could he be persuaded that, instead of disliking him, I would, on the contrary, die for him? I would not, under any circumstances, bring his sister with me; she is so young. I would leave her with my aunt till my return, and bring with me one of my waiting-maids; but I fear that I can exercise no influence over him without the assistance of Natalie. I have been advised by our chaplain to let her come with me."

"Certainly," answered Don Egidio; "it were foolish not to do so. Meantime you may not be in the least troubled; Julian will rush to your arms at your first appearance."

"But may he not still harbor the idea that I no longer love him, and that I would no longer treat him as I should be expected to treat my child?"

"Since you ask me the question," the canon answered, "I will answer you frankly, and tell you that I am under the impression that he entertains

a multitude of false ideas regarding you, but your sole presence will remedy all that."

"What false ideas do you speak of?"

"Well, among other things, he complained a dozen times, notwithstanding his marked reserve when in my presence, that during the past winter, from the month of December, he had fallen into disfavor with you, and that for no conceivable reason. He likewise upbraided you for having *calumniated* him in the presence of his Uncle James, who in consequence lectured him severely—a circumstance which above all others seemed to wound his feelings. He reiterated perpetually that he was innocent, and there can be no doubt that he suffered the most exquisite agony from your severe conduct towards him."

"But I had to act severely with him; my conscience compelled me to do so. You surely know me well enough to believe that I could not act harshly with my beloved child without any reason whatsoever."

"I do not mean to say that you did so without reason, by any means; but I am convinced that you have brought him up after your own manner of thinking, one moment lavishing on him the most foolish kindness, the next moment treating him with unnecessary severity—a course of conduct which doubtless extinguished in his heart the excessive confidence he placed in you."

"You do me a grave injustice in so thinking, my dear canon. I do not think it possible that a mother could love her son more intensely than I

love Julian, and he knows it fully as well as I do. But I have to act for him, too, in the quality of father. That I have betimes been somewhat exacting I do not pretend to deny, but to such a degree as to compel him to lose confidence in me I do most indignantly deny. It is, indeed, but too true that during the past winter I have committed a few grave errors. I had no right, I admit, to deprive him of his ponies, in which he prided himself so much, neither was I justified in acting toward him for a term of three weeks in so rigorous a manner. I see it all now; the completest victory a mother can achieve is that which is won by love. More yet do I reproach myself for deliberately humiliating him in the presence of a large company, and I also did wrong in not going to his room and making reparation for my hasty action. Behold my faults; I deeply regret them, and hope I have expiated them by a whole month of a living death. A false and exaggerated idea of the dignity of a mother, my pretensions, a touch of vanity, my impetuous temperament—these it was that drove Julian from home. I acknowledge it with poignant grief, and I would now give up even my life to undo what has occurred. But, apropos of the month of December, I must assure you that you are in error. I punished him inasmuch as my conscience impelled me to do so; I would have felt that I did not perform my duty had I not on that occasion acted sternly with him."

"But may I take the liberty of asking you of what offence was the boy guilty?"

"You will, I trust, excuse me if I decline to answer that question. I may assure you, however, that it was not by any means a question of an offence committed, but of a serious danger both for his soul and his honor—a danger wherein he had fallen, and from which I determined to save him. And I did so. His uncle and tutor, having been apprised of the condition of affairs by me, flew into a violent passion; but I interposed and distinctly informed him that there was no necessity for his interfering in the matter at all; that I would punish my son and save him from the danger in question, but that I did not want it to engage his attention in the least, as I knew well his violent temper. It were impossible for you to conceive the pain it caused me to be compelled to withdraw from Julian the marks of affection I was in the habit of showing him, while I sought in secret to extricate him from the perils that threatened him. Scarce were these dangers removed than I treated him with my wonted tenderness and affection, but he then persisted in treating me with cold indifference, and even evinced toward me a spirit of resentment. In turn I met his studied indifference with needless severity, and you know the consequences."

At this juncture Don Egidio observed that the countess grew visibly agitated, and he therefore changed the subject of the conversation as speedily as possible. After a few moments spent in talking of generalities of one or another sort, and wishing success to the countess and Natalie in their journey, he took his leave.

The hour fixed on for starting was five o'clock in the afternoon. The carriage was ready, the passports procured, everything in order. The countess was in possession of a large number of commendatory letters to influential parties in Turin. They were to dine previous to their departure, and now but awaited the arrival of Count James, who was one of the invited guests. Suddenly the count appeared, and in a state of nervous excitement drew forth a paper and exclaimed:

"The blow has been struck at last! Austria issued her *ultimatum* yesterday, the French crossed the Alps to-day, and to-morrow will be on the plains of Piedmont."

"O Heaven! has war broken out?" exclaimed the countess, as she stood motionless as a statue of distress.

"Yes, war has broken out," replied the count.

"And Julian?"

"You cannot find him now. At least you should have to go to look for him on the battle-ground of three great armies."

"And how can my son be saved?"

"I will think over it and tell you some other time what is best to be done."

"Ah! count, it is easily seen that you have not a mother's heart. I will go at once, and if he be slain it will be in my arms."

"No, no, it were an impossible experiment now. And as to Natalie I will not permit her to go. I am her legal guardian."

The countess was desirous of responding, but ut-

terance failed her. She remained petrified, without movement, without power of reflection, as one suddenly struck by madness; then, flinging herself upon her daughter, she strained her with intense force against her heaving breast, as though she would defend her from the attack of some perfidious enemy; she cast a withering glance at the count, but at the instant of its being launched forth it paled and she fell inanimate upon a couch.

CHAPTER XVI.

WAR.

THE direful news was but too true. At the moment when the hopes of peace seemed to bud with the flowers of spring the Austrian Government issued a warlike manifesto. Though after much hesitation, it picked up the gauntlet of defiance flung down in its path, swooped down on Turin with eagle-like velocity, and let burst over more than half of the Peninsula all the fury and horrors of war. Over Easter Sunday, a day of Christian rejoicing, a gloom was cast by the unwelcome news which spread from city to city on the wings of electricity.

To many a mother, many a wife, that electric spark was a messenger of unutterable woe ; it was the herald of many a deep sigh and bitter tear. The unhappy Countess Leonie was not alone in her grief that day. Thousands of other mothers, too, trembled at the dreadful intelligence, and like her writhed in the agony of despair. They were left to deplore the swift and terrible death of those whom they most dearly cherished.

In vain the inspirers of the revolution intone their joyous canticles anent the magnanimity and

heroism of the Italian women, comparing them to the heroines of Sparta, and proclaiming that they had, almost to a unit, given up with joy their husbands and sons for the regeneration of Italy. Such assertions are unmitigated lies! True, they were heard throughout our provinces, but they were drowned amid the funeral flash of the rifle; but they were intermingled with maledictions, and regarded throughout as an atrocious attack on domestic happiness. Then, as now, an infinite multitude of far-seeing and pious souls easily foresaw the terrible results which must necessarily follow from that ill-starred war. It was pretended that the war was entered on to vindicate the freedom of an oppressed nationality; but every day rendered it more conspicuously evident that that war, which occasioned such a fearful loss of young and generous blood, was not designed to bestow liberty on all. All thinking men clearly understood, and all honest minds plainly foresaw, that these boasts were but froth; that beneath the mask of public freedom was hidden abject slavery; that under the cloak of national happiness would be concealed the most infamous exploitation of the people and national conquest; that thrones would be subverted, altars profaned, the most sacred laws of God and man ruthlessly violated in proclaiming the resurrection of Italy; that, in short, crime would follow on the heels of crime till the patrimony of St. Peter itself would be attacked.

With a foreknowledge of these consequences, how could, we ask, parents and friends sanction

the flight or abduction of their dearest kin, separate themselves from them with joy, and, for such a cause, send them forth to the field of slaughter ?

We unhesitatingly aver that, if there existed mothers who attained such a height of folly, they were singularly few, and they soon wept bitter tears in vain over their mistaken blindness.

But to return.

On the right bank of the Po, between Turin and Casal, close to the confluence of the Dora Baltea, is situate a charming group of small villages, scattered over a luxuriant and smiling plain. These villages, overlooking the banks of the river and the adjacent highways, offer admirable outposts for the sub-alpine capital, and preserve it from a sudden invasion from Lombardy. On the evening of Easter Sunday Garibaldi summoned by telegraph two of the three regiments of the Chasseurs of the Alps to occupy these villages. Julian and Maso were hurried in all haste from Turin to the station of Chivasso, whence they immediately set forth on march to the places assigned them by the general. He himself led the Second Chasseurs into the small village of Brozolo, near the villa of Radicati, where his headquarters were established.

At noon on the 30th April Julian was seated alone before a small table in one of the most fashionable restaurants in town. Reclining on his chair, puffing his cigarette with easy nonchalance, his helmet down on his eyes, and a newspaper in his hand, he was reading quietly. His countenance wore an expression of unmistakably bad humor.

Instead of the amiable, candid-looking boy, it was now the sullen and sour-faced soldier.

From time to time he raised up his helmet, and his large, lustrous, luminous eyes scintillated with mingled passion and disdain. Betimes he literally trembled, and seemed the prey of deepest anger, which gave him neither truce nor repose. His heart was the home of rage; another cause had excited his haughty spirit.

For a long time he wore this unprepossessing countenance, when all at once two of his comrades abruptly entered the hall. One of them was a native of Bergamo, stout-limbed and bald-headed. He was followed by a Perugian, a dry, grizzled, limping little object, his head unkempt and his hair uncut, both looking as if they would form an admirable pair for the guard of Pontius Pilate. Seeing Julian, they came and sat down opposite him, and after eyeing him for a moment with a sort of cavalier air, the Perugian observed:

"I'll wager that young fellow feels badly put out because he can find no intimation in that journal of the Austrians having passed the Tessino."

"Put out about what?" answered Julian in a resolute voice, as he placed the journal on the table.

"Why, my boy, you seem not to be in the best of humor just now. We are just after coming from headquarters, and are in a position to give you some news that we think will brighten you up. A messenger has just informed Garibaldi that Giulay crossed the Piedmont frontier last evening,

and that he is marching in full force against us. Did you know that?"

"No!" answered Julian, in simulating a look of surprise.

"Pshaw! I said so long ago," replied the other with a supercilious air. "These gallant exquisites of ours are eager to flesh their steel in the Croats."

"Just as we did to the French at the siege of Rome in 1849," added the Bergamascian. "I myself have put *hors du combat* half a dozen of those scoundrels who were senseless enough to fight against fate. To-day it is the turn of the Austrians, and I guarantee we'll make short work of them and show no mercy!"

In listening to this senseless and braggart conversation Julian was filled with profound disgust. He rose from his seat and started for the door, when a countryman who had heard the conversation anent the Austrians quit his seat near by, and approached to enquire more minutely concerning the news.

"Yes, it is true—true as your own existence," continued the Bergamascian. "We ourselves have read the despatch. They have marched on Novara and now threaten Vercelli."

"Lord! if they pass Casal they will be down on us before two days," exclaimed the countryman, tremulous with fear.

"Balderdash! here in two days! You reckon without your host. Do you not take into account the sixty thousand Piedmontese who are stationed between Alessandria and Turin? Do you not

know that more than fifty thousand Frenchmen have already passed Mont Cenis, and that thousands of them arrive hourly at Genoa, and in the Rivera? Do you suppose that these Austrians have wings to fly over these opposing armies?"

"But how many of them are there—a million?" asked the simple-minded peasant.

"Million the deuce! If they can muster two hundred thousand men they will do their utmost."

"But," urged the peasant, "is it not quite possible that they may press on to Turin before the French can reach there to repulse them? I assure you they can."

"Let them try it!" responded the Bergamascian. "It would be no cause of surprise to see the French let the Italians lose Turin! They are a people not to be trusted. Did they not steal Rome from us, and is not that enough?"

"The French will do whatsoever we want them," answered the Perugian, as he pompously stroked his beard.

"It seems you have been at Rome; you are, then, veterans of Garibaldi?" asked the peasant.

"Yes, honorable veterans," answered the Bergamascian. "I was with him at Montevideo; my companion here enlisted in his ranks in 1848 to take part in the war of Lombardy. We fought with Garibaldi in all his encounters with the Austrians on the Great Lake; we defended Rome during the siege, and disposed in a summary manner of thousands of Frenchmen and priests. Behold!"

he exclaimed, in baring his brawny breast, "five wounds, and I bear three more besides."

"And think you that on this occasion you will go to Rome?"

"Do you entertain any doubts regarding it?" answered the Perugian. "There we have shed our blood, and there we go to look for vengeance. The republic shall yet rise from its tomb; the Tiber thirsts for priestly blood, and yearns to engulf the monks, cardinals, and all the other riff-raff of the Papacy! The bones of our martyrs by the gate of St. Pancrace and of Pamfili leap within the tomb for vengeance."

"But the French, thank God! are too devoted to the Pope; they will not let him fall into the hands of his enemies."

"What do you mean by your 'thank God,' you bigoted old ignoramus!" exclaimed the native of Bergamo, as he launched at him a look of ineffable disdain. "Do you know what our 'thank God' is? It is Garibaldi and the rifle; we know no other!"

Julian, who was listening to this impious conversation, was instinctively struck with horror. Just at this stage of the discourse he was tapped on the shoulder, and on turning around found himself in the presence of a sergeant, who asked:

"Where is that handsome youth who is all the time with you?"

"Maso, you mean. I couldn't say where he is just now."

"No, that's not it; his name must be Thomas,"

replied the sergeant, as he looked at the superscription of a letter he held in his hand.

"Oh! it is all the same. What do you want with him? I will see him in a short time."

"I wish you to hand him this telegram, which arrived from Savigliano on Monday morning, immediately after the regiment had started for Chivasso. Having been detained for some time on special business, I was given it with instructions to deliver it to him. It is a little late, of course, but better late than never."

Julian viewed the address with mingled feelings of curiosity and pleasure, and immediately rushed to the barrack-rooms in search of his comrade.

Since he had given up hope of hearing from his sister he had become a prey to melancholy and despair. The declaration of war, the advance of the enemy, and the anticipation of approaching death caused him the most unspeakable anguish of heart, and deprived him of every sentiment of happiness. He was convinced that his mother had prevented Natalie from answering his letter, and that, to add still more to his punishment, she had deprived him of all consolation, news from home, and pecuniary assistance—things which would not be refused to a bandit, were he in a similar condition. He imagined himself lying among the fallen on the battlefield, dying without the least assistance, comfort, and even without the sympathy of his friends. So heavily did this thought weigh on his soul that it was by an extreme effort he could repress his outspoken indignation toward his mother.

Maso spent several hours in the endeavor to console him. He sought to impress on him unceasingly that he should write a second letter, addressed directly to his mother. Finally he succeeded in inducing him to do so. In the morning Julian had penned a long letter, which, before posting, he submitted to his friend. But the latter found it so bitter and bristling with every form of insolence that he indignantly tore it into shreds, and flung them in Julian's face.

But that he could not offend so generous a companion, Julian would have immediately resented the act. He rose sullenly, and, without speaking a word, proceeded to the café. We have already seen the grim, ill-humored countenance he presented there.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TELEGRAM.

MASO had no sooner perceived Julian than he rushed forward to meet him, and apologized, in the most obsequious manner, for his hasty action in tearing up his letter, when Julian drew from his pocket the despatch and handed to him with an air of ill-concealed carelessness.

"Here is a second gift; your parents will make you a spoilt boy yet. A telegram from home."

"For me?" exclaimed Maso. "Yes, sure enough."

He took the despatch, tore it open, and read it; while Julian, whose whole soul seemed concentrated on his friend, saw a smile of joy break over his countenance.

"My dear Julian, this is an agreeable surprise for you; it is from your mother. Here it is!"

Suffice it to observe that Julian now presented a renewal of the scene which occurred between the Countess Leonie and Natalie when the latter received Julian's second letter. He stood for a moment as if dazed, moveless, and overcome by emotion; then, seating himself beside his friend, proceeded to read the precious missive.

"My mother!" he muttered to himself. as he gazed at the lines before him; "my mother! I never expected that. Maso, I wonder if this is genuine."

"Do you not see the signature?"

"Maso, read it for me."

The latter took the slip of paper and read as follows:

"APRIL 24, 1859, 1 P.M.

"Received just now your letter of the 17th. I am going to find you and bring you home, if possible. I send you an order on the Bank of Turin for two thousand francs. Your sister is well, and sends you her kindest regards and love. Write always, and never cease to think of your mother, who now sends you the most heartfelt expressions of her love. COUNTESS LEONIE."

"Well, will that satisfy you?" demanded Maso, after having read it two or three times, as he handed it to Julian.

The latter made no reply, blushed deeply, but accepted the letter with convulsive grasp.

"Did I not always tell you, my dear Julian, that you have within your bosom an excellent heart, and that, notwithstanding all you say, you yet dearly love your mother?"

"She sends me her love," replied Julian, as he gazed on his friend, half in doubt, half in earnest —"she sends me her love after having passed four months without speaking a tender word to her. She sends me her love—me, who looked upon her as an enemy. I can scarce believe it possible—I

who fled from home; who in writing Natalie scarce deigned to refer to her; who even dubbed her a *tyrannical mother*. What have I since done to merit this expression of her love? I almost doubt of this thing being genuine."

"You do? Well, I should like to know who else than your mother would send you a gift of two thousand francs? That, as you know, is no trifle."

"It is not of the two thousand I think, but of her sending me the expression of her love; that's what puzzles me."

"Why, because you are her child—that's all. What's the matter with you?"

"I hardly know."

"Come, banish all such thoughts from your head for the time, and let us have a promenade."

"No, Maso; let me alone. Let me first try to solve this apparently inexplicable mystery. Perhaps it is naught else than a tender artifice of Natalie. She has grieved so since I quarrelled with my mother. May not this be a ruse devised by her, designing to induce me to return home?"

"But who could have given her the two thousand francs?"

"You are right; it is, of course, my mother."

"And what more would you want her to do?"

"I know not; I cannot understand why she has done so much."

"Simply because she loves you?"

"Not at all; such things cost nothing whatsoever to a mother's heart. Have you forgotten all the evidences of tenderness that mine manifested

for me in her letter? Still, I have done her a grave injustice."

"Not at all; you have not offended your mother as I have mine. She says she loves me still. Maso, what shall I do?"

"I'll tell you. Sit down and write an answer, but one worthy of your head and heart. We shall talk further in connection with it by and by. Put your heart at ease first. What think you of my advice?"

Julian followed the counsel of his friend, calmed his troubled thoughts, and walked leisurely toward the village in company with his friend.

Oh! had the Countess Leonie been present at that moment. How she would have rejoiced at the return of her boy, whom she had conquered solely by the power of love. How soon she would feel convinced that the completest victory of a mother consists in self-denial! But no; she was not there; she was not aware of the marvellous change that one kind word from her had operated on the heart of Julian.

Julian had not a moment of time to answer the letter, as he was immediately ordered out on picket duty. On the following evening he had to march with his brigade toward Ponte-Stura, where the entire division of General Cialdini were encamped with the design of blocking the road to Turin on the advancing Austrians. These latter, who, for some inexplicable reason, had postponed the invasion of Sardinian territory for two whole days, at a time when every moment was so precious, overran

Lomellina with such celerity that one would almost be induced to believe that they wished to make up for lost time and march directly on the capital. In fact, while the Piedmontese troops concentrated behind the fortifications of Alessandria, abandoning the entire sway of country to the enemy as far as Sesia; at the moment when the French corps under the command of Marshals Canrobert and Baraguey-d'Hilliers were almost afraid to set foot in Genoa and Susa, the Austrian forces under command of Marshal Giulay moved down in overwhelming force on the line extending from Casal to Bassignano. Once having crossed the line, this powerful army could march on Turin without encountering more difficulties than if on military parade.

It were not easy to convey the deep regret that Julian felt at the thoughts of having to march, in all probability, to the battle-field on the following day. Till now he had never feared death. And as if to remind him anew of his mother's love, he had received on the same day, May 1, from his banker in Ponte-Stura, the two thousand francs in bank-bills addressed to Maso. But for that his joy were inexpressible. He divided his money with Maso, who hardly knew himself on finding himself in possession of a thousand francs. Never before did either possess such a sum. And now that the two deluded youths almost imagined themselves to be Rothschilds, now that they felt a momentary peace of mind, now that they dreamed of naught else than of returning home and making amends

for the freak they had committed, they saw themselves exposed, almost without a moment's warning, to the Austrian cannon and the lances of the Ulans! Oh! how true is the proverb, "He who sins in haste repents at leisure."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FOURVIERES.

THE noble city of Lyons is situate on the right bank of the river Saone. On the south of this rich and populous community a chain of hills, perfect sierra, well settled and carefully cultivated, start up, and in their circuitous course form a perfect amphitheatre having in its enclosure a vast and beautiful demesne. A temple stands in the centre of a grove on the crest of the largest of these beautiful hillocks at the further extremity of the circle. Its ancient and ivy-grown walls are mouldering to decay, and stand out in bold contrast with the elegant villas and numerous gardens around, which fill the atmosphere with the odor of their flowers. The white Byzantine spire rising so gracefully on the sacred edifice makes it visible from a very great distance. It is mounted with a colossal statue in gilt bronze of the Holy Virgin, which shines like a sunbeam in the pure atmosphere of the place. This statue, which is a masterpiece of its kind, faces the east, and stands ever with outstretched arms towards the city, like the fond mother inviting the embrace of a darling child.

This ancient shrine is named after the hill of Fourvières on which it stands. The sanctuary of Our Lady of Fourvières is the pride of the Catholics of Lyons. It is to them, they say, a refuge, a very religious citadel. It is perhaps the most popular of all the various resorts of devout pilgrimage in France. Thousands of pilgrims flock daily to pay their untiring devotions under the shadow of its holy walls. They come from the most remote parts of the country to execute a vow or seek a favor, to ask for a divine grace or out of mere devotion. There are many approaches to the Sacred Hill from the city, but the easiest and at the same time the most agreeable ascent is that on the garden side, the favorite road, branching off at the foot of the slope into a number of well-shaded paths, all striking out as from a certain point and assuming an independent course, yet concentric with each other, until they again meet on the very threshold of the sacred and long-desired shrine of the Virgin.

One day, about noontime, when it was as yet early in the month of May, a certain group of pilgrims—one of the many that were then making the slow ascent of the mountain—appeared remarkable by their frequently stopping as if for a rest as well as to view the scenery around them. One in particular of this party—in fact, the one who led to these ever-recurring halts—was a young lady, who would turn at every step to look again and again at the beauteous Alpine landscape of the immense Lyonnese amphitheatre—Alps towering over

Alps with a beauty and harmony, even in their irregularity, that resembled the wild sameness of the billows in the angry ocean. This young lady would in her enthusiasm never tire of pointing out some new feature in the scene. A gentleman with two ladies (one of them in deep mourning) were the principal figures in the group, whose progress one was retarding by her eagerness to show up the scenic beauty of the country. Arrived at length at the shrine, the young lady, as she stood on the terrace at the rear of the sanctuary, was lost as one in an ecstasy at the beauty of a scene that is beyond doubt unrivalled by any in Europe. The circling and towering Alps that walled them in from that elevated point were visible from their base to the summit of their abrupt slopes, crowned, as it were, with eternal snow.

She lowered her sunshade and contemplated the uneven and craggy sierras of rocks and glaciers, exclaiming suddenly to the gentleman of the party:

"Now, at what point exactly shall we meet them to-morrow?"

The gentleman's only reply was a smile.

The lady in mourning made a sign to her youthful companion, and all entered the sacred abode in silence.

Who composed this group? The reader need scarcely ask. He knows two at least of the number: the Countess Leonie, Julian's mother, and Natalie, his young sister, who could not rid herself of the idea that her brother, in his duty as Hunter

of the Alps, must be, to a certainty, quartered in some rocky defile in the vicinity. She, in fact, thought that by examining with a little care, even from where she stood, the various gorges and jutting prominences in the landscape around, she might succeed in locating the very position in which his company lay.

But to what are we to attribute this unexpected apparition of the countess and her daughter in the middle of France and so far away from Emilia, where we left them?

When we left them on the afternoon of Easter Sunday the sudden declaration of war had just been proclaimed and caused them to suspend their preparations for the journey. Leonie, when her senses returned to her, threw herself on her knees before the tutor of her children. She besought him to save himself, to find out where her child, Julian, was, and to restore him to her at any cost. The good count, who loved tenderly his nephew and niece, yet did not want to expose Natalie in a country where the anarchy and lawlessness of camp life were dominant. He besought Leonie not to give way to her feelings. He suggested to her to send a telegram to Julian, and at the same time to mail him a money order on her Turin banker. It was a small solace to her grief. Yet this counsel acted really as a solace. The telegram was sent, and he himself wrote to the banker.

They dined but sparely that day. They then took counsel of each other as to the steps their po-

sition demanded of them. Leonie insisted on the presence of Don Egidio in the family council. He was called. Many plans were proposed and discussed. The count proposed to start out himself. True, he had the gout, and his body was by no means well; besides, he had now an important lawsuit about an inheritance that would fall eventually to Julian. The affair would be decided in a week from that day. Could not Florence be sent? Leonie would not agree to that. Florence was a good, faithful domestic; he was economical and active, but very timorous. She would go herself with Natalie. But the count would not hear of this. He saw nothing but military lawlessness and carnage before them. Don Egidio then suggested the way to Marseilles as the safest and surest route. He could not realize the exaggerated fears of the count. The countess could from Marseilles go to Turin by Lyons and Mont Cenis in the rear of the French army, which was then entering Italy along that way. There would be no danger comparatively on this route of travel, since on the first alarm they could take refuge in Dauphiny and Savoy. This plan of the good canon, which he demonstrated geographically on the map, satisfied the uncle of Natalie. He now agreed to allow her to go with Leonie, if they were accompanied by her maid and Florence. This brave fellow was worth his weight in gold. He was the very soul of punctiliousness, watchfulness, and economy. Leonie now was beyond herself with a joyful satisfaction that that difficulty was set at rest. They completed their ar-

rangements and set out on Easter Monday. They took the road for Leghorn.

By a slight mishap they missed a French steamer which sailed from that port almost immediately after their arrival. They were accordingly detained for some time at Leghorn, where the countess heard of the revolution at Florence and the flight of the grand duke. She was compelled to witness the rejoicings of the mob who in Leghorn celebrated that event, but she was in a measure consoled by the intelligence that the Austrians had not as yet invaded Piedmont. It was not till the 30th of June, while travelling from Genoa, that she heard they had crossed the Tessino. It is impossible to describe the pain caused her by this untoward news. Impatient of delay, she wished to hasten to Turin by rail, but her friends vehemently discountenanced the design, and told her that in all probability the railway communications were cut by the Piedmontese, and that the Austrians occupied the route between Novi and Alessandria.

Florence likewise opposed the idea of the countess in this regard. She wished to disembark at Genoa, were it for naught else than to learn the latest war news; but her daughter, who was suffering from a severe attack of illness, prevented her from so doing.

The journey to Marseilles was rough and disagreeable, and when Natalie arrived at Joliette she was suffering intensely. An Italian doctor who was summoned to the hotel to see her found her in such a critical condition that he ordered her mother

imperatively to give her two days' undisturbed rest. Though burning with impatience to proceed to Mont Cenis, the countess was obliged to submit to the prescriptions of the physician and delay a couple of days. At the end of that time Natalie had sufficiently recovered to continue her journey, though the orders of her medical adviser were that she should rest for one day at Lyons and one at Chambery before undertaking the passage of Mont Cenis, which is cold and very fatiguing. Natalie suffered more keenly from these delays than even her mother. She prayed, insisted, implored to be allowed to proceed immediately, regardless of consequences.

"I am quite well," she exclaimed; "let us not lose time so precious, but proceed at once."

But her pleadings were idle. Florence, who in the present instance had been invested with full authority by the Count James, was inexorable in his refusal.

"We must follow out the prescriptions of the doctor," he said with an air of pompous ostentation. "The young count is no doubt precious, but our little countess is none the less so. We must avoid even the semblance of danger."

Leonie yielded to his orders, though her heart was overwhelmed with grief. She wished to avail herself of the delay at Lyons to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Fourvières. In the soft and smiling springtime this short journey could not but be delightful, and the countess yielded to the impor-

tunities of Natalie to accompany her mother to the venerated sanctuary.

The girl prayed with fervent piety. Fearing lest she might tax her strength beyond measure by remaining on her knees, Leonie ordered her to be seated. Natalie obeyed, but the countess soon observed that she was overcome with emotion and weeping bitterly. She requested her to endeavor to appease her emotion, especially in so holy a spot. After remaining absorbed in prayer for a considerable time, they rose to leave the church, when Natalie suddenly perceived, among the countless *ex-voto* offerings which covered the walls of the sacred edifice, a great number of pictures representing soldiers who were saved from inevitable death through the interposition of the Queen of Heaven. She requested her mother accordingly to have a certain number of Masses offered up for Julian before the miraculous image of the Madonna. The countess, acting on the suggestion, gave the necessary alms, and, taking from her finger a ring set with the most precious brilliants, presented it to one of the sextons wherewith to adorn the sacred image.

The journey by rail from Lyons to Chambery was exceedingly delightful. They arrived at the latter city late in the evening, and engaged rooms in one of the most fashionable hotels. Florence looked on in amazement at the countless trains of from eighty to a hundred carriages as they whirled past, laden with troops, artillery, provision wagons, ammunition, and military baggage of every

description. With all the pretension imaginable he explained in minutest detail all he saw and met to Natalie. The simple child was astonished as she listened to the pompous rhodomontade of the steward, who put on more airs than a Turenne or Napoleon. Happily the countess had fallen in with the wife of a colonel, with whom she entered into conversation in French, which language she spoke with almost vernacular elegance and purity; and was thus saved from being wearied to death by the bellicose declamation of Florence.

Our travellers were to cross Mount Cenis on the following morning, after a brief delay at Lansleburg. Leonie, who had risen early to assist at Mass and make preparations for the journey, entered Natalie's room about seven o'clock, and found her engaged in her morning devotions. On seeing her the countess drew back in affright.

"What is the matter with you, my dear?" she exclaimed. "You look like death! Have you grown worse? You look so pale and feverish!"

Natalie approached her, and answered with a gentle smile:

"Oh! it is nothing. Let us start immediately for Julian, that I may at least see him before I die!"

"Before you die!" exclaimed the countess in horror. "Why do you use such an expression? why entertain such ideas?" she continued, as she passionately pressed her daughter to her bosom.

The girl trembled in her arms. Disengaging herself from her mother's embrace, she led her aside, and said in trembling accents:

"For mercy's sake do not tell Florence that I am ill; did he know it, he would compel us to remain here another day or two. I am at least well enough to go to Turin. When we shall have found Julian I can then die content."

"Do not make use of such language, I implore you! You will then be content to die? Do not let me ever hear you say anything of the kind again!"

"Well, let us hurry ourselves, at all events; I fear we shall not arrive in time. I repeat, I wish to see my brother before I die."

"Did I not ask you to cease talking such folly?"

"But it may come to pass that this folly will be realized. Yesterday, at the shrine of Fourvières, I supplicated the Blessed Virgin for a favor, and I am confident she heard my prayer."

The countess was for the moment unable to make answer; she trembled and grew deadly pale. A prey to fear and uncertainty, she looked in the face of her daughter, as if she dreaded hearing any more from her in relation to the subject. Heaving a deep sigh, she asked to be allowed to retire to her room.

The prayers and supplications of Natalie were in vain. The tender girl was suddenly seized with a treacherous attack of fever. Florence hastened to bring a physician, and Natalie had to be resigned. The countess seated herself at the bedside of her daughter, and every moment almost overwhelmed her with the most tender and passionate caresses.

"Tell me, my dear," asked Leonie, "what favor did you pray for yesterday at Fourvières? You should conceal nothing from your mother."

"Oh! if the affair comes to pass, mother, you will learn too soon what it is; but meantime do not be troubled on my account. Let us talk of my brother; where do you think he may be at present?"

"No, my dear, we shall speak of nobody but you. Do not disobey your mother; answer my question," replied Leonie in an imperious and resolute tone.

"Well, then," replied the girl, in timid and reserved accents, "I'll tell you: I implored Our Ever-Blessed Lady to accept my life instead of Julian's, if Heaven had ordained that he should fall in battle, and to restore him to you submissive and repentant."

"Ah! foolish girl," exclaimed Leonie, in an impetuous tone, "do you not know these are no requests to implore of the Queen of Heaven? Retract on the spot what you were foolish enough to pray for. What you should have prayed for is that you should be spared to your mother, and that Julian also should come home safe and uninjured. You see the foolish act you have committed. To bring death as a favor! Think you that the Mother of Sorrows, so tender, so compassionate, will not be able, through her interposition with her divine Son, to preserve Julian without your innocent life as a sacrifice? You know I could never survive your death. I again repeat that you must retract

what you prayed for in a foolish moment. Our Ever-Blessed Mother knows what it is to give up a dearly loved and only child. Pray to her now for the preservation of Julian as well as yourself."

"But if one of us have to go, which of us would you select?"

"Natalie, that is a highly improper question to ask me. I could not choose between either you or him. My very life is centred in you both. You are the pulse of my heart; I live but for you alone; the only choice I could make would be to go down in sorrow to the grave after either of you may be first taken from me. Ah! how foolish you were in asking such a request as that."

The chambermaid, at this juncture, announced the arrival of the physician—a pompous Savoyard, ostentatious, puffed up, pretentious, exceedingly polite, though somewhat brusque in his manner. He spoke Italian with vernacular fluency. After having asked Natalie a series of questions, he examined her pulse, and exclaimed somewhat excitedly: "She is suffering from a severe attack of fever."

He was not aware that the countess was listening to him. As he spoke Leonie heaved a deep sigh, and asked in tearful accents if the malady would, in his opinion, be fatal.

As she spoke the countess seemed more the picture of death than her daughter. The doctor assumed a careless and satisfied air.

"It amounts to nothing," he observed; "she will be all right presently."

"But if what you say should not come to pass?"

"We shall see."

Whereupon he prescribed the most soothing medicines, and forthwith retired, leaving the disconsolate mother alone with her thoughts.

"Ah! Julian," she cried in her soliloquy, "what grief you have caused me by your inconsiderate action."

CHAPTER XIX.

OFF FOR TURIN.

THE good doctor was right in his diagnosis. After three weeks Natalie's fever, severe as it was at first, had almost entirely subsided. But though her sickness had passed away, she was, nevertheless, so exhausted, so feeble, that she was scarce able to leave her sick-room. Still it was, as the doctor had justly remarked, but a sudden and passing attack, though, while it lasted, dangerously severe. While prostrated, the countess had not for a moment deserted the pillow of her daughter, whose illness weighed with unspeakable heaviness on her heart. It was in truth heart-rending to witness the desolation of that tender mother, subjected to a double martyrdom, the fear of losing her daughter and the impossibility of saving her son!

Florence was in despair at the possibility of his young mistress dying at Chambery, notwithstanding all his care and vigilance. He wept at the thought like a child; so that the physician was obliged to compel him to quit the room in order

not to add to the already almost intolerable grief of the countess.

"What a terrible day!" he exclaimed. "As I have not lost my senses now, I never shall!"

The doctor was warmly attached to Natalie. During her convalescence he watched by her unceasingly, and was unremitting in his attendance. During the sixteen days the girl was ill, Florence rendered untold service to the countess. In his youth he had acquired a smattering of French. He ferreted out every item of news, bought all the French and Piedmontese journals he could procure, and consoled Leonie by assuring her the rumors of war were so much buncombe and balderdash. In the meantime Natalie bore up under her forced delay. So pleased was she with the good news that Florence always brought, that she was impatient whenever he left her bedside.

She had a map of Italy spread out before her, whereon she studied, with unwearied industry, the movements of the three armies, taking precious good care to follow the lines occupied by the French, as in their strength consisted, in a great measure, Julian's safety. Easily deceived as she was in this regard, her mother was still more so. To compensate Florence for his delicate attentions and assiduous care, Leonie always took occasion to read for him the praise she bestowed on him when writing to the Count James for his invaluable services; whereupon the good man was so delighted that he could scarce contain himself. He was infinitely more highly pleased with the praises thus

bestowed on him than by all the presents, rich as they were, which his generous mistress bestowed on him.

The doctor, after mature deliberation, permitted Natalie on the sixteenth day to take a drive in the carriage and visit the cathedral.

Notwithstanding the retraction already exacted from her by her mother, the generous abandonment of her own life to save her brother's, and although the countess had already seen that the sincere and innocent sacrifice had not been accepted, she was, nevertheless, desirous that she should renew her retraction at the earliest opportunity in the grand cathedral. She likewise counselled her to implore the swift return of her brother, and to offer, in acknowledgment of her recovery, a precious *ex-voto*, to be placed with other rich offerings, in the sanctuary of Notre Dame in their native city.

Natalie yielded all the more readily to her mother's desire as her confessor, a worthy priest, had assured her that certain heroic sacrifices should not be made on the impulse of the moment, but after mature deliberation and prudent counsel.

The girl was soon restored to health, and on the morning of the 18th she was able to continue her journey to Lansleburg, where they remained for the night. On the following day they passed Mont Cenis, beneath the rays of a dazzling sun which shed its radiant and resplendent beams on the snow-capped summit and the icy slopes of the mountain. Toward evening they arrived at Susa.

The countess could scarce believe that she was already in Piedmont. She no longer reckoned the days but the hours which separated her from her beloved child. Natalie, who was not in very pleasant mood, on account of having been subjected to so much delay, eagerly watched every soldier that passed by her window, and pestered Florence to tell her if he was a Garibaldian, or that handsome youth whom Julian had chosen as his companion. Her importunities were wholly in vain, for a captain of extraordinary politeness, as a real Italian officer always is, informed them that the Chasseurs of the Alps had returned from Coni toward the capital, that as yet no engagement with the enemy had taken place, and that one day's travel would bring them from Turin to the headquarters of General Garibaldi.

At noon on May 20 the Countess Leonie entered the city which was the object of all her desires. She drove to one of the most fashionable hotels and took up a suite of splendid apartments. Then, selecting from among the multitude of introductory letters she had received one addressed to a certain Chevalier Eugene, a very high personage, and possessing unbounded influence with the Italian ministers, she ordered a carriage and, accompanied by Natalie, drove to his residence. The chevalier and his worthy lady received them with that exquisite, delicate, and cordial politeness which is the distinguishing characteristic of the Italian nobility. The chevalier wished them to pass the day with

him, but Leonie declined in the most thankful terms, as she was hourly expecting a number of letters of an important character. Seeing that they could not remain, he and his lady, a native of Savoy named Clotilda, proposed to accompany them to the hotel. The countess accepted this mark of attention in the most gracious terms. Madame Clotilda, who admired Natalie greatly, overwhelmed her with kindness, and almost envied her mother for possessing so lovely a daughter. Before taking leave, the plan for effecting Julian's liberation from the army on the following day was determined on. The chevalier looked on it already as a fixed fact, and the countess, forgetting all her past suffering, now thought of naught else than of the happiness she would enjoy on receiving once more in her arms her erring but affectionate boy.

Before leaving home the countess had agreed with the Count James, her brother-in-law, to write each other every second day, and that, if not otherwise ordered, all his letters were to be addressed to the general post-office of Turin. During the weeks the journey lasted the count scrupulously observed his promise. The countess was exceedingly anxious to know if Julian had received her telegram, if the banker had cashed his check, and if Julian had answered her despatch.

In returning to her apartments the anxiety of the countess was augmented on seeing a score of letters in the handwriting of Florence, addressed to her with his usual punctuality to time. Some, when

she opened them, were found to be from Florence directly, some from various friends, and some from Count James. Natalie assisted her mother in picking out those emanating from Count James directly, which the countess was anxious to read first. She endeavored even to present them in order of date. Suddenly she observed a letter in the count's handwriting wherein another was apparently enclosed. She seized it anxiously, tore it open, and found, as she anticipated, another within. With girlish joy she rushed to her mother's presence and exclaimed :

"Here is a letter from Julian !"

Her mother, overwhelmed with emotion, grasped the letter, not even waiting to utter a word in answer, tore open the envelope with trembling hand, and read aloud in j yous accents :

"'My dear mother.' To me !" she exclaimed. "Yes, it is from Julian, my own dear boy."

Natalie peeped over her mother's shoulder meantime, in her eagerness to see what her brother had to say.

Leonie paid no attention to her remarks. After reading a few lines she was so overcome by emotion that she had to place the letter aside, precious as it was to her heart, for a passing moment. Then, taking it up, she read as follows :

"PONTE STURA, May 2, 1859, 11 P.M.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER : Overwhelmed with shame and confusion, I write to thank you in the most cordial terms for your telegraphic despatch of the 30th April, which I received at Brozolo. I

could not answer it sooner, as I am almost dead with fatigue, and overtaxed nature must eventually succumb. Yesterday I received the two thousand francs for which you sent me an order on the Bank of Turin, and for which I send you unspeakable thanks. But one thing wherefor I can never return you adequate thanks is the expression of your love and pardon which you send me.

"It has given me a peace of heart that I knew not since my departure from home. As I am suffering severely from fatigue, you must pardon me this time for not writing you at greater length. Suffice it to say that at this moment more tears fall from my eyes than words from my pen.

"I ask you, dear mamma, as your only boy, to forgive me for my foolish offence. I did not know what I was doing. I am sorry for all the pain and anguish I have caused you. I suffer the most unspeakable torments every time I think of you, and I tell you now, with the most intense earnestness, that I have ever loved you, even the very moment I ran away from home; and when I wrote to Natalie, telling her that you hated me and that you were a tyrannical mother, I knew not what I did in the first place; and, secondly, I did not believe what I wrote. I pretended to feel a great deal more than I meant. And on this account, if on none other, I ask you to forgive me. Since I wrote that ill-advised letter I have not enjoyed a moment's peace. But should my life be spared, and we meet again—as, of course, I ardently wish—I promise you that I shall be the source of your con-

solation. I must, however, in the meantime, reiterate that there was no justifying reason for your being so severe with me. I was absolutely innocent, and I cannot ever get over the fact that I was condemned in the wrong. But the worst of all the reproaches directed against me were those of my uncle. He treated me in the most unjustifiable manner, and informed me that he had heard all the facts of which he had complained from you, and even went so far as to threaten me with arrest for nothing under heaven, and boasted, in the most swaggering fashion, that he would have me brought into the police court.

"You can readily conceive how hard it is to be innocent and nevertheless treated unjustly. This caused me the most indescribable pain. I fell into the deepest melancholy, and, as you know, almost entirely severed my relations with you. I resolved to run away from home, and in a moment of folly I acted on the foolish idea. This is the plain truth, and you know that you always taught me to tell the truth at any cost. Certain it is I have ill-treated you, but without meaning it at the time; but when I return home, after the conclusion of the war, I will make all the explanations necessary, will again be as dutiful toward you as I always was, and will explain to your satisfaction all my faults.

"Meantime, to please you, if for nothing else, I purpose going immediately to Holy Communion, although I have just made my Easter duty; and this I will do, with my good friend, for your sake,

and with the intention of preparing for all the eventualities of war; and, if I should chance to fall in battle, I can assure you that I shall die as a Christian and as an Italian soldier.

"I have acted badly toward you, but still I do not think there is anything radically wrong about my head or heart more than when I was at home.

"I have a thousand things to say to Natalie, but I have no time at present, and I am almost dead from fatigue. You will, therefore, excuse me if I conclude somewhat abruptly. I have to go out on picket duty in a few moments, and the hardships of such a task you can scarcely conceive.

"We are in such close proximity to the enemy that we can plainly hear their cannonade. I am just after returning from picket duty. Tell Natalie that I think of her perpetually, and that, after you, she is to me the dearest one on earth. I send you herewith my address and assumed name. I shall write you as often as I can. Yours affectionately, JULIAN."

Dinner was postponed, and for the time being no other letters were read. Leonie, in transports of joy, perused again and again the affectionate expressions of her repentant son. Natalie was delighted. The concluding lines especially seemed to her so gentle, so graceful, so affectionate.

During dinner Florence, who heard Natalie expatiate on the good qualities of Julian, and the many indications thereof contained in his letter, especially the last lines, asked anxiously if Julian had said anything about himself. On being

answered in the negative he made a few wry faces, and observed: "I hope his repentance is sincere, though I greatly doubt it; the young count has something to settle with me for his neglect, which, to my mind, amounts to ingratitude. However, let us hope for the best."

Natalie interrupted him in the sweep of his indignant eloquence by continuing her panegyric on her brother.

The Chevalier Eugene and his wife arrived at the close of dinner.

"Madame," observed the chevalier, addressing the countess, "Count Cavour, who has just arrived from the headquarters of the Emperor Napoleon at Alessandria, and with whom I had a hurried conversation a moment since, will have the honor of receiving you to-morrow morning either at his hotel at nine o'clock, or at the ministerial office at ten o'clock."

"A thousand thanks for your kindness; but then what benefit may I expect to derive from the interview?"

"Every benefit imaginable. Count Cavour, as you know, is all-powerful; a single scratch of his pen can restore Julian to you."

"And how, may I ask, did you find him disposed?"

"Admirably. He observed, and frequently in the course of our conversation repeated the remark, that he would be only too happy to confer a favor on a member of so distinguished a family as that to which the Countess Leonie belongs,

from whom he expects a great deal for the cause of Italy."

"Oh! he is egregiously mistaken if he conceives that I will in any wise interfere in politics; all I purpose doing for Italy is to bring up in my son a good citizen for it. I shall go to see the count to-morrow morning without fail. Will you be so good as to accompany me, chevalier?"

"I shall be most happy to do so. I shall call here with my carriage for you at eight o'clock in the morning."

After having made all the necessary arrangements, and chatted on a variety of matters, the chevalier and lady took their leave. The countess, owing to the serious thoughts that preoccupied her mind, slept little that night. She was fully convinced that on the following day she would again press to her bosom that obedient and repentant child which she never loved with such tenderness as since she had lost him.

CHAPTER XX.

COUNT CAVOUR.

NATALIE, at her mother's suggestion, started out, accompanied by her maid, for her morning walk about half-past eight A.M. Her direction to-day was to the church dedicated to the Mother of God under the name of the "Consoling Virgin." When she had gone Leonie, accompanied by the chevalier, went out also, but in a different direction. Their steps were turned towards the house of the Count Cavour.

In the antechamber of his excellency every politeness and courtesy becoming her rank was shown to the countess.

My Lord Camillus, the Count Cavour, never affected the red-tapeism of the Parisian statesman. He was at all times no less a gentleman than a man of business. He was ever more of a talker than an orator. He was blunt in his manner and always approachable. And he knew as well how to suit himself to the peasant as to the refined courtier; though, on the whole, his bearing was that rather of a country gentleman than one who lived in the atmosphere of the palace. As to his perso-

nal appearance, in complexion he was almost ruddy; an ample but uneven brow overhung a pair of half-closed eyes, whose characteristic and restless expression lay in a quick, piercing look that somehow impressed you with the idea of their malignancy. Nay, a very feeling that none could describe, from those fitful, almost petulant glances he would dart at you through his little gold-rimmed glasses, would come over you, for none could tell if those looks boded good or ill. While his nose was the reverse of aquiline, his mouth was extravagantly large, and a facile, sardonic grin ever played on those thin, mobile lips; and his clean-shaven face borrowed an expression from the thick-set beard under his chin. In stature he was short, round, and of an indifferent form. His hands were never at rest, and he assumed an air of ease and self-content by constantly rubbing them one against the other.

Such is the man some styled the greatest diplomat—meaning, no doubt, the most unscrupulous trickster—of our day. Perhaps in this constant friction of his hands he sought to conceal the anxious air that ever sat on him. Gesture at times expresses more than words.

After the usual introduction and conventionalities had passed Leonie and the chevalier seated themselves on a lounge and the count sank into an armchair. He had a paper-knife in his hand, and he kept constantly playing with it, allowing them evidently to open their business to him in their own way. The grave and dignified bearing of the coun-

tess, accompanied with the air of natural grace and remarkable beauty, commanded a respect that none could refuse.

Cavour at length began, as if recollecting himself :

"The chevalier last evening explained to me what has led to my being thus honored, my lady, with your visit. This is an affair that of course is within my province as Minister of War, and I am really very happy to be able to serve your ladyship. Of course it would be asking too much to have you sacrifice an only son in the patriotic cause. So if your ladyship will but give me the necessary directions as to where I am to find him, he will be restored at once to you."

"Thanks, many thanks, my lord!" broke in Leonie joyfully ; "but I shall send a substitute for him, no matter what it may cost me."

"By no means, noble lady ; all I seek is a little sympathy for the cause of Italy and the king from a house so influential as yours in Romagna. I am no stranger to your family or its hereditary politics, and it is because of this, perhaps, that I am most anxious now to do you this little service."

"Does my lord mean," said Leonie, "that for this I must forego my former allegiance to our Holy Father Pius IX.? If he does—"

"Ah ! no, good lady. God deliver us from such a thought ! We are all the spiritual subjects of St. Peter. Why, the king himself boasts of his allegiance to the Holy See."

"I am delighted at that," said Leonie, with the

faintest sarcasm in her smile; "but I and my household boast that we are the temporal subjects of the Pope. My children are trained to love and revere their king, and with us we recognize but Pius."

"I know that perfectly well. All that I hope from your loyal and generous heart, countess, is that you—I will not say support our party—but to think of us more favorably, more charitably even, to regard in a more temperate manner the events which in all human probability will occur in the Romagna. May I entertain such a hope?"

"By no means, count," responded Leonie in a resolute tone. "In my family there has never been a traitor to the Holy Father. I shall not be the one to inaugurate the deed of shame, and leave a heritage of opprobrium to my children; of this you may be well assured."

"Countess, I hope you are not offended," observed the chevalier, in the most polite and graceful manner. "Count Cavour does not ask such a sacrifice as that of you. He has no desire to cast any odium on an illustrious line, or to wound a mother's heart."

"True, perfectly true," remarked Cavour, as he nervously rubbed his hands together; "the countess is warmly devoted to the welfare of the Pope, as we all are, and I esteem her the more for it, I assure you. She is a lady of a high order of intellect, he continued, putting particular emphasis on th last words, and smiling ambiguously, if not sarcastically.

"Yes; count," replied the lady, with a withering glance, "I am a woman with one *credo*. But, to return to the subject, can you tell me where my son is at present?"

"He is on the march," answered the count, as he glanced uneasily at the paper-knife he held in his fingers.

"On the march whither?"

"I really cannot tell you for a certainty," replied the count, with a somewhat embarrassed air. "When do you want him?"

"Immediately—as soon as possible—this very day, if I can find him!"

"Would you desire to have him return to Turin, or would you prefer to go and meet him to-morrow, for instance, at Chivasso?"

"What! wait till to-morrow?"

"I cannot move faster than the steam-engine. All I can at present do is to telegraph to his commander to have him halt on the march and return here."

"By all means, count, I pray you to do so, and tell him also that his mother is awaiting him here."

The count forthwith summoned a servant to his presence. Then, taking a pen and slip of paper, he wrote a few lines, and turning to the countess, asked:

"What is his name?"

"Julian—but no; he gave another name when he joined the army, the foolish boy!"

"Ah! But can you give me that name?"

"Yes; it is Rupert."

"What regiment, battalion, and company does he belong to?"

The countess told him.

"Count," she continued in tremulous accents, "my son has a very dear friend, a companion in his regiment, a beautiful and excellent youth of seventeen years, who, like Julian, in a foolish moment ran away from home and enlisted in the army of Piedmont. Would it be possible, count, for me to get him out of the army also, and restore him safe to his grief-stricken mother?"

"Ahem! Well, let us see; yes, you know, countess, I cannot refuse you, if you ask me."

"Well, I do ask you."

Thereupon Leonie gave the count all necessary information concerning Maso; the minister wrote a few more lines, handed them to the servant, and then, turning toward Leonie, observed, as he peered with weasel eye over his spectacles: "I am very happy, madame, to be able to prove to you that Count Cavour is not, after all, quite as black as his enemies paint him."

"I shall never forget your kindness," answered Leonie; "but I hope you will order the dismissal from the army of my son and his comrade."

"Certainly I shall; I have already telegraphed to the headquarters of General Garibaldi. Both will receive the news at the first halt the regiment makes. I shall communicate all intelligence in connection with the affair to Chevalier Eugene. You can send some trustworthy person this even-

ing to headquarters to meet him and bring him to Turin."

"I shall go myself."

"No; I would not counsel you to do so. In time of war dangers are thick. Take my advice, and send some reliable person to Chivasso, where the two boys will arrive soon—yes, to-morrow afternoon," he continued, after glancing for a moment at a map of the theatre of war.

"But who will receive them?" asked Leonie, somewhat disturbed.

"I myself, with your steward," answered the count.

"Oh! you are too kind in thus troubling yourself."

"By no means; it shall be my greatest happiness to restore your son to you safe and well."

"No words can adequately convey my thanks to you, count, for your inestimable favor."

"Oh! that is nothing," replied Cavour, as he rubbed his hands in his usual nervous manner. "Suffice it to observe that, though you are faithfully attached to the Papal Government, yet ours is not the hideous monster that some depict it."

"But I do not purpose to have my son and his comrade liberated from the army without compensating you for it. I intend paying the bounty allowed for substitutes."

"Not at all, madame; the pleasure of conferring a favor on a worthy person is the greatest of all compensations."

And as he spoke the distinguished statesman ac.

companied his visitors to the door, took leave of them with the most formal politeness, and returned to his study. Leonie, transported with joy and surprise, entered the carriage of Chevalier Eugene, who ordered his coachman to drive slowly, as he wished to take time to arrange with the countess everything she might think necessary for so important an affair.

CHAPTER XXI.

CURIOUS DETAILS.

A READER unacquainted with recent Italian politics may be somewhat surprised on seeing Count Camillus de Cavour so well informed regarding the Countess Leonie. Every one now knows perfectly well that this statesman was the mainspring of the Italian revolution, and the regulator of the societies which hatched the plot that resulted in the political submersion of the Italian peninsula; that around him, as satellites round the sun, the secret committees revolved; toward him all the secret agencies converged; from him emanated every advice, suggestion, command, and, what amounted to more, the secret-service money. He had legions of spies scattered through the provinces, in every city, town, village, and hamlet, who duly reported to him everything they could learn, whether of good or evil. To speak of Emilia alone, where the Countess Leonie resided, it is a notorious circumstance, and has been demonstrated by overwhelming evidence, that Pepoli and Minghetti were at Bologna, the head and heart of the conspiracy, and that from this centre they manipulated the Government, by bribery, corruption, and every im-

moral means, of the Romagna, to the great detriment of the Pope and the temporal power. Both were attached to Count Cavour by the closest ties, and it is not necessary for us here to enumerate the many emoluments they received, or the exalted offices they subsequently obtained. The "Revelations of Carletti," a secret agent of Count Cavour, have been given to the public, and disclose an abyss of turpitude rarely to be met in history, and none of those whom he stamped with the seal of shame has as yet disproved or denied the stigma attaching to them.

While smiling, in her conversation with the chevalier, anent the vain hope cherished by Count Cavour to induce her to support the Piedmontese party, the countess asked to know the cause of the veil of mystery which the minister flung round Julian's whereabouts. The Chevalier Eugene, though not sharing Cavour's political ideas in every detail, was nevertheless one of his most intimate friends, and frequently learned from him secrets denied to the uninitiated. He was not a "Liberal" in the rigorous sense of that term; for, had he been such, the countess would never have consented to accept from him letters of recommendation; but he was one of those who, while deeply religious, virtuous, and loyal, nevertheless engage in every new political movement which does not diametrically conflict with their sense of right. He was intensely devoted to the house of Savoy. He troubled himself little about what was paraded as the "independence of Italy"; he only looked

on it as a plausible pretext for the aggrandizement of the Sardinian monarchy. He desired to preserve intact the pontifical territory, he wished to maintain the Italian princes on their thrones, he was opposed to any violation of justice; but all this on condition of seeing the principles of 1789 propagated, which principles he interpreted after his own peculiar fashion—a fashion which, while it did not please the "Liberals," yet scandalized the Conservatives. He was a kind of political amphibian, belonging to two different elements. He was kind and condescending, and lost no occasion to endeavor to dissipate the cloud of grief which hung over Leonie's soul.

"Let not the mysterious conversation of Count Cavour," he observed to the countess, "in relation to Julian's exact whereabouts in anywise trouble you. The count cannot, of course, divulge the movements of the army. I know personally that the king has entrusted Garibaldi with the conduct of an expedition which they wish to keep a profound secret. Woe to them if the Austrians should discover it! Garibaldi's force would be cut to pieces in an hour."

"But is this expedition far in advance?"

"I have reason to think it is."

"Shall we arrive in time?"

"Certainly, certainly; without the slightest doubt. You may rely on my word."

"Very well, then," she continued, somewhat calmed; "but tell me how it is that the royal Government accepts the services, in a war pretending

to be waged in the cause of *civilization*, of that assassin Garibaldi? Is not such a name sufficient to disgrace any flag? I blush with shame at the very thought of my son being in the command of such a man."

"Countess, you are not entirely wrong in what you say. Nevertheless, there is a multitude of things to be taken into consideration in relation to the question. Count Cavour is desirous of conciliating all parties, with the sole object of securing the triumph of the national cause, and, to my mind, he acts wisely in accepting the aid of all parties. Perhaps, too, Garibaldi is not quite so black as he is painted. I understand that he has sworn allegiance to the king, and what more could you expect from anybody? For my part, I should hesitate before calling him assassin. After all, he is a man of great courage and daring, and I have not the slightest doubt that he is animated by good intentions."

"You are highly indulgent toward a bandit like him, chevalier. In France a very different opinion prevails. During my journey from Chambery I met many French generals who would not deign to measure swords with such a man—him whom they ignominiously chased out of Rome in 1849."

"That is all true enough. I am aware even that a recommendation almost amounting to a command came from Paris not to accept the services of Garibaldi, but state reasons of the gravest nature obliged Count Cavour to act otherwise. Certain it is that while General la Marmora has

been Minister of War he opposed might and main the creation of the Chasseurs of the Alps. What, then, could be done, madame? Everything in this world is controlled by circumstances. But do not for a moment believe that Garibaldi is a favorite of Cavour's. On the contrary, he always keeps him at a respectable distance. Meantime, do not abandon hope; Julian will soon be relieved from military service."

"But as long as I live I shall not cease to lament my son's escapade. With him, of course, I shall forget the past and studiously refrain from reproaching him for it, but I can none the less regret it."

What the Chevalier Eugene thinks of Garibaldi at the present moment we are unable to determine, but we have reason to believe that he has formed a different estimate of him from that which he entertained in 1859. Be that as it may, it is clearly evident that the Countess Leonie formed a just opinion of the "liberator of Sicily, the hermit of Caprera."

The truth is that this man, in becoming the Moloch of the Masonic sect, became likewise the most implacable enemy in Italy of the Catholic Church, the Vicar of Christ, and the priesthood. Not being able, as he vehemently desired, to steep his sword in the blood of the ministers of God, he availed himself of every means to insult and calumniate them. A collection of Garibaldi's letters will give the most faithful and authentic picture of the man and of his heroic spirit to transmit to future generations. When our descendants wish to cor-

rectly appreciate the Italian revolution of these latter years it will suffice to show them the collection referred to, with the remark: "Behold the man who was its literal impersonation."

The countess and the chevalier at length arrived at the porch of their hotel. Impatient to communicate to her daughter the happy results of her morning visit, the countess had scarce descended from her carriage than she eagerly asked one of the hotel servants:

"Has my daughter returned?"

"Yes, madame, and the other little gentleman also, in company with a Garibaldian, whom the young lady received in the most joyous manner. They are up-stairs at present."

"A Garibaldian!" exclaimed Leonie in the height of amazement. "And Natalie received him with every demonstration of joy! Chevalier, can it be he?"

"Who? Julian? Let us see; it may be a surprise of Count Cavour's."

"Are you certain," continued Leonie, addressing the servant, "that he was a Garibaldian?"

"Yes, madame, a Garibaldian, and one dyed in the wool at that. I know them well; one of their regiments passed through Turin day before yesterday. Oh! yes, madame, I know them."

"And my daughter received him in a most joyous manner?"

"Yes; she drew his bayonet out of its sheath, examined his belts, buttons, and all his accoutrements."

"Ah! it is he, chevalier—it is Julian," exclaimed the countess, livid with emotion. "But," she continued, addressing the servant, "was this Garibaldian of medium height, slender, and without whiskers?"

"Exactly, madame."

"He had jet-black eyes and waving, curling hair?"

"I think so."

"He resembles my daughter, does he not?"

"I did not scan him closely enough to say, but he appeared to me to be quite a handsome-looking youth."

"Oh! without doubt, chevalier, it is Julian; lend me your arm and assist me up-stairs."

And immediately she proceeded.

"Restrain your emotion, madame," observed the chevalier; "you know how overpowering first impressions are."

Leonie was totally overcome; she turned deadly pale, her heart beat fitfully, and, weak with emotion, she flung herself on a couch on entering her apartments, requesting the chevalier to enter the next room and see if it was Julian.

At this juncture the exultant Natalie exclaimed:

"Mother, come, come and see how Julian is dressed!" as she rapped on the outside against the folding-doors.

The chevalier started up to silence her; and the countess started also with a scream, but sank back again with her face in her hands.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CAMPAIGN.

FERTILE and joyous by nature one would think ought that valley to be that runs along the left bank of the Dora-Baltea. The observer is ever impressed with the gay verdure of its little dells and hillocks, its glens and undulating sward, especially as it strikes the tortuous Sesia. The termination and key to the valley is the beautiful town of Vercelli. For it stands at the extreme end of that beauteous, level country—the famous plain where Marius routed the Cimbrians with such slaughter. Nothing there meets the eye but the grassy mead, countless and teeming orchards, fields under cultivation, and everywhere abundant pasturage. Here and there are farms with their stock-yards and outhouses well stocked with cattle; villages and communes populated by families well instructed and industrious. There is a point above, in the direction of the Dora, and following the course of the train as it crosses these plains and heads for Santhia, at which there is a junction of the tracks from Biella and Chivasso. In this favored spot stands the borough of St. Germain, an

excellent strategic position. It faces Vercelli, and is an outpost in the fortifications of Turin. Some miles below Capriasco stands another military work. It is an old, half-ruined dwelling, surrounded with a large estate. In war times a better place could not be found for an advance post, or to locate sentinels unseen by those of an enemy occupying St. Germain.

Here on the 15th of May lay the pickets of the troops under the old General Sonnaz. To him was entrusted the protection of the metropolis of the kingdom against the invading Austrians. The three Garibaldian regiments—the Chasseurs of the Alps—had arrived, and lay encamped here, resting on their arms in momentary expectation of the enemy.

But Marshal Giulay, either because of some new strategic move or from fear, did not cross the Sesia, though for eight weeks he had flooded the Lomellina country with his troops. In the first days of the invasion he appeared at the head of forty thousand men on his way to Ivrea, so from that position he might make a descent on the capital. Then he could have easily passed the river. But suddenly changing his tactics, he wheeled his battalions as if in retreat, and took up a new position. On either side of him was a river, and his camp was connected by their bridges with the peninsula of the Lomellina. So secure was he now that it was useless for the enemy to attempt to dislodge him. This manœuvre of Marshal Giulay allowed time to the ally of Piedmont—the French—

to reach Liguria by both the sea and the descent of the Alps, following the upper course of the river Po. It also rendered useless all the precautions of the Sardinian Government at Novi, Alexandria, and Casal, and along the left bank of the Dora in defence of the regal city.

What led the Austrian commander-in-chief to this sudden change of front is and must ever remain a mystery. The historians of Italy, France, and Germany who have made mention of this short campaign have with one voice blamed Marshal Giulay that with troops so well disciplined he did not at once scatter before him the Piedmontese, occupy Turin, and so receive the French as they arrived in their bands, poorly mounted and badly ammunitioned. Easy at that time was it for him to gain the first laurels of victory. So certain were the French and Sardinians in their expectation of this action on the part of the Austrians that Marshal Canrobert advised Victor Emmanuel, if the king would divert the attack from Turin, to make no defence on the banks of the river Dora, but rather to invite an attack from the Austrian left wing near Casal. Giulay seemed anxious rather to confine himself to proclamations and threats, not reflecting that action is more suitable than talk in time of war.

On the morning of the 18th of May the dawn was unusually brilliant. The clouds in dark and heavy masses hung on the horizon, intensifying by contrast the brilliant and many-colored rays of the glowing sunburst which suddenly broke on the

atmosphere and flooded with its light the camp of Capriasco. The troops, exhausted with fatigue, lay around in a heavy slumber. Some had fallen asleep under the shelter of their broken tents, some in the open starlight on the grass or among the brushwood. The mounted sentry alone was not asleep; some, wrapt up in their military cloaks, with a handkerchief thrown over their face, lay stretched at full length; others lay on their faces with their heads buried in heaps of fodder, and snored lustily to the echoes of the night. Horse-rugs, sword-belts, and cases, forage lately collected, mess kettles and cups, lay scattered around in confusion and disorder; pyramids of bags stood beside huge piles of firewood, and everywhere stacks of arms now reflected the first rays of the rising sun.

Julian passed the night seated on a truss of straw at the edge of a trench, and with his back resting against the stump of an old oak. So disordered in dress and person was he that one might easily mistake him for some slovenly tramp. Awakened by the first light of the dawn, he was about to jump to his feet, but he found that Maso's head lay across his knees. The two friends sat down to rest in the same way against the tree; but during the night Maso in his heavy sleep had slipped from his position and fallen across Julian, and there he lay. Julian, not to disturb his young friend—they were companions in arms and misery—remained tranquil. He saw Maso was exhausted, and felt for him. His sleep was heavy, and he

breathed calmly and freely. And as Julian looked affectionately at him a gay smile seemed faintly to flit over the pale, unique features of the sleeper, as with a light breath the morning breeze played with his fair, dishevelled locks. Julian was lost in contemplation of that peace of soul that could bring a smile on that angel face now lit up with the glow of the aurora, with its large eyelashes that hung over eyes as sweetly lustrous as those of the dove and brilliant as a sapphire. A glance at these ingenuous features—the very reflection of a pure and candid soul—aroused in Julian a lasting affection for Maso. He thought then of the noble examples that Maso had often mentioned to him of virtue, of repentant sorrow, and of religion ; Maso's consoling words to him, torn with remorse, his wholesome and friendly advice, whole-souled propositions, generous resolves, and all that there was gentle, pure, and pious in this youth whom Providence had sent him to be his friend. . . . And his thoughts reverted from this dear friend to that other dear one. The thought of Natalie was centred ever in his very heart of hearts. There was, he thought, such a resemblance between the dispositions of Maso and that dear sister that God had just thrown Maso in his way to bring about their union. How could he obtain the consent of his mother ? Already he dreamed himself the brother of his friend. And this happy thought gave him such pleasure that he kissed the sleeping face, and, taking his friend in his arms, awoke him with a start.

"What's the matter? What's this?" shouted the startled Maso.

"Don't you see where you're lying? Why, you're right across me," was the abrupt reply of the confused Julian. "Get up, it's the time now."

"Ah!" cried Maso, and turning himself over on his friend, he stretched out his legs with such a quick movement that he pushed Julian from him into the trench, rolled down on top of him into the mud.

"Good again!" cried Julian in the best of humor, while he raised himself on his elbows. "Heaven bless the boy! that just finishes my toilet." While Maso with a loud laugh laid hold on a branch and swung himself out of the ditch.

"See," said Julian, "my beautiful mud color. This is a good commencement to the day."

"Come, then," said Maso, convulsed with laughing—"come, and I'll help you to get the mud off." And suiting the action to the word, he seized a wisp of straw and began to wipe off the mud from the dress of Julian.

This adventure was fun for the whole day. When Maso had finished his work on his friend's apparel he went to one side for a minute and made the sign of the cross on himself. Then Julian remembered that he must not forget his morning prayers for that day.

After Julian received the telegram from his mother, the natural affection of his nature returned to him, and a lively desire to return again to her took possession of him. And now his only dream

was to obtain through a substitute or otherwise exemption from further military service. The letter of sorrow he immediately sent his mother showed how deeply repentant he was—once more the good youth of days gone by, and for whom Natalie had so fervently prayed to the Holy Virgin.

As to this letter, it was entirely the composition of Julian, though Maso read it again before closing it, corrected and punctuated it where Julian, in his anxiety and hurry to open his heart to his mother, had made grammatical faults. The young counsellor Maso declared this letter a good one, and worthy of Julian, who, when he had written it, did not allow the feelings of filial love to cool or die out in his breast. Twice again did Julian attempt to write to his mother, but the weariness of constant marching and military duty rendered it impossible for him. He also kept the promise made to the countess that he would approach the Holy Sacrament and thus prepare himself for the campaign. Here we may add that, now strengthened by his religion, and taking courage from the inaction of the Austrians, he no longer feared death; it had lost its terrors for him. What now more troubled him as well as Maso than anything else was the fatigue of marching, want of sleep, constant lying on the hard ground, and the monotonous sentinel duty. The inclemency of the cold and rainy weather had given Maso a swelling in his feet. The poor lad bitterly regretted having joined the army, and he was ever bitter in his complaint against those who seduced and cajoled him

into doing so by their grandiloquent talk about independence and liberty. In fact, our two young friends were not the only volunteers who had to deplore being victimized by Piedmontese agents.

"I sha'n't bid you good-morning," said Julian as Maso returned, "for we have already had our morning's greeting, and after a novel fashion. . . . So inseparable are we, it would seem, that one can't fall into a ditch without the other falling on top of him."

"Certainly," replied Maso. "You see we must have been born under the sign of the zodiac the Twins, and we shall rest always together. Between us the union is one of life and death, as the little French corporal says to a crowd of his chums in the inn at Casal. But just look how this crowd does snore. What time of day is it, I wonder?"

"Twenty minutes to four o'clock," said Julian, looking at his watch.

"Ah!" said Maso, "your toy continues to work."

"Wonderfully; it ticks as regularly as the heart of her who gave it me, and of whom it always makes me think."

"I now pain you," said Maso regretfully; "but be prudent."

When Maso saw that he was not overheard he began the recital of his own sufferings. He was soon interrupted by a loud blast of the trumpet from the old house where General Garibaldi was quartered. The camp was soon stirring, and in less time than

it takes to relate it the troops were in their ranks and under arms. By the general's orders they were at once to march for St. Germain. Here each regiment in its turn would take the train for Biella.

"This is just the thing," whispered Maso into the ear of his friend. "Now I can have my infirmities attended to."

"What are we going to do at Biella?" said Julian.

"I don't know," was the reply, "but I do know my own wants. We'll talk more when we get there," said Maso, in a tone positive and yet mysterious.

When they reached St. Germain, and while the din and racket of the soldiers in the depot made it more like a bedlam, though General Sonnaz honored them with his presence, a sergeant handed a couple of despatches to Maso. He tore them open at once. One was for himself, the other for his friend, and so wholly taken up was Maso with his own that he did not observe the pleasure Julian's gave him. It bore a letter from Natalie in an azure-colored envelope, and written on rose-colored paper, highly decorated. Yes, indeed! a real letter from his dear, kind sister Natalie, with a postscript from his mother. It also had wrapped up in a delicate silk gauze a photograph of these dear souls. Julian would have given vent to his pleasure in some frantic act of joy had he not been restrained by the presence of the soldiers.

Thus ran the contents of the little rose-leaf:

"CHAMBERY, March 12, 1859.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER: Mother and myself, accompanied by Florence, are on our way in search of you. I have been a little indisposed, but I am now quite well again. We have rested here for a few days. We shall hurry at once to where you are. You cannot imagine how we long to be with you. We can only speak of you, think of you, and pray for you. We have even made a vow to the Holy Virgin, that she may send you soon back to us.

"I wish I could say all I want to say, but mother desires me only to write a few lines lest I become fatigued. She will add a few words. We send you our portraits, which we got taken expressly for you. We are sure that we shall return with you in our company, for anything short of this would kill mother, and me after her. The last letter, April 17, you sent shows me that you are the same dear brother you ever were. I can't help reading it. I must conclude. Adieu! Julian, good-by. Accept my love. YOUR SISTER NATALIE.

"P. S.—My dear son, your mother, who can now only weep, sends you her love. I am in search of you. Remember that your life is in your own hands. You shall be slain if you do not come back to me. Yet shall I die ever loving and forgiving you. I have had my portrait taken along with Natalie. I would like to show you that if there is in the world another heart that loves you next to that of your sister, and that would die for you, it is that of your mother. Did you receive my telegram

and the two thousand francs from the banker at Turin? On receipt of this, if it does reach you, write me by return of post to Turin. I shall be there in a few days. I'll get a substitute for you. I shall do all that is possible to liberate you. You'll come back with your mother, won't you, my son? Ah! yes, you will. Good-by, then, my dear child! My blessing on you! I trust you to the care of the Holy Virgin, and send you a thousand good wishes. —Your mother, "LEONIE."

"O Julian!" said Maso, when he had finished *his* letter, "my father is coming to take me home."

"See here, Maso," said Julian in his turn, as tears of joy came to his eyes. He handed the picture to his friend. "That is she, and that is my mother. They are, perhaps, already in Turin. What think you? Have I not reason to love them with my whole soul?"

"Natalie!" exclaimed Maso, as he took the portrait to examine it more closely and in a better light.

"And who would you take it to be?" said Julian. "Look! is not she an angel?"

"Certainly she is, my friend, and I congratulate you that you have such a sister," said Maso, opening his eyes wide with astonishment. "But this other lady seated beside her with such a melancholy air?"

"That's my poor mother, who—"

He could not finish it. Tears fell from his eyes and sobs choked his utterance.

"I understand. I can see it. You are her very

image," said Maso. "But what an elegant lady is your mother! She has the bearing of an empress."

The whistle of the locomotive warned them that it was time to take seats. Our two young friends leaped into a carriage and sat leaning on each other in a corner. Again went the whistle, and the air rang with the shouts of "Long live Italy!" "Long live Sonnaz!" "Long live Garibaldi!" as the train put out of the depot.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A GARIBALDIAN.

WHO, then, was this Garibaldian whom Florence led to the hotel while the countess was on her way back from a visit to Count Cavour? Was it really Julian? Why should it be any one else? Why, in the space of three days the train could carry you from Capriasco almost to the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar). But was his sudden return a fact? The Chevalier Eugene had no doubt on that score. Was it, then, really Julian who had returned? Alas! no. The poor mother had been beguiled into this expectation by her own anxiety, the reports her faithful though foolish old servitor had brought her, and the very strangeness of the whole affair. And now at Turin the mother's heart in her was almost broken down under a crowd of emotions that she had thought herself proof against but yesterday at Chivasso.

Natalie was burning with a desire to see the equipment and color of the uniform that her brother was wearing; and so before going out with her maid through the city she gave some money to Florence to go and induce some Garibaldian

soldier to come to the hotel, that the sight of his costume might please her mother.

Florence would obey on one condition—if he should meet one that had not the look of a gallows bird in his face. As chance would have it, Florence fell in with one who did not bear on his face the stamp of his fellow-patriots. He met him at the corner of the Lady's Palace on the Castello Square. He was a youth, small in stature, gallant in his bearing, neat even to preciseness in his costume, and with the identical uniform of the volunteers Florence had seen at Coni and Savigliano. The affable expression he wore would not have frightened a child. Florence greeted him pleasantly and entered on a conversation with him. He learned that this volunteer had just come from the outposts of St. Germain, to be treated by a physician for a swelling vein in his right foot, that he belonged to the Second Regiment of the Chasseurs of the Alps, that he was slightly acquainted with a certain Maso and a youth who was his constant and inseparable companion. Florence was beside himself with joy. He forthwith invited the Chasseur to dine with him, and scarce had he set foot on the steps of the hotel than he saw Natalie and her servant maid returning to their rooms. Natalie, on catching a glance of the young soldier, could scarce contain herself. She drew out his bayonet through sheer curiosity, and proceeded to make a minute inspection of his entire uniform, asking meantime a volume of questions. It was with no slight difficulty that the servant maid induced her to ascend

the stairs, while Florence, proud of his conquest, introduced the young soldier into the parlor. It was precisely at this moment that Natalie knocked at the door of her mother's room, requesting her to come and see the manner in which Julian was dressed. We can imagine the effect which that unexpected announcement produced on the heart of the countess.

Natalie, the chevalier, and the steward had quite a difficult task to convince the countess of the reality. She could not lay aside her illusion, and imagined that they only wished to prepare her gently and gradually for the happiness of once more seeing her son. Florence, to put an end to the matter, left the room, and returned accompanied by the soldier, whom he presented to his mistress.

On seeing him enter the door the countess rose from her seat, advanced a step or two, and stared at the young soldier with a half-dazed and uncertain look. Then, returning to her seat, she exclaimed:

"O Heaven! chevalier, is my son disguised in this fashion?"

The poor Garibaldian, taken somewhat aback by this strange recognition, blushed as red as a peony. The chevalier, observing his confusion, took him by the hand in the most gracious manner, and then, whispering aside to the countess, said:

"Madame, this is the uniform Julian wears, but he does not probably resemble this boy."

"Where do you come from, my friend?"

"From Codogno, sir," answered the soldier in a half-timid tone.

"Ah! you are a native of Lombardy? I understand that you are acquainted with a young Chasseur of your regiment, who is an intimate friend of a certain Maso?"

"Yes, sir, we belong to the same battalion, but I have spoken little with him; he keeps company with nobody."

"But does he not keep company with the young man named Maso?" demanded Florence with an air of great self-sufficiency.

"Oh! certainly, sir; he goes with no one else. Maso is a delicate youth, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and about my age, apparently."

"And how old are you?" asked Leonie with emotion.

"Not quite sixteen years."

"Poor boy!" exclaimed the countess in the most commiserating manner. "Not sixteen years! And have you, too, run away from your mother to join the army?"

"No, madame; my father and mother are dead. I was brought up by my aunt."

"What was your profession?" enquired the chevalier.

"I was a watchmaker in Pavia."

"Oh! what disastrous times we have fallen on," sighed Leonie.

Rising from her seat, she approached the young soldier, curiously examined his gray capote, his belt, helmet, and so forth; and then, observing that Natalie was gazing at him with a look of unmixed compassion, remarked:

"Behold, then, how Julian is—he who was wont to be so fastidous in the matter of dress that no one could please him. How he must suffer now!"

Placing a gold piece in the hand of the volunteer, whose looks and condition excited her compassion, she accompanied him to the door, and took leave of him with the utmost politeness.

It must be confessed that the countess felt deeply humiliated for having evinced such emotion and having so far forgotten herself in the presence of the chevalier. She intensely regretted this weakness, so ill-befitting one of her rank and position. She accordingly hastened to apologize, alleging in extenuation her strong maternal feelings. The courteous chevalier adroitly dissipated the painful effects of this excessive sensibility. At all events, she did not for a moment neglect the important affair that preoccupied her mind. After having communicated to Natalie the happy result of her interview with the Minister of War, and joyously informed her that she would again see her brother on the morrow, she intimated to Florence that he had better prepare in all haste to accompany the chevalier.

"But where is he?" demanded Florence in a half-tremulous tone.

"Not far away; somewhere in the vicinity of Biella."

"Are there any Austrians round there?"

"Yes, but at a considerable distance beyond."

"What! and in times like these you think it

would not be imprudent to adventure into the midst of hostile armies ?"

"Oh ! don't be afraid ; they will not hurt a hair of your head."

"I presume your excellency has procured a 'safe conduct' from the headquarters of General Garibaldi ?"

"Most assuredly I have."

"Come, Florence," interposed the countess, "you cannot refuse to make this slight sacrifice for the love of Julian and my happiness. The chevalier must be accompanied by somebody who will recognize Julian."

"Ah ! madame, call you this a slight sacrifice ? To me it seems clear that for the past two months many, very many sacrifices have been made, and if they are slight I should like to know what great sacrifices are ! But no matter ; for the young count I am willing to risk anything, provided, however, that it is certain we shall not be disappointed this time."

"As to that," replied the chevalier, "we shall bring him back, cost what it may."

"But do you tell me once more that we shall not run any danger in going to Biella ?"

"I pledge you my word of honor."

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the Chevalier Eugene and Florence left Turin, taking the train for Biella, whence they proceeded to the locality where, according to the secret information the chevalier had received, Garibaldi's corps was to bivouac for the night. Before starting, however,

they agreed with the countess that on the afternoon of the following day, May 22, she, her daughter, and Madame Clotilda would proceed to Chivasso. The train coming from Biella was expected to bring Julian, with whom they were all to return to Turin.

This programme was carried out in its every detail. On Sunday afternoon the Countess Clotilda and Natalie, trembling with anxiety and expectation, took the train for Chivasso. The absorbing topic of conversation among the passengers was the battle of Montebello, won by the French two days previously. But the mind of Leonie was so preoccupied by the thought of again meeting her son in the course of a few hours that she seemed to be unconscious of everything passing around her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

From Turin to Chivasso is less than an hour's run on the express train, and while the countess and her daughter are on the way the reader will kindly allow us to avail ourself of that brief space in order to inform him of the position of Garibaldi and his command at this time, and of the secret expedition that had been entrusted to him.

In 1859 the sword of this adventurer was not in the cause of Piedmont, to serve as a two-edged weapon, according to its good or evil success, as it was in 1860 on the occasion of the invasion of Sicily.

In the war in Upper Italy, Garibaldi was employed in the capacity of general, officially forming part of the regular army, and charged with the command of a body of troops which, while not regulars, were nevertheless created by the king and subjected to the military laws of the state. On the occasion of the Sicilian expedition, on the contrary, Garibaldi pretended to leave the kingdom and risk everything on his own account.

Although the ministers, Cavour and Farini, had furnished him with ships, arms, and funds, and the secret societies had made straight the paths of triumph by every means of corruption and treason, it was, nevertheless, agreed that Garibaldi was to act openly the *rôle* of bandit and not to become general under the White Cross of Savoy again, but on condition of first proving himself a successful filibuster. Fortune, ever to be won by gold, smiled on him, and the filibuster became once more not only a Sardinian general but the hero of the new Italy.

How, it may be asked, could this proud demagogue deign to serve beneath the banner of a king? To any one taking the trouble of considering the close alliance existing since 1856 between the National Society of Italy and the men who governed in the name of the King of Sardinia, the circumstance will appear obvious. The two famous democrats, Georges Pallavicino Trivulce and Daniele Manin, were the founders of this society, of which Garibaldi soon became a prominent member. All the fervent idolaters of the Phrygian bonnet were its supporters. Its powerful protector, Count Cavour, augmented the society by allying to it the entire so-called Piedmontese faction, on the express condition, however, that himself and the Turin Government should hold in their hands the guiding reins of the conspiracy. The political unity of Italy, under the sceptre of the house of Savoy, was its principal object, but "only so long as the house of Savoy would favor the Italian cause"—

which signified that, "as soon as the time came for constituting Italy into a republic," the house of Savoy would be unceremoniously relegated to the same category as that of Este, Lorraine, and Bourbon. This monstrous combination affords a key to the multitude of apparent contradictions witnessed at that period, to all the disturbances which subsequently took place, and clearly demonstrates why Garibaldi, the victim of the Mazzinian idea, pretended to serve the monarchy of Victor Emmanuel II. in becoming the humble soldier of a king.

Count Cavour, who cherished the hope of using the Mazzinian party just as the monkey used the cat's paw to draw the chestnuts out of the fire, admitted with hesitation Garibaldi and his followers into the ranks of the army, but arranged things so skilfully that this class of his supporters could not by their excesses bring disgrace and odium on the cause they sustained. To this end he mildly opposed the project of re-enforcing Garibaldi's troops by incorporating into them the Chasseurs of the Apennines, another volunteer corps which was in garrison at Acqui.

The sagacious minister lost no time in conferring on Garibaldi as many titles, military distinctions, privileges, and so forth, as were calculated to keep him within rein and prevent his ears from being seen in the dark.

The brigade constituting the Chasseurs of the Alps was composed of three regiments, without any artillery or military trains, and numbered not

quite 3,500 men. It contained the flower of those troops who, in 1848 and 1849, fought against the Austrians during the insurrection in Lombardy, and subsequently at Rome against the Pope and the French. Nearly all the officers had been selected from among the heroes of this campaign; the other soldiers were scarce worth mentioning, save a few young men who, like Julian and Maso, were led away through ignorance or inexperience. It may, therefore, be confidently affirmed that this brigade was composed of Republicans who would render valuable service in stirring up the people, but who formed a dangerous and uncontrollable class after victory was achieved. It was, then, by the exercise of the most exquisite sagacity that Cavour managed to employ this Garibaldian horde to molest the Austrians by stirring up insurrection in the surrounding provinces, and yet so hold them in check as to prevent them from prejudicing the royal cause.

The point determined on by Garibaldi to harass the enemy, who occupied besides Lombardy all Lomellina, was the extremity of the right wing, which stretched to the shores of the Great Lake. Garibaldi was to pass the lake near the source of the Tessino, and with equal secrecy and celerity fling himself on the rear of the Austrians, raise the Lombard populations behind them, and so compel the enemy to detach a large portion of his forces, who would thus be separated from the principal theatre of action occupied by the allied armies. Accordingly, on the 18th of May, he had secretly

struck his camp at Capriasco. He marched on Biella, and on the 20th proceeded in the most mysterious manner with his entire corps toward the dangerous vicinity of the lake.

On the moment of her arrival at the station of Chivasso the Countess Leonie made immediate enquiries as to the time when the Biella train would arrive. Having learned that she had still to wait several hours, she left the station, accompanied by the other two ladies, and visited the church. Then, after a pleasant walk, they returned to the station, and retired to a neatly-furnished room in a hotel hard by. The countess and Natalie were in a state of feverish impatience. Madame Clotilda sought in vain to engage their attention by conversing on a variety of subjects. But neither could speak two consecutive sentences without referring to Julian. Question succeeded question with unceasing rapidity.

"How long yet have we to wait?"

"Where are they now?"

"What time is it?" and so forth.

To all these interrogations Madame Clotilda responded in the most amiable and encouraging manner.

"Will Julian's friend come also?" asked Natalie.

"I hope so," answered Leonie; "Count Cavour relieved them both from the army at my request'.'

"And we shall restore him to his parents?"

"We shall see; have patience until they arrive."

"Oh! what will his mother say?"

"Poor lady! none better than I can conceive her rapturous joy."

At length the hour arrived when the train was due; in a moment a shrill whistle was heard and the train whirled into the station. The countess and Natalie, in a state of indescribable excitement, approached in all haste the passenger cars. The doors were flung open, a crowd of passengers rushed out; madame eyed them keenly as they passed, but failed to observe either her husband or Florence.

She looked inside in each of the cars; they were not there. Returning to the countess, she remarked with simulated gayety and assurance:

"They will be on the next train; they have not come on this. What do you purpose doing, madame—return to Turin or remain here till evening?"

"Madame, we do not wish to cause you the slightest inconvenience," Leonie answered, in broken accents, "but I should like not to return without Julian."

"Then I shall be most happy to remain with you. But you must not be discouraged. Nothing has gone wrong; it is at most but a few hours' delay."

We shall not endeavor to describe the hours of agony which elapsed till the arrival of the next train. It was night when it got to the station. The chevalier leaped from the car, leaving Florence behind him. His wife rushed to his presence, and in a low tone asked:

"Eugene, is he with you?"

"Unfortunately he is not; it is impossible to find him. We have been chasing around everywhere, even to the headquarters at Borgomanero. Nobody knows what has become of Julian and Maso; they have disappeared."

"O heaven!" exclaimed Clotilda, "do not tell the countess that; do not deprive her of all hope! Unhappy mother! unhappy Natalie!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PRESBYTERY.

NESTLED among the mountains of the Lombard frontier, which divide the provinces of Varallo and Biella, is a pretty country village, whose church spire alone can be seen for any great distance. Two travellers, footsore, wearied, and ragged, arrived there about ten o'clock P.M. on the evening of the 21st of May. The weather was wet and disagreeable. It was so dark that when the two travellers sought the door of the presbytery they could scarce find it. The whole village was wrapt in the most profound silence. They could see no sign of life, nor hear aught else than their own unsteady steps and the beating of their own hearts. After much groping in the darkness they at length distinguished a flickering ray of light through the window-shutters.

"The pastor must be at home," remarked one of the travellers in a whispering tone.

And as he spoke he rapped gently outside.

"Who's there?" rang out a coarse and stern voice from within.

"Two of Victor Emmanuel's soldiers."

"Soldiers?" cried another voice, somewhat surprised.

"What brings you here at so unseasonable an hour?"

"We are almost famished with hunger; we have lost our way, and are drenched through with the rain. We ask you as an act of charity to give us a piece of bread and let us sleep all night in your stable."

"But who are you?"

"We have already told you—two of the king's soldiers."

"Soldiers who have lost your way—pursued, perhaps, by the Austrians?"

"No, father; we missed our way while on the march."

"I cannot let you in; how do I know but that you are burglars?"

"Open the window and see for yourself."

"Oh! it is so," exclaimed the priest, as he thrust his head out of the window, and scanned them with the light of a small blurred lamp.

"Will you not do something for us? We are literally on the verge of starvation."

"I observe by your accent that you are not Piedmontese."

"We are volunteers; you need not apprehend the slightest danger from us."

"Adelaide, open the door for these two poor soldiers," said the priest, addressing his servant.

She unlocked the door accordingly, grumbling, as she did so, at being troubled at so late an hour.

Two young soldiers entered, with their knap-

sacks and rifles, but so drenched, mud-covered, and travel-worn that they presented anything but a prepossessing appearance. The priest, an aged man, tall and robust, of amiable manners and marked politeness, came forth from a small room near the foot of the stairway, holding a lighted lamp in his hand. Lifting it up, he saluted them and bid them welcome in a half-timid, half-confident tone.

"Come this way, gentlemen; are your arms loaded?"

"No, sir," they answered simultaneously.

"Put down your knapsacks and your muskets. Adelaide, light up a comfortable fire; but first go down in the cellar and bring up a bottle of the best wine. Be quick, please!"

As he spoke, the good priest went and assisted the two soldiers to unfasten their belts and straps, which the wet and mud had almost stuck to their jackets. The two youths thanked him for his kindness in the most gracious terms.

"You appear to me to be young men who have been well brought up," he exclaimed.

"Yes, father," answered one of them; "my friend here is a count of the Romagna, and I am a native of Lunesa."

"A count!" exclaimed the curé, as he opened wide his eyes in wonder. "Do you hear that, Adelaide?" he continued, as the servant entered, bearing on a tray two huge goblets filled with wine. "This is a count of the Romagna, and this other is a wealthy gentleman."

"I just thought so myself from their appearance," replied the servant with an air of assurance. "But who are those soldiers?"

"Volunteers," answered the count.

"To what body of troops do you belong?" asked the priest.

"The Chasseurs of the Alps."

"A new corps, doubtless?"

"Yes," added the soldier. "But we will explain all that to you by and by."

"If the gentlemen wish to dry and warm themselves, there is a sparkling fire now," added the servant.

"In a moment; drink that wine, you need it, and then go and dry your dripping clothes."

The two youths emptied the goblets with avidity. Then, returning to the dining-room, where they found a comfortable fire, they seated themselves before it, and looked at one another with a glance which seemed to say, "We have fallen into good quarters at last."

The good priest, after a few moments' conversation, begged to be allowed to withdraw for a few minutes in order to complete some unfinished letters, but gave orders before retiring to his study to prepare in all haste for them a good supper.

We left Julian and Maso at the station of San Germano ready, after having received their despatches, to start with their regiment to Biella. Maso had harbored his secret since their departure from Capriasco. Nevertheless, Julian strongly suspected that he contemplated desertion. For

several days he had conceived the project, as his sore and swollen feet prevented him from following his battalion in the forced marches. He purposed taking some unfrequented byroad in company with Julian, throwing aside his uniform, and putting on an ordinary peasant's garb. It was a bold and dangerous idea, but the letters he had received at San Germano determined him to act on it. Besides, Maso's father had just arrived at Turin, and it was probable that Julian's mother and sister would be there likewise. They would procure substitutes for them, and then all difficulties were ended. The thought of thus putting a speedy end to their toils and hardships was so welcome to Julian that, in an outburst of enthusiasm, he warmly grasped the hand of his friend on learning that he intended deserting.

Although their time was pretty well occupied at Biella in the performance of drill and patrol duty, yet they managed to arrange matters for their departure in a satisfactory manner. They agreed to write a letter addressed to their parents at Turin, informing them of their desertion from the army, and to post it at the first village they would meet, after having dropped their uniform. They then purposed proceeding during the night to the next railway station, taking the first train for Genoa, and from thence starting for Leghorn. As the two thousand francs that Julian had received at Ponte Stura were as yet untouched, and as Maso had spent only a hundred and thirty-eight francs of the five hundred he had received at Savigliano,

the lads had plenty of money to defray their travelling expenses.

On the 20th of May the brigade left Biella and proceeded to Gattinara, where it bivouacked. On the following morning it crossed the Sesia on a bridge which Garibaldi had thrown across the stream at Romagnano, and took the Bergamo road. Here it was that our two bold comrades deserted. They struck for the mountains, following an unfrequented road. They intended to disguise themselves in peasant's garb at the first village they should arrive at. For some time back they had been accustomed to march in rear of the regiment. And now on the banks of the Dora the two aristocrats, the paper soldiers, as they were contemptuously called, were left far behind by their comrades. It will, therefore, be easily understood that, if they failed in their object, they would have a plausible excuse before their superior officers, in pretending that they lost their way. Besides, it was no unusual occurrence for their comrades to go astray in the precipitate rush made by Garibaldi from Biella to Borgomanero.

Our two heroes, fugitives rather than deserters, left the main highway. The intense heat of the forenoon had unnerved them, and a plunging rainstorm which came on in the evening did not add to their comfort. Had they not accidentally struck the little village referred to, it is possible that they would both have perished in the wild and tangled mountain gorges.

After a brief absence the charitable priest re-

turned to the hall where his two guests were comfortably seated before the fire, drying their drenched garments. He could not get rid of his astonishment on seeing these two youths, of such tender age and distinguished families, serving as volunteers. But his amazement was unspeakable on learning that they were Garibaldians. Happily, at this moment Adelaide, who came in and announced that supper was ready, interrupted him in his melancholy contemplation.

"I hope you will excuse me, gentlemen," remarked the priest, as he took his place between his two guests at the table. "You came unexpectedly, and, as you were jaded and hungry, the servant did not take time to prepare you a very sumptuous supper. You must for the present be content with what you see before you."

"Why, this is a royal supper," answered Maso. "If you but knew what sharpened appetites we have just now."

"Yes, we are not over-fastidious at present," added Julian, as he tumbled three or four enormous omelettes on to his plate; "and I hope, father, you will not be shocked if we do not observe for the time being all the formalities and rules of etiquette."

"This is both dinner and supper for us," continued Maso. "We have travelled over twenty miles without tasting either food or drink."

During the meal the conversation was such as would naturally take place between an inquisitive and astonished man and two starvelings just ad-

mitted to a feast. However, when the dessert was placed on the table, from which the last crumb had disappeared, and their appetites had been in a measure appeased, Maso, whose mild and graceful manner had won the affection and sympathy of the good priest who had given them so cordial a reception, observed :

"Father, we would like to have your advice on an important matter which concerns us, but under the strictest secrecy."

"Oh ! certainly; you are welcome to my humble services in regard to anything I can do for you."

"Well, Julian, you explain that little affair to his reverence while I am bidding good-by to this piece of cheese."

"Father, you see before you two boys who ran away from home and enlisted in the army. For two long months we have subjected our parents to the intensest agony. On hearing that war had broken out they wrote us, and doubtless they have ere this arrived in Turin to procure substitutes for us and effect our exemption from further military service. We have got enough of soldiering already, in fact a little more than we bargained for, and we are burning with the desire to reach home again. To accomplish that desire we escaped from our regiment a short while ago. Can you tell us how we can change our clothing ?"

"Then you are deserters !" exclaimed the priest, quite astonished.

"No, not deserters ; we are fugitives," answered Maso. "Our lives are dearer to us than the ag-

grandizement of the house of Savoy. Besides, we wanted to get away from the rabble rout among whom we were unfortunately cast."

"No, no, my dear boys; you are acting the most foolish part conceivable. Count, do you not know that, under this Government, deserters in time of war are condemned to the galleys?"

"The galleys!" exclaimed Julian, taken somewhat aback.

"Yes; and that is the least penalty, too, for frequently they are shot, to serve as an example to others."

"Oh! that's nothing," answered Maso with nonchalance. "We need not care now; we are free."

"Free!" exclaimed Julian, growing pale as marble. "The first thing we'll know is that we'll be pounced upon, and then—"

"My good friends," interposed the priest, "you have not as yet deserted. On the march it frequently happens that men lose track of their regiment and get astray. If your parents have gone to Turin for the purpose of effecting your exemption from service, they will, of course, come to an understanding with the Minister of War; and in that case your desertion from the army would be an incorrigible blunder. If, then, you have any regard for your own lives, the happiness of your parents and friends, or your liberties, you will rejoin your regiment at the earliest possible moment. If your parents should at present make application through the Turin military authorities to head-

quarters for your liberation, what, think you, would be the result? Why, confusion, disappointment, and unspeakable grief."

"Your reverence is right," answered Maso. "If our parents do not find us with our regiment when they make application at headquarters, Heaven only knows what will happen."

"But we have resolved to write home and inform them of what we have done," replied Julian.

"Take my advice, and renounce all idea of desertion," replied the good priest.

"But how can we rejoin our regiment?"

"Oh! that's easier than you imagine. General Garibaldi cannot as yet have marched beyond Arona. To-morrow morning, after Mass, you will breakfast with me, and I will procure a carriage and have you driven to the vicinity where the troops are encamped. You can then find your regiment, and at most you will be only regarded as stragglers who lagged behind and lost their way. Do you not approve of my suggestion?"

"I think," answered Maso, "it is the most prudent course we can take. What say you, Julian?"

"I agree with you."

"It is the only means left you to get out of your difficulty, my friends," added the priest as he rose from the table. "You may now retire to your room and take a good night's rest. We shall talk the matter over at greater length in the morning."

Though deeply disappointed, they determined to follow the prudent advice of the worthy priest, as in their present situation it was the only safe course

they could adopt. On the following morning, which was Sunday, after having assisted at Mass and partaken of a hearty breakfast, they entered the carriage waiting them at the door, and took leave of the charitable pastor, after having induced him, after much reluctance, to accept a hundred francs for the poor of his parish.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DESPAIR.

THE good priest acted with consummate wisdom in reprimanding the two fugitives and apprising them of the risk they were incurring. They had left their regiment on the very day that Count Cavour's despatch was handed to the commandant of the brigade, ordering him to have them detained at Gattinara or Romagnano, and about ten hours before the Chevalier Eugene and Florence arrived on the spot to bring them back to Turin. If, instead of deserting with his friend, Julian had waited patiently, in following closely on the rear of his regiment, he would doubtless have received his dismissal and been restored to his mother. In acting as he did, however, he lost the favorable opportunity. While the chevalier was seeking him on all sides, even in the headquarters of Garibaldi, Julian was wandering among the rocks and mountain ravines. Weighed down with anxiety and disappointment, the Chevalier Eugene returned to Biella on Sunday morning, after having searched every conceivable spot with assiduous industry, but without the slightest success. Julian, meantime, was

travelling at hazard, following the traces of the encampments, and fully convinced that he was skirting the Lombard frontier, and that the general might cross it at any moment. But no one is a prophet in this world.

The chevalier had now but a slender thread of hope to offer the countess in order to prevent her from giving herself up to grief and despair. He assured her that she would, in all likelihood, meet her son on the morrow, or the day following at furthest. But was he sure of it himself? He confined himself to the hope that on the arrival of his regiment at Borgomanero Julian would find the order to return to Turin with his companion, and at the same time a note from Florence bearing the address of the hotel where his mother was staying. Such was the sole hope left to the chevalier, who, sustained by Florence, whom he had carefully instructed regarding the affair, exercised every means to restore the grief-stricken countess to that happiness and hope which she had lost at Chivasso. During all Sunday evening the countess scarce uttered a word, and remained as if buried in a kind of stupor. She had entered the car at the station, and descended at Turin apparently unconscious of what she was doing. She spoke incoherently and at random, intermingling the name of Julian with almost every sentence, totally unconscious of the time, place, or persons around her. The chevalier and his good wife were unable to mitigate her poignant grief. Leonie neither listened to nor understood what they said. Florence scarce knew what

to think. No voice save that of her daughter alone could command the attention of Leonie. But the poor girl, after having given herself up to an excessive hope, was so overcome by the recent disappointment that she, too, was in almost as pitiable a condition as her mother, to whose pain she but added by her own demonstrations of grief.

"Natalie," said the countess at a late hour, while holding in her hand Julian's last letter, "I wish you would try and sleep ; you need a little repose after all our toil and trouble. To-morrow we shall repair to the church and pray for the eternal rest of Julian's soul, for I feel convinced that he is dead."

"Yes, mother," replied Natalie, not having understood, in her reverie, what her mother had said, "we shall start to-morrow to where the army is encamped. Who knows but that we shall find him ?"

"My daughter," answered Leonie, "it is impossible ; I could never survive the journey. Julian, I fear, is no longer among the living. I hope that God will pardon him. Julian was ever the soul of virtue and goodness, and if he did rebel against me, most likely through my fault, this letter is a sufficient pledge of his repentance. I feel that I shall soon follow him, and then you, my dear child, will be left alone."

So absorbed was Natalie in other thoughts that she paid but little attention to what her mother said. After having embraced Leonie, who pressed her to her bosom and kissed her tenderly, she re-

tired, not indeed to snatch an hour of repose, but to pour forth her supplications to Heaven, now her only remaining consolation. Neither could the countess think of taking any rest. She sat up all night in her room, imploring God for comfort and consolation and bewailing the loss of her son.

She was haunted perpetually by a melancholy presentiment that he was dead, a victim to fatigue and hardship, or slain in battle. This thought flung her into a paroxysm of unutterable grief. She was consumed with the burning desire of seeing him once more, were it but for a passing moment, were it but to bid him a final, an eternal farewell!

Who had given rise to this melancholy suspicion? No one. It sprang up spontaneously the moment she saw that her long and anxious attempt had failed. Nor was it a transient feeling, that vanished with the rapidity it came. Like a barbed arrow it penetrated her very soul, wounding and rending her most delicate and tender affections. The chevalier and his worthy lady could not banish the cruel thought from her mind, despite their persistent and plausible efforts.

Ah! did Julian but know that his mother mourned him that night as dead!

Having arrived, on the Sunday evening already mentioned, at a country tavern situated between Ameno and Gozzano, in the environs of Arona, Julian and Maso learned that the bulk of their brigade was encamped in the vicinity. They accordingly informed the driver that he might now re-

turn home, and they themselves put up at the little inn for the night. Julian was within five miles of Borgomanero, where an officer was stationed whose duty it was to pick up and convey stragglers to the camp. This officer had the welcome papers relieving Julian and Maso from further military duty, together with the note left by Florence. One of Chevalier Eugene's acquaintances remained with the officer, and was continually on his tenterhooks lest they should pass by unobserved. But unhappily Julian did not go that way. On the following morning, May 23, Julian and Maso, having learned that the Chasseurs of the Alps were encamped at Castelletto, they took the shortest and most direct route to the camp, and arrived just at the moment the rear guard crossed the river Tessino.

Once over, it was impossible for them to get back. The Austrian war vessels had steamed to the mouth of the lake, where they anchored in threatening proximity. Julian and Maso arrived at Sesto-Calena just as Garibaldi had passed out of it with the main body of his troops, in march for Varese. They leaped into a wagon, and followed the column so closely that, notwithstanding the rain and storm, they entered the city a few moments after the rearmost ranks. Deafened by the incessant crashing of the thunder and the joyous shouts of the population, who with bands and torchlights welcomed the arrival of the Garibaldians, our two friends cast at each other a mutual glance, which seemed to say, "Alas! how often do the brightest hopes vanish into air."

CHAPTER XXVII.

VARESE.

THE sudden entrance of Garibaldi into Lombardy was unquestionably a bold enterprise. The entire lake was in the hands of the Austrians; their fleet furrowed its waves, and from the summit of their fortresses their artillery commanded its shores. Accordingly, to cross it, it was necessary to select a narrow passage, hidden from view, and terminating at a point the least guarded on the opposite shore. Garibaldi chose for his purpose the bend formed by the Tessino after it issues from the lake, on its course toward Castelletto. But, to accomplish his object successfully it was indispensably necessary that the inhabitants living along the shore, and especially the boatmen, should lend him assistance and not disclose the secret of his position. The partisans of Piedmont, affiliated to the committees and secret societies, were of incalculable service. Not only did they furnish Garibaldi with boats and rowers, but they kept him informed of every movement of the enemy. They facilitated his entry into Lombardy especially, by stirring up in his favor the towns, communes, and villages

in proportion as he advanced. Endowed with extraordinary boldness, he ventured with a handful of men, poorly disciplined and badly equipped, into a country defended by powerful garrisons, which by closing on him would crush him with scarcely an effort. Garibaldi was entirely cut off from the Franco-Sardinian army. General Cialdini's division, which was the nearest to him, was distant at least some twenty-five or thirty miles. The Austrian corps, which occupied the territory between Novare and the Sesia and Agogna, separated him from Garibaldi.

It is likewise worthy of remark that the Piedmontese, and especially the French, generals looked upon Garibaldi's expedition with no favorable eye. Several among them openly declared that they would not in any event or under any circumstances lend him the slightest assistance.

On the other hand, when on the shore of Lake Maggiore, the adventurer could not rely on the treachery of the Austrian commanders, as he did at a subsequent period in Sicily, on the traitorous generals of the King of Naples. Neither was he protected by English vessels and the Sardinian fleet in his endeavor to effect the conquest of Varese, as he was at Marsala, where he fought not so much with sword and bayonet as with Sardinian gold.

Against the Austrians gold was of no avail. The treachery which bound the brow of the filibuster with Sicilian laurels did not smile on him when in presence of the Austrian legions. His only reliance there was on the assistance and co-operation

of the abettors of the insurrection; on a general uprising of the people whom they had enlisted in his favor, and, in case of disaster, a sure and speedy retreat across the Swiss frontier. Under these circumstances, it will be admitted that Garibaldi evinced wonderful boldness and intrepidity in braving such terrible and threatening dangers.

The uprising of the town of Varese, which was followed by that of all the circumjacent villages, proved that the adventurer was not deceived in his anticipations. At the announcement of the approach of the Chasseurs of the Alps, the small force of Austrians who were in garrison at Varese fell back towards Gallarate. The citizens, inspired by the chiefs of the committee, rose up in wild tumult, pulled down the Austrian flag, and flung to the breeze the banner of Savoy. The new government was proclaimed, and the more enthusiastic of the insurgents rushed forth, despite the intolerable state of the weather, to meet and welcome the new-comers. Overcome with fatigue and famished with hunger, the latter needed something more substantial than good wishes and shouts of welcome.

Our two young friends had to rise early on the following morning and go on picket duty till noon at some distance from the town, on the Induno road, in company with six others of their battalion. On their way they made an Austrian soldier prisoner, who only surrendered after a desperate and furious defence. During the mêlée he would certainly have killed Julian with a slash of

his sabre had the blow not been parried by a corporal in its descent. Having secured their prisoner, they kicked him and clubbed him with their muskets in the most brutal manner. This act of savagery shocked Julian so intensely that he flung himself on the prostrate soldier and induced his companions to desist; and then, taking his place beside the Austrian, he guarded him against all danger and ill-treatment till their arrival in camp.

Toward the close of the same day Julian was seated before a small table in a café hard by the camp much resorted to by the soldiers. He was sadly conning over the letter that his sister and mother had addressed him from Chambery, and contemplating with affection the precious portraits that accompanied it. Maso, seated at the other side of the table, was eagerly reading the war news in the Milan journals. An officer of their company, happening to pass by at the moment, got a glimpse of them, and, quickly turning round, exclaimed:

"Halloo! where the deuce have you two fellows come from?"

"We fell back a little behind the regiment when on march," answered Julian, as he placed the letter in his pocket. "We were wearied and footsore and could not keep up, and finally arrived here after the others as best we could."

"That's all right; but how does it come that while at Borgomanero you did not get the order awaiting you to return to Turin?"

"What order?" demanded Maso, rising from his seat in astonishment.

"Why, do you not know that two gentlemen, bearing a ministerial despatch, came after you, having obtained your exemption from further service?"

"No; no one ever breathed a word of it to us," answered Julian excitedly.

"The deuce they didn't! Have you not been at Borgomanero?"

"No; we left it on our right, having taken a more direct route in order to overtake the rear-guard at Castelletto," replied Maso.

"So much the worse for you, then. It is all over now; you are too late," answered the officer with a half-sardonic smile. And as he spoke he passed out.

It were impossible to describe the disappointment experienced by the two young soldiers at this moment. Julian dashed out into the street after the officer, and continued to importune and question him, till he finally learned that Florence and a strange gentleman arrived at Borgomanero on the Saturday night previous, and that his mother was awaiting him at Turin. But he learned at the same time that all means of getting back to Piedmont were cut off. Maso was convinced that the strange gentleman was none other than his father.

Their regrets and complaints on learning the opportunity they had lost are indescribable.

"Oh! confound that priest. Had he not dissuaded us from our purpose we should be at home all right ere this," exclaimed Julian in a burst of uncontrollable anger.

"You are wrong," replied Maso; "he gave us the best advice that could be offered us. We ourselves are to blame. Our great mistake lies in our having left the regiment on the march."

"We cannot even write home now," replied Julian. "We are completely surrounded by the Austrains; all communications are cut off. Natalie and my mother can never survive this."

They remained awake all night, talking over their ill-fortune and recent disappointment. In the excess of their despair they conceived the idea of again deserting, but the difficulty forthwith presented itself, How could it be done? and whither could they go? The Austrians had surrounded them on all sides. On the 25th of May the enemy's cannon opened a heavy fire on a battalion of Garibaldians commanded by Captain de Cristoforis, and drove them from the Gallarate road, while the advance guard of an Austrian column occupied Sesto Calende and took possession of the road on the Sardinian bank of the Tessino. Early the same day the spies brought to headquarters the intelligence that General Hurban was moving down from Camerlata with a strong body of troops to recapture Varese, and that the Chasseurs of the Alps would ere many minutes be furiously attacked. The whole brigade, accordingly, prepared for immediate action.

The town of Varese, containing about eight thousand inhabitants, is situate at the foot of that pleasant range of hills which stretch along the southern side of the Campo dei Fiori (field of

flowers) and lose themselves in the wide-spread plain of Lombardy. The environs of Varese are studded with charming villas, teeming orchards, and fragrant gardens, whither the wealthy Milanese come yearly to spend the pleasant summer months. The town is built on the shore of the lovely lake to which it gives its name, and is but a short distance from lakes Maggiore, Como, and Lugano, all of which pour down from the Alps to irrigate and fertilize those rich and pleasant valleys which form the earthly paradise of Upper Italy. Several roads converge to Varese, whose soil is likewise bathed by the waters of the Vallone, which flows through it, and the river Olona, which passes close to the faubourg of Biumo. This faubourg, divided into Upper and Lower Biumo, lies to the south of the town, and extends some distance up a rich and flowery slope. It commands the two roads of Como and Induno, which are protected by the fortresses of Belfort and Boscaccio.

After a lengthy consultation with his most experienced officers Garibaldi determined to adopt a double system of defence. He constructed solid bastions on the slope of Biumo, and thus commanded the roads leading to Gallarate, Milan, and Como; built barricades, and made a number of openings in walls of the villas, at the foot of which he dug deep trenches, surrounded with palisades and piles to prevent the approach of cavalry. He took similar precautions on the road between Biumo and the town proper, where he constructed defences of such a nature as to

enable his troops to effect a safe retreat by the Induno road in the event of their being overpowered and driven out by the Austrians. Colonel Cosenz commanded the right of the line, Colonel Medici the left, and Colonel Arduino the centre. Major Bixio, with the second battalion of the second regiment, held the town.

It is hardly necessary to state that the volunteers had but little time for repose that night. Each and every one was busied in throwing up earth-works, constructing fascines, digging trenches, and making preparations for the approaching attack. At early dawn each company assumed its position and silently awaited the advance of the enemy.

Julian was squatted behind a redoubt of Lower Biumo, on the outer line of defence, and from his position was dangerously exposed to the enemy's fire. We need hardly say that his heart beat fitfully at that moment. His only remaining consolation was the presence of Maso, who, forgetful of himself, encouraged and animated Julian incessantly.

"Where shall we be a few hours hence?" asked Julian in a tremulous, whispering tone.

"Wherever God wills; don't be afraid, at all events."

"Afraid? No; I do not fear for myself. Death has no terrors for me."

"Keep quiet, then; one would think that you were the only one in the regiment incurring any danger. Brace yourself up, and let fate do its worst."

"I repeat that I do not in the least care for myself; it is the ungrateful manner in which I abandoned my mother and sister that pains me—I, who should have been their protector and stay. Do you imagine, in presence of such thoughts, I can contemplate death imperturbably?"

"That I clearly understand; but this is no time to be absorbed in such thoughts; it is now too late. Meantime, if I am so unfortunate as to get killed, I want you to take this small locket I wear, send it to my parents, and tell them all about me and how I died. Is there anything in the same event that you wish me to do for you?"

"Yes; I want you to see me buried, and not left above ground; and also to go to my mother's residence and tell her and Natalie what happened me, where my body is laid, and that their images were enshrined in my heart till it ceased to beat. You will likewise tell my mother, but her alone, that she has been most atrociously deceived by a certain malevolent member of our family; for those accursed camellias were not given me by Beatrice at all, but by her father; and my only reason for accepting them was to present them to Natalie, who, I knew, always delighted in flowers. You will also tell her that I—"

Here the quick step of General Garibaldi, who was making a final survey of the defences, was heard, and cut short the conversation. Garibaldi took in the entire surroundings with a calm, unruffled look, stroked his long beard, and smiled in an approving sort of way; and then, turning

quickly around, tapped Maso on the shoulder, with the remark: "Courage, boys, courage; keep cool and stand firm." He then proceeded to the summit of Biumo.

Everybody observed an unbroken silence.

"Maso," said Julian after a lengthy interval, "if I fall take Natalie's watch from my pocket and keep it. I give it to you."

"Never mind; there isn't the slightest danger of either of us. We'll laugh at all this by and by."

Scarce had he uttered these words when a thunderous detonation was heard, and three flaming rockets shot up toward the heavens.

It was the signal for the Austrian troops, who had stealthily approached the Garibaldian defences, to rush to the assault.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FIRST FIRE.

THE forces that General Hurban had detached from his division for the recapture of Varese were composed, according to the Prussian Rustow, of two battalions of Kellner of Kollenstein's regiment, four companies of Confinari, and two squadrons of Haller's hussars, with two half-batteries—in all about three thousand fantassins, some two hundred cavalry, and eight pieces of artillery. Were these forces adequate to the task of recapturing a town occupying an admirable strategic position, and defended by upwards of three thousand men, protected by excellent works? Evidently not. Numbers being equal, the besieged has ever the advantage of the besieger, especially if the attack is sudden and the defence well planned and carefully prepared.

True, the Austrians possessed an immense advantage in the perfection of their arms, particularly their artillery, of which the Garibaldians had none. But artillery and arms of long range are of no great service in a hand-to-hand struggle. Besides, the ground offered excellent advantages to

the besieged for ambuscades and sorties. It is, therefore, conspicuously clear that General Hurban committed an egregious mistake either in concluding that his weak force, already broken down with long marching, could achieve prodigies of valor, or in despising the Chasseurs of the Alps, who, to maintain their position behind redoubts and barricades, did not require the courage of the heroes of Thermopylæ or Marathon.

The Austrian general, with his small command, approached Varese by the Camerlata road. On arriving at Olgiate he despatched a detachment of grenadiers on the Induno road, with orders to protect the right wing of the main body of the troops and gain the heights of Biumo, thus cutting off the Garibaldians from their only line of retreat in case of defeat. Further on, between Binago and Mainate, and adjacent to San Salvatore, he stationed his reserves; then with his remaining force he marched directly on the town. The scouts that Garibaldi had sent out to Mainate during the night to watch the movements of the enemy were made prisoners, and were thus prevented from sounding the alarm at Varese. Hurban gained the faubourg of Biumo unobserved, and at early dawn his presence was announced by the roar of his artillery. As fortune would have it, Garibaldi's volunteers were ready for action at the moment of the first discharge of the Austrian guns, and the general himself, ascending the summit of Biumo, was able to survey without difficulty every movement of the enemy.

Scarce had the three rockets shot into the air when a raking discharge of musketry issued from a thicket in front of Belfort, where a company of the Chasseurs were lying in ambuscade. After this volley directed against the advancing column of the enemy the company speedily fell back, and, skirting the Vallone, took up their position within the redoubt. At this moment the Austrian artillery began to batter the works of Lower Biumo, while the voltigeurs, forming line, vigorously repulsed the right and left wings of the Garibaldians.

The roar of cannon and rattle of musketry filled the air; the town bells wildy rang out the tocsin, and the Austrians, with steady, stubborn step, advanced to the assault. The besieged, on the other hand, firm, silent, determined, and sheltered behind the parapets, received that storm of fire, and calmly awaited the approach of their assailants. The general had issued rigorous orders not to open fire till the enemy had arrived within pistol-shot range. The order was strictly observed. When within about fifty paces of the works, the voltigeurs were received with a withering volley of musketry. The cheers of rage and defiance were redoubled on either side; the scream of shot and shell heralded death in every direction; the smoke in dense, heavy masses obscured the sunlight, and in a few moments the entire slope of Biumo had assumed the aspect of a mimic hell.

The Austrians winced for an instant before this murderous fusillade, but then rallied bravely, and, amid a plunging storm of fire, flung themselves on the

outer line of works, which they speedily demolished. But the timely and vigorous sorties of the volunteers, simultaneously delivered at various points, prevented them from penetrating to the inner line. Meantime the feeble detachment of grenadiers who had advanced to the capture of Upper Biumo, after having been met with a well-directed volley of musketry, were hurled back by a vigorous bayonet charge. Finally, after a desperate struggle of two hours' duration, in which both sides gave proof of unflinching courage, General Hurban was constrained to sound the retreat, and await the arrival of reinforcements before renewing the attack.

Garibaldi, now emboldened by success, gave orders to pursue the enemy, and harass him on his retreat as far as the rocks of San Salvatore, where the reserves were stationed and in readiness.

Then began a series of fierce attacks, skirmishes, and encounters with the rear-guard, which rudely taught the Austrians that the Chasseurs of the Alps were more numerous than they imagined. By this means Garibaldi succeeded in keeping secure his line of retreat from Varese, where he could no longer remain without running the risk of a disastrous defeat.

This conflict, at first waged with terrible ferocity and violence, lasted till the afternoon. The Italians fought with unsurpassed bravery, and their officers gave evidence of remarkable boldness and sagacity; all the more, indeed, as they were isolated from the Franco-Sardinian army and deprived of

all hope of assistance. But when the results of this skirmish are taken into consideration, the importance attached to it by the criers of the revolution must appear to every sensible mind as naught else than hyperbole and chaotic rhapsody. The number of killed and wounded on each side was about equal; and they were too few to have any determining influence on the issue of the war.

Julian, as we have already remarked, had been stationed at the foot of Biumo, in defence of a barricade of all others the most exposed to the enemy's fire. At the very opening of the encounter a round-shot struck the palisade immediately over his head, the violence of the shock tumbling him on the muddy ground. Fortunately he was more frightened than hurt. Picking himself up amid the stupid jeers of his comrades, he resumed his former position; but scarcely had he done so when another ball came crashing through the barricade against which he was leaning. We need scarce observe that he felt in no wise comfortable. Maso, who was not far removed, remarked that he was growing shaky, and hastened to stand by, and encourage, his friend, but the commander in a voice of thunder ordered him back to his post. Who can tell but that the generous sacrifice made by Natalie at the shrine of Fourvières flung the protecting shield of heaven over Julian at that hour?

The supreme moment arrived when the Austrians dashed to the assault. The rattle of musketry, the clash of swords, the yells of rage and vengeance, the groans of the wounded and dying, the confu-

sion that reigned around—all constituted a scene of indescribable horror. In the midst of the mêlée a cannon-shot shattered Julian's rifle in his hand, striking a soldier by his side, who dropped helplessly at his feet. Seizing his wounded comrade, assisted by one of his companions, he withdrew as hastily as possible from the thick of the infernal conflict; and bearing the fallen soldier to the rear, laid him on the sward, and forthwith removed his belts and accoutrements and unbuttoned his uniform. He shuddered at the sight—the wounded soldier's breast was almost shot in two.

"For heaven's sake let me be," he gasped. "Do not touch me; you only intensify my suffering. I cannot live but a few moments at most!" Then, grasping Julian's hand, he added:

"What is your name?"

Julian told him.

"Do you know Eric, of the Third Regiment?"

"No, but I can find him out."

"He is my cousin. I desire you to take this locket from my chain and this ring from my finger, and give them both to Eric. Tell him write home and send both to Virginia. Poor Virginia!"

Julian, who in the excitement of the moment did not scrutinize his wounded companion with any great attention, now, regarding him more closely, exclaimed:

"O Heaven! Augustus, is it you?"

"Yes. Poor Virginia! May Heaven forgive me!" he gasped, and with a convulsive shudder expired.

Julian, scarce able to control his emotions, bent

gently down, removed the ring and locket, and, observing a bench hard by, went over and seated himself thereon. He opened the locket forthwith. It was of pure gold and exquisite finish. It contained two miniature portraits admirably executed and surrounded by a lock of hair which formed an initial letter under either figure. The portraits were those of a charming young girl and a remarkably handsome youth. Julian at a glance recognized Augustus, his frank and radiant countenance, intellectual brow, and his huge, half-foppish, looking mustache. The other portrait was doubtless that of Virginia, whom the dying soldier so bitterly mourned; the initial that adorned the graceful picture indicated it clearly enough.

"Who can this lovely creature be?" thought Julian as he gazed on the charming picture with mingled sentiments of sadness and admiration. His thoughts instinctively reverted to Natalie, and he trembled at the idea. Perhaps Virginia was the betrothed or the only sister of Augustus. Suddenly breaking from his reverie, he cast a hurried glance around him, and observed Maso, pale, haggard, without musket or knapsack, tottering toward him, holding in his hand a handkerchief tightly pressed against his bosom.

Julian at once rushed to the presence of his friend, exclaiming excitedly:

"O Maso! are you also wounded?"

"Only a slight scratch," replied Maso with a pleasant smile; "it doesn't amount to much. But what about you?"

"Not a hair of my head injured. The bullets whizzed around me thick as hail. I have had my clothes perforated in a dozen places and my musket shattered in my hands. Heaven must assuredly have protected me to-day. I can scarcely conceive how I escaped at all. I was continually in the midst of living death. But look you here," he remarked in directing the attention of his friend to the body of his fallen comrade.

"Killed! Who is he?" exclaimed Maso.

"Augustus."

"Poor fellow! One of the best characters in the entire regiment."

"But what about you? Let us see your wound. Is it painful?" asked Julian eagerly.

"No, not much; see, it is only a slight flesh wound." And, removing the handkerchief, he allowed his anxious friend to see for himself and put aside his fears.

"Let us, then, proceed to the hospital or the ambulance store," answered Julian, "and have it attended to. We have had enough of fighting to-day, and I don't purpose returning to the game again."

"What a racket these Austrians are making anyway!" observed Maso as he started on at Julian's suggestion.

"Oh! don't talk to me about it; I tremble at the bare idea of it."

"The dance isn't over yet, then. Do you hear that musketry rattle down there?"

"Let the swaggerers enjoy it, then; I got all the

'dancing' I want, I assure you—more than I care ever again to get in the cause of Victor Emmanuel."

In a few moments they entered the surgeon's quarters, where Maso had his wound dressed; and at night, when the enemy had retired and the fight was won, they mingled joyously with the rest of Garibaldi's victorious mob.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AUGUSTUS.

At the moment when the conflict raged in all its fury under the walls of Varese couriers were resting on their saddles with bridle in hand, ready to bear the joyous news to the surrounding villages should victory crown the standard of Garibaldi. One of these messengers was despatched to Como, the wealthiest and most populous town along the Alpine slopes. Scarce was the news received of the success achieved by the Chasseurs of the Alps and the retreat of General Hurban than the streets of the city became the scene of wild, tumultuous joy, and the banner of Savoy was triumphantly displayed. All the steamers of Lake Como that had cast anchor the evening before in the little bay of Torno hailed the insurrection with joy, and, on learning the events that had just occurred at Varese, flung out the tricolor. They skimmed the lake in all directions, exciting to revolt the inhabitants along the shores, and picking up every armed volunteer who presented himself for the cause. In a short time, however, two Austrian battalions, well supplied with artillery, rushed in eager haste

for the city. They occupied its streets with marvellous celerity, and took up the most favorable positions they could select. They accordingly held the inhabitants in check, and without any ceremony pointed their cannon toward the lake, which was dotted with steamers laden with insurgents. These latter, on finding themselves held thus sternly in hand by the Austrians, despatched forthwith a messenger to Garibaldi, requesting him to come to their assistance with all possible haste. The messenger arrived at his headquarters on the night of the 26th, and returned immediately with the intelligence that on the following day the Chasseurs of the Alps would start for Como.

Accordingly, at daybreak next morning the entire corps was on the march toward Mainate, leaving Varese garrisoned by a handful of soldiers, who had orders to evacuate the town should the enemy endeavor to recapture it; for it was utterly impossible for Garibaldi to hold out in Lombardy if the Franco-Sardinian army did not win a pitched battle—in other words, if they did not make themselves masters of Milan. In truth, his expedition to Como was naught else than a clever move to approach the Swiss frontier, which he purposed crossing as a final refuge in the event of a disastrous defeat.

About ten o'clock in the morning the bulk of Garibaldi's command halted at Solbiate, near the river Lura, and a short distance from Hurban's outposts, which were plainly visible on the further bank. Here the column rested and prepared their

scanty morning meal The volunteers, having sacked their arms, scattered in small groups through the surrounding fields, and, stretched on the greensward, among the hedges, or beneath the spreading shade-trees, quietly rested or chatted pleasantly over their past experiences and future hopes.

During this march Maso was, for the first time, compelled to separate himself from his friend Julian. He was suffering not a little from his wound, and was besides so overcome by fatigue that he had to obtain permission to ride in one of the commissariat wagons. Julian agreed to meet him at the first halt they should make, and proceeded with his comrades, not a little anxious, however, regarding the condition of his friend.

Arrived at Solbiate, he forthwith set about finding Maso, and met him in a few moments. They walked off together toward a clump of trees in the distance, and seated themselves in the shade. Julian drew forth from his linen knapsack—which all the Chasseurs carried instead of the ordinary military kind, on account of the weight of the latter—his morning rations, which consisted of a bottle of spring-water, a morsel of brown bread, and a few slices of tolerably good meat. Maso had brought nothing with him, and his loss of appetite and feverish condition were such that he could scarce bear the sight of Julian's eatables. The latter, after vainly endeavoring to persuade Maso to share his breakfast, remarked somewhat uneasily:

"You are much worse than you imagine; you should have remained at Varese."

"Yes! to furnish a target for the Austrians?"

"But do you think you will ever succeed in arriving at Como? I doubt very much that you will. If you could only see yourself for a moment!"

"Well, what must happen will happen. I certainly do not feel as well as I should desire. However, it is better for me to hold out as long as possible than to fall beneath the vengeance of the Croats. These rascals look upon us simply as assassins, and openly declare that Garibaldi's following are only thieves and filibusters, who need not expect and who certainly will not get any quarter. That is not very encouraging, is it?"

"Well, I should think not."

"Then we had better change the topic. I left you last evening, as you may recollect, with Eric, the cousin of poor Augustus. Did you give him that ring and locket, as requested?"

"I did; and a melancholy story that's connected with it, too. The more I converse with my companions the clearer becomes the fact to my mind that the independence of Italy is naught else than a pretext to satisfy the pride and self-esteem of a swarm of aspiring politicians. But even that would not be so regrettable did it not likewise entail ruin and dishonor on countless happy homes. You know the grief I myself have caused through this accursed war. It will be nothing less than a miracle if I do not send down my mother and sister in sorrow to the grave. And for what? What is it to me or mine whether a Piedmontese robber or

an Austrian despot rules in Lombardy? Is it an affair of such gigantic importance as to warrant me in shedding my blood and overwhelming my family with woe, to help in effecting its realization? And you, too, have acted as I have, and your conduct has been productive of a like result."

"It is only too true indeed," replied Maso sadly; "but to return to Augustus."

"Ah! Augustus—you saw the death he met with. He was but twenty-two years of age, and leaves to mourn his loss in agony and despair a lovely young wife of eighteen, and but three months married!"

"What! that Virginia whose charming portrait adorned that precious little locket?"

"Exactly."

"And he was senseless enough to abandon her, and come instead to share the life and company of Garibaldi's jail-birds?"

"So it seems. His cousin, whom I found, by the way, to be an engaging and highly cultured young fellow, informed me that Augustus was a wealthy marquis and resided in a flourishing city of Venetia. His father, who, as early as last fall, got wind of the plots laid to induce his son to start for Piedmont and become a martyr for Italian independence, exercised every means, of course, to defeat the plans of his wicked seducers. He conceived that the best course he could adopt in order to frustrate their designs was to get his son married. He accordingly brought about his union with Virginia, who, my informant assures me, is a

perfect treasure. She brought him a rich dowry, and the nuptials were celebrated in the month of January. One would imagine that Augustus, in possession of such a consort, would indeed be the happiest of men. But it was not to be. The Freemasons, to whom he had been affiliated, were wont to twit him in their circles, meetings, and places of assemblage ; they even accused him of cowardice, alleging that he got married so suddenly with no other design than that of shirking the duty of fighting in the cause of his country's freedom. He was continually in receipt of anonymous letters, bristling with sarcasm, and even threats. In short, he became the unhappiest of mortals. One evening in March last he came home dejected and deeply agitated in mind, and proceeded to pack up his travelling trunk with unwonted haste. He endeavored as best he could to calm his wife's fears, who, on seeing him preparing to start, used every means to dissuade him from his project. All in vain. He embraced her with the tenderest emotion, and then, despite all her tears and supplications, violently tore himself from her arms and disappeared. His father, on learning the melancholy news, was prostrated on a bed of sickness. His young wife is hurrying to the grave through excessive grief, and the intelligence of his death will doubtless hasten the hour. Three victims at once ! And for whom ?

"For the devil," growled Maso, as he launched forth in an invective against the traitors and soulless wretches who duped so many of the Italian

youth, and blazoned the blackest crimes as so many shining virtues. "I'll have fat revenge on the wretch who betrayed me, should I escape till the ratification of peace," he continued; and, rising from his seat, he took leave of Julian and proceeded to the ambulance wagon to have his wound attended to before the troops should resume their march.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CONSOLATION.

ALONE in this sequestered spot, Julian remained musing sadly over the melancholy fate of Augustus, and still more so over his comrade's suffering and danger. Leaning against the tree at the foot of which he was seated, he listlessly drew from his pocket the cherished portraits of his mother and sister, and contemplated them with a look of mingled pleasure and pain.

Poor Julian! to what rude trials had he not been subjected during the past month? No youth in Italy possessed more advantages, did he but know how to employ them, than he. Wealthy, handsome, engaging, amiable, heir to one of the most illustrious names in Italy, he was likewise endowed with splendid talents, high culture—in a word, all the blessings and pleasures of life. He was the joy and idol of his mother's heart, who prized his affection more than aught else on earth. He was the object of his sister's tenderest love, and the admired of all observers. He enjoyed everything calculated to render him truly happy and content. And yet in a thoughtless hour he cast to the winds all these blessings, these affections,

these hopes. A wanderer, a fugitive, abused and despised, he threw in his lot with a band of adventurers and criminals—he, his mother's sole remaining comfort, his sister's guardian, the pride of an honorable and distinguished house. But, if he acted imprudently, he dearly paid the debt that imprudence and rashness never fail to exact.

He has long since deplored his folly, but found himself unable to remedy it.

"Well, Julian, are you here still?" cried Maso, on returning to his presence, in company with a young peasant.

"Certainly; where else would you expect me to be?" replied Julian, looking up and placing his papers in his pocket.

"This gentleman," continued Maso, in politely introducing the stranger, "is a messenger from your mother, and the captain just now instructed me to bring him hither."

Julian rose from his seat somewhat excitedly, exclaiming:

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, sir," replied the villager, as he awkwardly fumbled his huge straw hat in his fingers; "and I want to know if you are that Mr. Garibaldian written on this," he added, on drawing a letter from his pocket and handing it to Julian.

"What! from my mother?" exclaimed the latter as he glanced at the superscription.

He tore it open at once, and ran his eye hurriedly over the following welcome lines:

"ARONA, May 25, 4 o'clock P.M.

"MY DEAREST JULIAN: I now have recourse in despatching a messenger to you, at his great personal risk, to know if you are still living. I have for some time back mourned you as dead; and were it not for the importunities of your sister to remain yet awhile here, I should ere this have returned home to spend the rest of my days in sorrow.

"Should this reach you, I implore you to let me know, with all possible haste, where you are, and how situated. When at Turin recently, the Minister of War issued an order, at my instance, relieving you and your kind friend from further service; but it was impossible to find you. A single word from you will restore me to my wonted happiness. Natalie, Florence, and myself shall remain in Piedmont until circumstances permit us to proceed to Lombardy and bring you home. Above all else I beg you not to imperil your life by any rash or foolish act. I received your letter addressed from Ponte Stura, and I need scarce tell you that it afforded me the most unspeakable consolation. Let us not, then, think or speak any more of the past. Our sole object now should be to meet as soon as possible. I pray for you unceasingly; and now accept the blessing and devotion of your mother.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER: I write you to say that we await you. Come as quickly as possible, and let me know your projects concerning me, of which you wrote in your last letter. Yours ever,

"NATALIE."

"And did the ladies themselves, pray, give you these letters?" demanded Julian, after having read them with hurried emotion.

"Yes, with their own hands," answered the peasant, "and I would have delivered them to you last evening at Varese, if I was not obliged, for my personal safety, to remain at Bobiate. The young lady instructed me to give you this also," he continued, producing, as he spoke, from his pocket a miniature box, which he handed to Julian, who opened it with eager curiosity. It contained two small gold medals bearing the image of Our Lady of Succor. Accompanying them was a slip of paper whereon was written the words, "One for you, and one for your friend."

"But," enquired Julian with anxiety, "how did they succeed in getting to Arona? How many of them are there?"

"There are five," replied the stranger: "two elderly ladies, a pretty young girl who resembles you exceedingly, a lean, lank little man, and a gentleman from Turin."

"From Turin?" cried Maso with surprise.

"Yes, sir, a chevalier from Turin; an excellent gentleman, too."

"Ah! it is not my father, then."

"Do you propose returning to Arona again, my friend?" enquired Julian after a brief pause.

"Do I intend to return? What did I come for but to bring back your answer?"

"And they are awaiting you there now?"

"Certainly; they are to give me a hundred

francs when I get back, and I can assure you that I have earned it well. At Castelletto I had to cross the river under a shower of Austrian bullets. I had to travel, for the greater part of the way, unfrequented roads and by-paths to escape capture, and encountered the greatest obstacles. I now await your answer, as I am in a hurry to return."

"I have not got any paper at present," remarked Julian, as he turned enquiringly toward Maso.

"I shall get you some in a moment."

It were impossible to give all the questions addressed to the villager by Julian in the meantime. Did he not dread falling under an Austrian bullet or being taken as a deserter by the Piedmontese military authorities, he would, on the spur of the moment, have decamped with the messenger. But he did not, under the circumstances, deem such a procedure prudent. Maso meantime arrived with writing material, and Julian penned a few lines to his mother and sister in response, besides giving half a dozen verbal messages, instructions, and recommendations apropos of a variety of matters. All at once the bugle sounded the march.

About noon Garibaldi resumed the march with his legion. It behooved him especially to conceal from the enemy his bold purpose of arriving at Como unexpectedly. So cautiously did he arrange and carry out matters that the Austrians, encamped on the banks of the Jura, did not anticipate his designs till they were put into execution. He doubled back unperceived on the village of Cavallasca, skirting the wooded crests of the Swiss-

Italian frontier. From this spot to Borgovico, a hamlet situate at the further end of the lake, the distance was not much.

In thus appearing both bold and daring Garibaldi hoped to incite the village to revolt, and meantime held out a pretext to the supporters of Victor Emmanuel on Lake Maggiore. Their number was estimated at eight hundred, and Garibaldi was anxious that they should join him and add to his military strength. But to achieve this object it was necessary to dislodge a force of Austrians from the cragged steeps of San Fermo, after, in all probability, a very hard tussle.

He disposed his Chasseurs of the Alps to endeavor by a supreme effort that dangerous enterprise. In that wearying and forced march through the most difficult passes the orders were that the second regiment, which always brought up the rear, should now form the van. Maso, in observing the change, imagined very naturally that he would be removed from Julian. He wished to take his place beside his friend at Olgiate, but the latter vainly endeavored to dissuade him from his foolish resolve. Maso was determined, despite his fever and bodily weakness, to accompany his comrade, who was wholly absorbed in the happiness of having received a message from home.

"Did you thank your sister in my name?" demanded Maso. "I hope you have not forgotten it."

"Assuredly not."

"I hope you presented my warmest acknowledgments to your kind mother, who has interested her-

self so much in endeavoring to effect my exemption from further service. If I escape I purpose going to your home and thanking her in person."

And so, in conversing about their future designs, they whiled away the weary hours of the march. Maso meantime grew very weak, and, suffering as he was from a severe attack of fever, was compelled to fall back.

He continued the march for some time, but grew taciturn and displeased. Finally, turning to Julian, he told him that he was physically exhausted, and that it was utterly impossible for him longer to follow the regiment. Julian trembled with anxiety and dread on seeing his friend so pale, weak, and dejected—him who was always so full of life and vigor and good-humor.

"What shall I do?" he murmured. "Where shall we stop?"

"Down here," replied Maso, pointing to a clump of trees through which ran a serpentine path leading to a little dell on the further side. "Let us go down there; I am growing weak."

The regiment was now far in advance, and it was a hopeless task to think of overtaking and keeping pace with it. Even the stragglers had outdistanced them. Without more ado they followed the little winding path referred to, and, passing a clump of hawthorn and hazel trees, descended the slope to a thicket of small oaks, in whose shade they sat down on a rich and verdant sward. Julian supported his friend on his arm, for he had grown so exhausted that he could scarce move.

"Seat yourself here for a while," said Julian, pointing to a tufted knoll hard by. "You can rest there comfortably for a while."

Maso seated himself on the grass, sat erect for a moment, and then fell over in a swoon. Suffering from a violent attack of fever and overcome with fatigue, exhausted nature gave way, and the blood rushed copiously from his mouth as he lay insensible on the grass.

Julian, terribly excited, lifted his friend in his arms and repeatedly called him by name. Maso was unable to answer, and Julian, placing him down once more, took off his military overcoat, which he placed beneath Maso's head. He then unclasped his belts, and, feeling his pulse. found that its beating was scarcely palpable.

His anxiety and dread now increased. He looked around him on all sides, but could see no sign of life. He listened in eager breathlessness, but could hear no other sound than the monotonous murmur of the leaves or the birds in the branches uttering their quick notes of joy. He looked at his watch ; it was three o'clock in the afternoon. In the midst of this melancholy silence, and deprived of all hope, he knew not what to do. After a brief space, which to Julian seemed an age, Maso recovered his senses, and soon after his power of speech ; but what was to be done neither the one nor the other seemed to understand.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MASO'S HOME.

MASO'S friends were likewise busily engaged in searching for him, and he ardently desired to put an end to their trouble. He knew that his flight from home had caused them intense pain. It will be remembered that he told Julian, after receiving his first letter at Savigliano, that his rash act had prostrated his mother on a bed of sickness; and that his father promised to leave no means unexercised to restore him to home and friends. Let us, then, before proceeding further with our narrative, make the acquaintance of Maso's parents.

Mr. Leopold—for such was his father's name—was not a native of Lunigiana, as one might be led to believe from the account given by Maso to his comrade. He was a Florentine, and sprang from a family that achieved great distinction at the memorable siege of Florence in 1530, and whose deeds are related in the histories of Francesco Segni, Benedetto Varchi, and Busino's Letters. Leopold was a man of middle age, tall, vigorous, of magnificent physique, and his frank, open countenance betokened an honest and loyal heart.

He was highly educated, being remarkably well skilled in the natural sciences. Though reserved and apparently austere in manner, he was nevertheless endowed with a kindly disposition and generous soul. Were it not for his excessive prudence, which rendered him scrupulous in everything and timid and irresolute in affairs of moment, he might be considered faultless. As a friend he was faithful and honorable, and was the kindest and most affectionate of husbands. He almost idolized his children, but exacted from them most rigorously respect and obedience in all things, which, truth to tell, they were never disposed to refuse.

He was proprietor of vast estates in various parts of Tuscany. Abhorring the noise and bustle of city life, he almost invariably resided in the country, where he occupied himself in attending to his real-estate business. During several years he lived in a handsome residence near the Modena frontier and adjacent to a small town on the Lunigiana side. In this delightful spot Maso, his eldest son, was born. He was wont, therefore, to consider himself a native of the town referred to, notwithstanding its not being within the limits of Modena. Later on Leopold removed, for his greater convenience, to the central portion of the grand duchy, where he purchased a large and well-appointed country residence, close to a populous and flourishing city.

Madame Lenora, Maso's mother, was a Scottish lady, of a distinguished family, pious and kindly disposition. She was endowed with all the excellent

qualities becoming a wife and mother. Her early education she received from a devoted and pious mother, and she was brought up in the noble and sublime school of sacrifice and suffering, which kindled in her heart the torch of faith, and formed her to solid virtue, in early habituating her to practise the virtues of self-denial and sacrifice, the true secret of happiness on earth.

Lady Bianca, who was a Protestant, brought her daughter, then a mere child, to Italy in 1825, when travelling on the Continent for pleasure. Her husband was a wealthy gentleman from the county of Sutherland. They arrived at Rome in time to witness the celebration of the ceremonies of Holy Week, and assisted at the Pontifical Mass on Easter Sunday. Lady Bianca was so deeply moved by the majesty of the ceremonial, the dazzling splendor of the worship, and the celestial dignity of the pontiff that at the moment when Leo XII. pronounced the solemn benediction she knelt down with the other worshippers, and arose with the resolve of immediately entering the Catholic fold. Alfred, her husband, whose religious convictions were strongly puritanical, was not slow to divine her purpose, and, cautiously dissembling his motive, prepared to leave Rome at once and return to Scotland.

But on his arrival at Genoa he was taken ill, and so violently, that in a few days all hope of his recovery was lost. His excellent wife did not lose courage in the midst of her misfortune, but continued to attend to him with unwearying solicitude.

When apprised by the physicians of his approaching death she determined to leave no means untried to induce him to enter the bosom of the only true Church. Heaven seconded her efforts.

Calling her to his presence, her dying husband stretched forth his hand and said :

"I am about to leave you, Bianca. Shall we ever meet again ? What will become of Lenora ?"

Bianca, in tear-laden accents, thereupon unfolded the mystery she had concealed in her heart.

"Alfred," she answered, bathing as she spoke his deathly cold hand with her tears, "we shall assuredly meet again in the mansion of our Heavenly Father, and we shall there embrace our cherished child, if you but consent to hearken to this my last request and prayer."

"Speak ; you know I could not think of refusing you. What do you ask ?"

Bianca, in the agony of grief, thereupon drew forth a miniature image of the Blessed Virgin and placed it to the lips of her dying husband.

"What ! and are you a Catholic ?" he exclaimed in anxious, impetuous accents.

"Yes, I purpose becoming formally received into the Church of God without delay."

"O my God !" he exclaimed, as he gazed in her face with a look of agony and despair.

"Now hear me, Alfred," cried Bianca passionately. "If you desire it, this can be. Become you also a Catholic to-day. God calls on you to do so by my mouth. Be a Catholic, and on the cross of my Redeemer I shall now and for ever swear none

other shall call me wife. Say, dear Alfred, that you will."

Alfred answered not; and as he fixed his gaze on the heavens he at one time appeared tranquil, and at another as if suffering from a deep emotion.

At length the dying man fell into a tranquil state of mind, and seemed lost in thought, while his devoted wife sighed from her very soul as she gazed in his face.

God alone, who knows all things, saw into his struggling soul at that moment. But there was beyond doubt a wonderful miracle of his grace and mercy.

A change came over his features; he seized the medal, kissed it devoutly, pressed it to his heart, and then, turning to his wife, said with the sweetest smile:

"Well, dearest, let it be so; I will die a Catholic. Send at once for a priest."

The father came. He received the dying man into the Church, administered to him the final rites of religion, and on the next day Alfred breathed his last in the arms of his fond wife.

Lady Bianca herself, a few weeks after the obsequies of her husband, dressed in mourning which she was never to lay aside, was received with her little daughter into the bosom of the Church. She was in her twenty-second year. Her child was in the third year of her age.

Her conversion not only turned many of her friends against her, but stirred them up to annoy and trouble and put her faith on trial. But by the

grace of God she stood firm ; nothing could make her for a moment waver in the true faith—neither menace nor flattery nor promises, nor any temptation that the world could hold out.

Her unfeeling and bigoted family denied her to all visitors for six months, so that she had to endure a species of domestic seclusion. They spoke rudely to her, treated her harshly, even struck her, and in their persecution caused her to undergo the most insulting treatment. At length, after defrauding her by an act of the lowest perfidy of all she possessed in her own right, and of what came to her of her husband's estate through her child, they wantonly drove her out. And now she was a poor, friendless wanderer ; yet was her faith and trust in her Blessed Saviour unshaken, and the memory of her dear Alfred was indelibly written on her faithful soul. She went to Paris, and there found a home with a pious lady who, like herself, was a convert, and with whom she returned to Italy. They settled in Florence, and there dwelt like two sisters.

After about two years Lady Bianca lost her dear friend. God called that favored soul to its reward. This young and beautiful widow, as yet in the very prime of youth and beauty, found herself forlorn and almost reduced to beggary. She had come of the family of a wealthy Scotch baronet, and had brought to her husband as her marriage dower $100,000. An opulent Roman nobleman proposed marriage to her, but the memory of her dead Alfred and her vow to God and him were

too dear to her, and must ever be preserved inviolate.

Words cannot paint what this heroic soul endured for her faith and the love of her good Jesus. All is recorded above. Suffice it to say here that, assisted by an occasional alms of a few crowns from a venerable and apostolic priest, she managed somehow to eke out a subsistence with her needle in the attic of a little house for herself and her child Lenora. The child grew in years. She was handsome and like the morning rose, clear and fresh in her complexion, and pure and guileless as an angel of heaven.

But with what a pang in her soul did not Lady Bianca look on this precious child! With what a look of mother's love did she not hear the ring of her girlish laugh as Lenora played around at her feet!—for Bianca could not but think, if a premature death should carry herself off in this land of exile, what should be the lot of her abandoned orphan. This terrible contingency filled her soul with dread. But, reproaching herself with her want of confidence in Heaven, she resumed her wonted courage, and entrusted herself and tender child to the protecting hand of Providence. She soon experienced in the depths of her soul peace, hope, consolation, and a serene joy that effaced all anxiety and turned into happiness all the anguish of the past.

Frequently in mid-winter, which in Florence is usually rigorous, she was compelled through her excessive poverty to witness the sufferings of her

child, who was deprived of all the comforts and many even of the things which the wealthy look upon as necessaries of life. But she never lost courage in her extremest necessity, even when reduced to the trying extremity of having to solicit assistance from her neighbors. And as assistance was never asked in vain, she taught her daughter ever to place unlimited trust in God and look upon herself as a child of Providence.

In the midst of the many sufferings which ever attend excessive indigence, amid all her privations and adversity, Lenora, now in her seventeenth year, had never enjoyed the ordinary pleasures or conveniences of life. Silken robe or jewelled ornament she knew not. Indeed, she scarce knew the names of such objects of luxury, that turn so many giddy heads. She possessed no other ornament than neatness and modesty.

But for all this she was not unhappy or discontent. She envied no one the pleasures and felicities which she herself could not enjoy. Her heart was at peace, for it was pure and wholly devoted to God. More than that she desired not.

But so delicate was she, and so idolized by her mother, that the latter almost dreaded exposing her to the light of the sun or to a breath of air. In her manner she was so modest, so naïve, so amiable, so frank, in a word, so perfect, that none of her wealthy neighbors, brought up in gilded salons and rolling in wealth and luxury, could be for a moment compared to her. Her mother had taught her to speak and write with correctness and flu-

ency English, French, and Italian. Assisted by a pious and kind lady of her acquaintance, Lenora mastered the Tuscan pronunciation in a short time so perfectly that she spoke that language with vernacular elegance. In short, Lady Bianca had taught her daughter all the rules and customs of good behavior and polite breeding as are necessary to render a Christian lady not only virtuous but perfect.

Fortune favored Bianca sufficiently to allow her in the early months of 1840 to take up her residence in the street where Leopold boarded in one of the most fashionable hotels in the city. Leopold at this period was in the twentieth year of his age. On various occasions he had met the mother and daughter quietly returning from the little church that stood almost opposite the apartments he occupied. He soon began to take an interest in them, and observed that every morning at an early hour they entered the chapel, where they assisted at Mass with exemplary devotion. They then proceeded to their home with grave and modest demeanor. Leopold grew very anxious to find out who they were, and in fact all about them. Having made some enquiries on the subject, he discovered that they were very poor and lived in the utmost retirement. He accordingly requested his mother, Madame Teresa, to pay them a visit and see that they were not in want of anything. She did so, and Leopold's heart was captured by the radiant beauty, indeed, by the first overpowering glance, of the modest and lovely Lenora. To be

brief, Leopold for sixteen months used every means to obtain his father's and mother's consent to solicit Lenora's hand in marriage, as also the consent of Lady Bianca. The manly virtues, enormous wealth, and rare qualities won his case in a brief period as far as Lady Bianca was concerned, though she did not think her daughter's humble position merited the attentions of one so distinguished and estimable. The only treasure Lenora had to offer was herself, which circumstance caused Leopold's father to hesitate about giving his consent to the marriage, which he kept postponing from day to day.

But Providence kindly put an end to all further hesitation. Lady Bianca learned through the Prussian minister, and wholly unexpectedly, that the Baroness Ida W——, her maternal aunt, who had just died at Berlin, had bequeathed to her a large portion of her immense wealth, whereupon all the difficulties vanished in the moment. Three months later Leopold gained his parents' consent to marry Lenora, who brought him a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, to which Lady Bianca became heiress so unexpectedly.

How true it is that God often rewards, even here below, those who place in him implicit and unbounded confidence !

CHAPTER XXXII.

A RAVENING WOLF.

THIS marriage was blessed of God. So happy was it, indeed, that their honeymoon may be said never to have set. Peace, harmony, and mutual affection, instead of diminishing in the course of years, augmented and grew stronger. An angelic crown of lovely children soon rose up around the happy pair, and brought them, with the smile of youthful innocence, all the charms of a holy union. The good Lady Bianca, who visited her daughter's residence with punctual regularity, made these children the object of all her joy and solicitude. She shed over them more tears of joy than she did tears of sorrow over the lot of Lenora at the period of their direst misery.

This worthy and noble lady, notwithstanding her happy change of fortune, had scarce modified her mode of life, and occupied at Florence an exceedingly humble apartment. The bulk of her legacy she invested in Government bonds, and which she purposed bequeathing to those of her grandchildren who would best deserve it. She lived modestly and economically, and devoted the

greater portion of her yearly income to the relief of the wants of the poor and needy.

No mishap had ever occurred to mar the domestic happiness of Lenora, save the loss of two little daughters, who died in their infancy. Maso's freak was therefore the severest trial she had yet met with. It were impossible to describe the grief occasioned in that happy home by this untoward event. This, her eldest boy—who, as the reader may have observed, was possessed of such a generous and magnanimous disposition—was the Benjamin of the household, and so closely resembled his mother in his many excellent qualities that he was the idol of her heart. It will, therefore, be no cause of surprise if his mother looked on him with special affection, or if his unexpected flight from home preyed on her mind so intensely.

This escapade of Maso, ill-advised as it was, had a cause, however, and his unhappy parents knew it not till it was too late to remedy it.

Leopold, who was exceedingly anxious with regard to the education of his children, hesitated, and indeed very justly, about sending them to the public schools and institutions in the surrounding cities and towns. Accordingly, he resolved to have Maso receive instruction at home from a private teacher. At first he employed an invalid priest, a man whose varied knowledge and profound erudition were only surpassed by his kindly disposition and many excellent qualities. He was of all others whom Leopold knew eminently fitted for the task in question. For ten years he was Maso's daily in-

structor, adviser, and guide. The boy succeeded admirably in his studies, and gave splendid promise of success. His younger brothers also were placed under the same tutor, but were not equally successful.

Don Joseph, the worthy priest of whom we speak, was accordingly of invaluable service to this excellent family. But unhappily in the midst of his noble task he was suddenly appointed to the care of a parish. Leopold had, meantime, to content himself with the hope that Don Joseph would resume his functions of tutor in the course of a few months, as a promise to that effect had been given by the good priest's superiors.

Unwilling to interrupt his children's course of studies, he accepted the temporary services of a lay tutor who was presented to him, and warmly recommended by one of his friends in Pisa; besides, he was the very impersonation of deception—in fact, would almost remind one by his demeanor of one of those monks so beautifully painted by Angelico de Fiesole. He was a young man of five-and-twenty, of prepossessing appearance and marked politeness, and extremely engaging manners. His conversation was entertaining, instructive, and severely deliberate. He was of a lively disposition, adroit and cunning, an industrious student and a *littérateur* of no mean merit. He affected a piety, too, which, truth to tell, is not ordinarily the gift of his profession; he prayed with well-dissembled ostentation before and after meals, and assisted at all the Church exercises with a simulated piety that only the most penetrating mind could detect. Thus

by his hypocrisy he soon succeeded in inducing Madame Lenora to believe that he was of all others the one best fitted for the task he had undertaken.

She regarded him as a gentleman of more than ordinary merit, and frequently proposed him to her children as a model worthy of imitation in every respect. As is natural to expect, they listened to her advice and paid him every mark of deference and regard.

But while this *saintly* hypocrite was instructing Maso in the rules of poetic art and the precepts of science, he was likewise busy in infusing into his mind certain other novel precepts relative to morals, history, and politics. To-day it was a philippic against tyrants and oppression—that is, against all reigning princes, whom he represented as being necessarily despots, with, of course, the single exception of King Victor Emmanuel, who was the father of his subjects inasmuch as he *reigned* over but did not *govern* them. Again he would launch out into an elegy on the woes of Italy, the slave of a foreign power, the laughing-stock among the nations, governed as she was by the mitre and the crown. On one occasion he would deliver himself of an enthusiastic exhortation on the glory attaching to patriotism, on another of a virulent invective against the barbarians who blighted with their unholy presence the fair land of Italy, the prolific mother of illustrious heroes. The themes offered to Maso were almost invariably "The Success of the Lombard League,"

"The Martyrs of Italian Liberty," and other kindred subjects. During recreation hours he entertained his pupil by the recitation of passages from Nicolini against Rome and the popes; excited his hilarity by a scathing satire from Giusti vilifying kings and priests; and stirred up his indignation in declaiming a furious lucubration of some obscure Florentine poetaster.

Obviously the scholar must profit by these lessons, so sedulously taught him and so well calculated to fire a youthful imagination. Scarce were the first rumors of war heard, scarce was the martial fire kindled which moved the entire youth of the peninsula to take their stand beneath the banner of the Subalpine freebooter, when the cunning tutor had enmeshed his unsophisticated victim. Maso listened to the lying declamations of the unscrupulous recruiting agents who infested the whole country, and he disappeared like an apparition.

On a beautiful evening in the month of March the tutor returned to Leopold's residence, but Maso was missing.

"Where did you part with him?" he was asked.

"At the gate of the avenue leading to the garden yonder."

"At what hour?"

"But a few moments since, not more than a quarter of an hour at most—just as the Angelus was ringing."

"And why did he not come home with you?"

These questions were asked by Maso's mother in

her anxiety about her favorite boy, but the professor simply shrugged his shoulders in response and maintained a dignified and innocent silence.

"I am really getting anxious at his being out alone at so late an hour," resumed the lady after a moment's silence.

All the servants were immediately sent in search of him, Leopold himself accompanying them. But their efforts were in vain. Night came and Maso did not yet arrive. Three days passed and he was still absent; a week elapsed and he was still unheard of. Finally Leopold learned, through one of his acquaintances, that Maso had been seen in Leghorn, and took passage on a steamboat among a crowd of volunteers. On the arrival of this intelligence the hypocritical little professor was the first to evince his ineffable sorrow, to condemn Maso's action, and manifest every mark of sympathy toward his parents. But the hypocrite, in adjusting his mask, overstepped the bounds of prudence. Leopold began to doubt his reiterated professions of regret, and recollected that for some weeks past his son had given expression to some sentiments and opinions which, though he condemned as wrong, he did not at the time pay much attention to. He mentioned the fact to the professor, and expressed his displeasure at the idea of his son entertaining such false opinions. The former pretended to regret the circumstance deeply; denied that he ever instilled into his mind such erroneous and wicked ideas; and, conscious that he was suspected, he disappeared on the following

morning, as the owl retreats into its congenial darkness at the first approach of dawn.

It leaked out then that this "innocent" soul had been despatched to this locality for the settled purpose of secretly directing the system of enlistments, and that he attended nightly the meetings of the dark-lantern committees, co-operating with them, guiding all their actions, and suggesting all their lines of procedure. The unhappy Leopold, treacherously deceived, was his victim, and the wretch in question drew from his cowardly act profit and promotion. After the events of the 27th of April, and the expulsion of the Grand Duke from Florence, the new government rewarded the worthy auxiliary in granting him a lucrative government position. A short time subsequently the Italian Government decorated him with a chevalier's cross.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LEOPOLD AT TURIN.

LEONORA could scarce realize the folly committed by her son. His offence appeared so serious, so antagonistic to his character and disposition, that she could not contemplate it without amazement. She spent whole hours, nay, days, absorbed in moody meditation. At the outset Leopold hesitated as to what he should do—start out to look for his son himself, or send some one else to do so. While thus deliberating as to the more prudent course to adopt, his wife was prostrated by a severe attack of illness, superinduced by excessive grief, which ere long threatened to grow serious. Furthermore, she had grown liable to frequent feverish spells, which excited the apprehension of her husband and friends. Indeed, for a time it seemed as if she would lose her reason.

The letter which Maso had written from Savigliano, after having performed his Easter duty, arrived luckily at the period we speak of. This filial and affectionate letter, couched in such candid, ingenuous terms wherein Maso confessed his offence, so passionately begged his mother's pardon, and

importuned her to use every means to effect a reconciliation between himself and his father—which was, indeed, wholly unnecessary—produced the happiest effect. We shall cite but a single passage from it, that wherein he speaks of his esteemed comrade, Julian, who had afforded him such untold comfort in his present melancholy position :

"I am, to be sure, in the midst of a rabble mob —impious, lawless, and immoral—but I shun their company with the most scrupulous care. My only companion is a young fellow, one year older than myself, whom I accidentally met at Genoa. I have contracted with him the closest friendship, inasmuch as he is virtuous, kind, educated, modest, and the very soul of honor. He is a count, and heir to an immense fortune. His father is no longer living; his mother and sister reside in the Romagna. In that sister his whole affection seems to be concentrated. He ran away from home on account of a misunderstanding he had with his mother, who accused him, with his uncle—who is his guardian till he attains his majority—of paying special attention to a young lady in no wise worthy of him, a fact, however, which he denies with the most vehement indignation. His mother has used every means to find out his whereabouts and bring him home, but thus far has been unsuccessful. Notwithstanding all this, however, he is an excellent character, and his present unhappy condition continually excites my sympathy. He does not want to return home, because he has foolishly got the idea into his head that his mother hates him,

and he is in perpetual trouble about his sister, who he insists was the only one in every instance kind to him. And now I want you to persuade father to send me a little cash, which I stand deplorably in need of, and which I shall divide with my friend, who is sensitive and delicate, and cannot well get on with the rough rations meted out to the regiment. If he would but write home he could have all the money he needs, of course; but it is impossible to induce him to believe it. But I am not so senseless as to think similarly in my instance, for I know that I have but to ask you, and that, notwithstanding my ingratitude toward you in doing what I have done, you will not refuse me."

What a balm to the bruised heart of Leonora was this affectionate missive! Such relief did it afford her that, notwithstanding her recent illness, she was able to respond to it with her own hand. Each of Maso's brothers and sisters who was old enough to write added a few lines likewise. After writing she forthwith insisted on her husband proceeding to Piedmont without further delay and restoring Maso to his home. But as it was not advisable to leave his wife alone in such a delicate state of health, he requested her mother, Lady Bianca, then residing in Florence, to come and remain with Leonora pending his absence. During that interval the revolution, and finally the war, broke out. Leopold encountered a multitude of obstacles in his enterprise, and countless untoward and unexpected circumstances, doubts, and fears met him on every side.

Convinced that he could not attain his object on arriving at Turin without the powerful recommendation of some of the new-fledged satraps of Tuscany, he obtained when at Florence a favorable letter after much difficulty and delay. Thereupon he took leave of Leonora, satisfied the presence of her kind mother would afford her peace and consolation during his absence.

Leopold arrived at Turin three days later than the Countess Leonie. He had an audience with Count Cavour the morning after his arrival. His surprise may be imagined on learning from the minister that his son, belonging to the Second Regiment of the Chasseurs of the Alps, had obtained his discharge at the instance of the Countess of ——. For a moment he remained silent and astounded. The count gave him the lady's address, and once more assured him that it was a fixed fact. Then Leopold, politely taking leave of his excellency, repaired with all haste to Leonie's hotel. On the way he suddenly recollected what Maso had written his mother relative to the young count, his cherished friend. The thought naturally suggested itself to his mind that the Countess of —— must be the mother of the young count referred to, and that, owing to the warm friendship existing between the two soldier-comrades, she graciously used her influence to bring about the discharge of both from the army. Deeply moved at this unlooked for act of kindness, and filled with feelings of gratitude, he hastened his steps to the apartments of this excellent lady, burning with the

desire of again meeting his beloved boy and restoring him to his grief-stricken mother.

Scarce had Leopold arrived at the entry of the hotel than he eagerly enquired :

"Where are the apartments occupied by the Countess —— ?"

"The lady is absent, together with all her attendants, and I cannot say, sir, when they will be back."

"But where is she gone ?"

"That I really do not know ; she took the train to-day for the second time since her arrival here. That is the only information I am able to give you."

"To-day ?" answered Leopold, with surprise. "But will she return ?"

"Certainly, sir ; she will come back accompanied by some other friends, for her steward gave us instructions to have another suite of rooms prepared for her. Besides, almost all her baggage is here still."

"But did she not say when she would return ?"

"No, sir. If you have any message to leave for her it will be duly attended to, however."

Leopold remained undecided, and for a moment seemed disposed to leave again ; then quickly approaching the servant, he asked somewhat hesitatingly :

"The countess has gone to Turin on business ?"

"Yes, sir, on business of the highest importance. She has just gone to have an interview with Count Cavour."

"Do you know the nature of her business?"

"Oh! I am but an ordinary servant, sir; how do you suppose that I can know all that is going on among my superiors?"

"The deuce! How is it that you were not aware of these things?"

"It is," said the other, looking firmly at Leopold, "just as I have said to you."

Leopold raised his hand to his forehead and cast his eyes on the ground, wrapped in anxious thought.

"Well!" he exclaimed suddenly, "you do your duty in not making gossip of the business of your boarders. But nothing forbids you to tell me if the countess has brought her son back to Turin?"

"Sir, the countess has no son with her; a young lady alone keeps her company. I have seen no more with them than a servant and a maid."

"I see! I'll return again."

"When it shall be your good pleasure, sir."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LAKE MAGGIORE.

THE beautiful city of Arona lies on the edge of Lake Maggiore, whose limpid waters delight to reflect its image. On the 28th of May the Countess Leonie sat pensive and alone under an awning that shaded the balcony of one of its elegant little mansions. Her glance wandered listlessly on its rippling surface, spotted as if with pearls. The countess was pale. Her heart was heavy with her affliction. The splendid scene that was spread out before her, the gay and flowery banks, the beauteous lake islets, and the verdant hillocks, had no charm for her. Her mind was filled with other thoughts, and of little moment to her now were the serene and azure sky, the balmy air, the crystal waters, the warbling birds, the sweet, odoriferous flowers; for, engrossed in her sorrow, she was insensible to the calm and joyous smile of nature. Her look was languid and despondent, yet at times would she arouse herself when turning her eyes as if with a certain intense desire towards the Lombard country that spread away before her; her bosom would heave with emotion, and as she would cast

some quick, nervous looks in that direction tears would roll down her cheeks. The very gladness of the spring season did not come as a balm to her soul; it rather deepened her woe. Loud and heavy sighs would frequently escape from her without seeming to relieve. One hand covered her face, the other lay heavily, languidly on the cushions beside her. Then she would place her elbow on the rail of the balcony, rest her head in her hand, and fix her long, quiet gaze, as in an ecstasy, on the azure blue of the heavens. As she did so her countenance would become flushed, as one whose strong, passionate soul was suddenly inflamed, ravished with a sublime love.

On the night of Sunday, the 22d, the poor mother was at the point of death because of her excessive sorrow. All her past hopes were cast to the ground, and nothing seemed to take their place but the darkest and most melancholy presentiments of the future. Driven to the edge of despair by her disappointment, her impulse now was to leave Piedmont at once, return home, and breathe her last where her son Julian had passed the years of his childhood! . . . But Natalie besought and implored her, with a fervor and eloquence Leonie could not resist, to abandon that idea; and she so succeeded in raising her mother's fallen courage as again to inspire her with hope and lead her to Borgomanero to travel and sojourn in the neighborhood of Lake Maggiore. The countess then set out with her daughter and Florence to go in search of Julian. The Chevalier Eu-

gene approved of this plan, and graciously offered his services as a companion and guide; for he knew well the way.

In vain did Florence, the venerable steward, grumble and murmur at it, for he did not relish this journey. He recommended, as a matter of prudence, to leave Natalie behind in care of Clotilda, who had a great liking for her. Natalie, when she heard this, grew so indignant and cast on the hoary old grumbler a look so piercing that the poor fellow got confused, and turning towards the housemaid, in a half-audible tone muttered:

"The mischief! How sensitive and hard to control the young lady has got to be! It is now *she* who commands. . . . At home she was quiet as a little dove, but here she has the tongue of a little asp. She wishes to have a hand in everything and lead my lady the countess about wherever she likes. I am nobody now. What will her uncle say to all this?"

Natalie caught the last words. "What do you mean," she said tartly, "by this talk of uncles or aunts? You are brought here to assist us in recovering my brother Julian, and instead of that your silence only embarrasses us. Who permitted you to suggest a separation between my mother and me? Are you by any chance her superior?"

"Nonsense!" replied Florence, with a shake of his head. "My lady, do you hear all this?" and he rested his arm akimbo.

"It is true, every word of it," retorted Natalie, whose beautiful features were flushed and red as a

cherry. "You desire to keep her at Turin and that I may not see my brother. Stay *you* here, if you like; as for me, if necessary, I'll go to the mouth of the Austrian cannon to save my brother. *You* have fears for me! Look out for yourself, and that will be enough for *you* to do."

"What!" said Florence, stung to the quick, and scarcely able to speak with emotion. "My lady, you hear this! You hear how bold the young lady has become. Never before did I hear such language from her. Fear! Cowardice! I a coward—I, who—"

"There, there, good Florence," said the countess, "that will do. Natalie looks to no one but myself. She shall go along with me. Attend you to the preparations for our journey, and be quick about it."

The old domestic went away grumbling to himself; and Leonie's young daughter turned to her mother smiling, but with a certain severity in her air.

"The gnats must have been stinging this good man. To think that, after all my anxiety and trouble about poor Julian, I must not be one of the first to meet and embrace him! Then to say I am impertinent and—"

"Well, well, child," said the countess, "say nothing more about it. And if you would be respected do not wrangle with old Florence. . . . Go and arrange your trunks."

"Shall I bring one for Julian, mother? I had better get him a complete outfit, that he may at

once have a change of wardrobe. It is necessary to bring one; God knows in what dress the poor fellow will appear."

"Ah! you mischievous little one. Now, don't you really think you can beguile your mother up to the last moment? Do as you desire. Take with you what you please. But do pray, my child—pray to God that your brother may be still alive."

The good, pious girl felt a remorse for her anger with Florence. Before going to prepare for the journey she went to see him and ask his pardon. Florence was completely soothed, and, clasping his hands, said:

"I know, I know, my dear young mistress, that it is only your love for my young master that made you so unusually severe on me. You were always a good angel! Had Master Julian been like you what pain and trouble would he not have spared us! Our dear Lady Leonie is gone to a shadow. She is a mere skeleton. But such is life!"

On Monday, by the noonday train, they left for Biella. On the next day they were at Borgomanero. The chevalier deliberated with himself as to what action he would take—whether he would confine his search for Julian to the environs, or employ some faithful and sturdy peasant to cross the frontier, visit the Garibaldian troops, make enquiries, and return with information about Julian and his comrade. The latter proposition pleased Leonie. It was more congenial with the longing desires of the mother's heart. She went, then, on Wednesday to Arona, the nearest village to the frontier; and

our readers are already aware of how the courageous messenger executed his part.

The man agreed, in undertaking the task, to be back in two days exactly, unless detained by violence. Words could not express the anguish, the agony of suspense under which the poor countess suffered in the meantime. The touching letter she sent her son could give no idea of it; what pen, then, could describe the state of her soul when the evening appointed for the peasant's return brought her, in his stead, the news of the battle of Varese? The struggle in her soul between fear and hope and suspense was such as gave her no repose. No power on earth could quiet her disturbed feelings. At first she had hoped that Julian had crossed the frontier with his regiment under Garibaldi. But since this unfortunate engagement she desired quite the reverse. She imagined him a wanderer among the neighboring mountains, lost and abandoned in their defiles, exhausted and perishing from hunger, exposure, and fatigue in some gorge or lone dell—anywhere, in fact, if he were only sheltered from the bullets of the Austrians. None but a mother can read and understand the agony and torture of this poor heart.

The good-natured chevalier and Florence returned on the morning of the 28th inst., and they strove to raise her drooping spirit by kind, encouraging words; for Leonie was worn to a shadow from the intense mental anxiety she endured. They told her that the current rumors seemed to imply that the Chasseurs of the Alps had not taken any part in

the recent battle. But Leonie turned a deaf ear to all consolation. She was prepared for the worst, and now despaired of any good news. Her reply to them was: "Cease, I beg of you, and do not repeat to me any more of these illusions of yours. I am not like you. I am a mother; I have a mother's feelings. These constant disappointments will be the death of me. I have given over all hope."

"Look here, mother! See! he comes. He is on the stairs!" cried Natalie, bursting into the room and throwing herself hysterically into her mother's arms.

Leonie felt as one waking from a dream.

"Who? Who comes?" cried they all with one voice.

"He!" cried Natalie. "The messenger sent to Julian. There he is!"

And in fact the peasant did present himself, hat in hand, and advanced with a low and respectful bow to the countess.

"Well?" said the chevalier interrogatively.

"Well, I have found him," said the peasant.

"Whom?" cried the countess. "Julian? Have you found my boy?"

"No, indeed! not yet, my lady," said the messenger, "but one of the Garibaldians, named Rupert."*

"Good! good!" cried Natalie, as she leaned on the chevalier's arm; for she felt as if she was about to faint.

"He lives," cried the poor mother fervently. "Blessed be Jesus, my Redeemer!"

* Julian's assumed name in the army.

A moment of hesitation and silence followed. The good countess strove to recollect herself and think. Her natural color came again to the cheek of Natalie. Florence stood motionless as a statue, with his eyes wide open, and resting both hands on the marble mantelpiece. The chevalier smiled with an air of triumph as he stood bending and twisting the cane in his hand. All eyes were fixed on the messenger, who, not knowing how he could explain the cause of his delay, fumbled in his pockets for something ; and at length he drew forth a little scroll that Julian had confided to him, and handed it respectfully, as he had been instructed to do, to the countess, and a packet to her daughter.

"A letter ! . . ." exclaimed the mother anxiously, as she put out her hand to take it.

"And a present from my brother for me," cried Natalie with no less emotion.

In an epistle to a young lady friend, a few days after this, Natalie describes thus the feelings of her mother and herself :

". . . I regret that the note written in lead-pencil by Julian from Solbiate has been mislaid. It contained but a few lines, but lines expressive of such deep feeling that mother was so much moved that she could not read them through. . . . They have been the greatest consolation to her. . . . He informs us, among other things, that he received our letters and portraits, sent him from Chambery, and that he has kissed them a hundred times a day. . . . What a heart Julian has ! He speaks sorrowfully of a certain Augustus who died in his

arms at Varese ; and in a postscript of three lines to me he thanks me for some medals I sent him, and sends me the compliments of a dear young friend, Maso, who is now suffering from a wound. . . . He has certainly good reason to congratulate himself. . . . He sent me, rolled up in a paper, a bullet that lodged in his hat. . . . We had it encased in gold and hung up along with one of my rings, as a votive offering, in the Church of ——.

"When mother and I read the letter we made many enquiries of the brave countryman who had acted as our messenger. We desired then at all hazards to enter Lombardy and join my brother at Como. . . . The chevalier said this was entirely out of the question, and that we must abandon the idea. He assured mother that in a few days the French would have possession of Milan, so that she determined at once to return towards Turin, and wait at Varese until the road to Lombardy would become safer to travel on. It was a happy return ; and mother, although still anxious and worried, was much consoled.

"Of my own feelings I shall not speak now. . . . When we came to Chivasso we heard of the victory of Palestro. . . . And who should greet our arrival at our hotel in Turin but Uncle James. He was there before us ; but where was Julian ? Poor Maso and my poor brother ! . . . I cannot think of them without tears coming to my eyes. He sent us the card of Mr. Leopold. This gentleman, from his family name, turned out to be the father of Maso."

CHAPTER XXXV.

MONTEBELLO.

THE very first step taken, as we have shown, by Marshal Giulay in his occupation of the country was fatal to his cause; and we have seen how, from an ingenious and varied movement against the Sardinian capital, he suddenly assumes the defensive. Instead of falling on the enemy when they were as yet scattered, cutting them off as they arrived in their isolated detachments, and so completely putting them to rout, Giulay wasted almost a month, thus allowing them to collect in their strength. He squandered this time in fatiguing his troops on the roads and passes that approached the long and narrow tongue of land over which he ruled supreme.

The French all this time were daily arriving to the support of the Subalpine forces. They came in two separate detachments. One, under Marshal Baraguey d'Hilliers, occupied Liguria; the other, commanded by Marshal Canrobert, extended its lines from Turin to Alessandria. This corps was to sustain the Piedmontese under their king, and who lay encamped behind the line of country between Casal, Valenza, and Bassignana. But soon a new

order had to be taken; so many French battalions poured down into Piedmont from the passes of Mont Cenis and from the landings on the Genoese river; and Napoleon, who determined to take the chief command of the allied armies, suddenly appeared on the scene.

He arrived out in the roads of Genoa on the 12th May in the magnificent steamer, the *Queen Hortense*. The waters of the bay were resplendent that morning with the countless yachts, gondolas, row-boats, yawls, schooners, and vessels of every kind in the gayest colors. They were decked out with flags and streamers of every color—green, blue, red, white—and the splendid and brilliant confusion was heightened when passing and repassing, going and returning; and crushing one against the other as they rounded the imperial vessel, they literally covered the waters with roses and lilies and green branches. The thunderings of the cannon and the joyous acclamations of the populace saluted the emperor's entry into port. As the emperor's carriage, with its rich and sumptuous trappings, passed rapidly through the streets, the garlands and flowers fell on it in a heavy mass. Nor was there an end to the public rejoicing and banqueting, illuminations and fireworks, and loud acclamations of the people, until Napoleon III. set out for Alessandria.

From the time of the arrival of the French emperor in this city the allied forces—Franco-Sardinians—began a gradual and regular movement towards the inactive Austrian army. They turned

the supine inactivity of Giulay to good account; for, taking advantage of it, they drew up in line of battle along the banks of the Sesia and the Po, so that from Vercelli to Voghera they made a formidable semicircle. This intrepid and ingenious movement enabled them to change their tactics from the defensive and to assume the offensive. And now the Austrian general, through his own fault and neglect, was surrounded on all sides, and saw that there was nothing for him but to try and keep back the enemy from entering Lombardy. But now Giulay's difficulty was to find where, being concealed, they sought to effect a passage and land the formidable forces on the opposite bank, so he must reconnoitre the enemy's position and draw him from his cover.

With this object in view General Stadion was despatched to take vigorous action against the more advanced French columns, which, from their position at Voghera, held the road to Placentia. Giulay intended this to be simply a reconnoitring affair, and not a regular engagement, yet he sent the detachments under Hurban and Baumgartner and Boër's brigade, in all 20,000 men, with their proper complement of artillery, to support Stadion.

The vanguard of General Stadion showed a front that extended over a German league. On the afternoon of the 20 h of May he opened a vigorous assault on the outposts of General Forey and a detachment of Piedmontese cavalry that lay on the outskirts of Montebello, above Casteggio. General

Hurban commanded the attack, and so violent and sweeping was the charge that the French and Sardinian forces were driven before it, followed up, pursued beyond the village of Montebello, and were not allowed to rest until they reached Genestrello, and even here they were in great danger of being cut down or surrounded and captured. General Forey, seeing this danger, hurried up from Voghera with his regulars and some pieces of artillery. With this he managed to check the pursuit and gain time for assistance to reach him by the railroad from Tortona. When they arrived a lively engagement began at Genestrello. Hurban was able to oppose and overwhelm Forey's 6,000 men with 11,000, and then fall back on Stadion as a reserve at Montebello; yet he only put 7,000 into the field. After a desperate struggle of an hour and a half, during which his gallant troops sustained with intrepidity the many furious charges of the French, each charge seeming, if possible, more vigorous than the former, he resolved to fall back on Montebello. But here Stadion committed the very same blunder as Hurban. He had twenty battalions at his disposition, and only allowed nine of them to engage. The allied forces then charged them with ten battalions and drove them beyond the village.

The Austrian commander-in-chief sounded a retreat at sunset, and his troops retired past Casteggio, closely pressed by General Forey. He afterwards said that his reason for this movement was that the French were then getting reinforcements

on the arrival of the forces of Bazaine, Hautemare, and Ladmirault. And, indeed, if the allies did again take the positions from which they had been driven, it was somehow or other at a heavy loss. For, according to the Austrian returns, what between dead, wounded, and prisoners, but one thousand three hundred of their men were missing, while the Sardinians and French lost over one thousand men. Victory seemed ever on the side of the allies, and their unequal numbers gained a genuine respect with the Austrians for their valor.

Napoleon knew well how to turn this to good account. He resolved suddenly to occupy Novara; then, by a rapid wheel on his flank, to force the passage of the Ticino, and fall like a thunderbolt on Milan. To render this daring enterprise a success before Giulay had time to rally, the Austrians must be allowed to remain under the impression that it was the emperor's idea to invest the fortifications on the lower Ticino and its confluent; and it was with this object that the two army divisions under Baraguey and MacMahon respectively were delayed on the outskirts of Montebello, Casteggio, and Voghera, for when Marshal Giulay saw the French concentrate their forces here, he was convinced that their next effort would be made from that direction. And the more completely to deceive him, Napoleon threw across pontoons at various bends in the two rivers, especially lower down the river Po near Cersvesina. Nothing then was more evident to the Austrian commander than that the whole and united efforts of the allied armies were

to be centred there against their terrible fortifications with their formidable artillery.

So, on the morning of the 28th inst., the French and Sardinians, under a well-affected guise of mystery, made a half-circuit to the left and began every necessary preparation to cross the Po at Casal and the Sesia at Vercelli, and thus effect an inroad on the plains at that extremity of Lombardy. The Austrian marshal had simply done them a service by his evacuation of Vercelli eight days previously, on the very day of the battle of Montebello.

To the Piedmontese was entrusted the passage of the Sesia, and, though with much bloodshed, how bravely they fought and carried it, led on as they were by their king, is a matter of history. They took Palestro, which is the key to all the other passes between Novara and Montaro. And to hold this post against the Austrians, who were bound to retake it, they stretched every nerve. Again and again did the Austrians come up to the charge with a formidable resolution from Vinzaglio, from Cusalino, and from Cinfienza.

In the second engagement, which took place on the 31st inst., the Third Regiment of French Zouaves was all but completely annihilated. These brave troops dashed forward under a heavy fire of grapeshot, with their heads lowered, that they might draw off the deadly fire of the Austrian artillery that was mowing down the battalions of Victor Emanuel. There can be no doubt but that the lives of the so-called "heroes of Palestro" were saved by the sacrifice of these five hundred Zouaves,

and not merely that, but even the positions captured the evening before by the Piedmontese.

But it is now time to return to the little thicket where we left our two young friends, and for the moment forget the army of the allies.

After a period of anxiety and bewilderment Julian began calmly to consider what action he had better take amid these painful circumstances. After reflecting for some time he drew nearer his comrade, who was stretched upon the sward apparently lifeless. His face was pale and motionless as marble, a half-melancholy smile lingered on his colorless lips, and the breeze gently tossed the locks of his silken hair. After having contemplated him for some time Julian knelt down softly beside him, and, tenderly lifting his head from its improvised pillow, rested it on his left arm.

"My dear Maso," he cried, "tell me what I can do for you. I would go to some of the neighboring houses in search of assistance, but how could I leave you here alone?"

Maso opened his eyes, gazed tenderly at his friend for a moment, and murmured:

"I feel that I am dying. Where are we?"

"We are in a small wood."

"Oh! do not let me die in the woods like an outcast. Go immediately and procure assistance, if at all possible."

Julian forthwith hastened to perform his friend's request, though it was with much reluctance and pain that he could persuade himself to leave him alone in his present melancholy condition. He was,

indeed, more deeply attached to Maso than if he had been his brother. From his first acquaintance with him his absorbing dream was to bring about the union of Maso and Natalie, and now even this project seemed to disappear, as did so many other dearly-cherished hopes.

To the right of this little wood the ground gently sloped to the far-spreading meadow below. Scattered trees and thick-tangled shrubbery extended for some distance in the direction of a cross-road. Across this declivity Julian bounded, and in a few moments arrived at a gate opening on the main road. Luckily, Julian at this instant met a peasant driving an ox-cart lazily along. The driver stopped short at Julian's demand, and, notwithstanding the suspicions naturally begotten in his mind at sight of a Garibaldian's uniform, he listened patiently to the young man's story, agreed to accompany him to his friend's presence, and endeavor to remove him to some place where he could be properly cared and attended to. The vehicle was again put in motion, and after proceeding a full mile at least they arrived at a small country house.

An aged woman was busily engaged in spinning inside the door, and two little children were playfully splashing around in a horse-pond without. On being asked if she would not afford shelter to two Garibaldians the good old lady grew very embarrassed and replied :

"But I am left here all alone to take care of those children ; the rest of the family are gone to

Bergamo to be present at a wedding festival, and will not return till to-morrow. The Austrians occupy the whole country, and search every house they come across. To give lodgings to two Garibaldians! Why, gracious! only think of the consequences. If you are found you will be shot, and I— Oh! no; go away. I could not entertain the idea for an instant."

Thereupon Julian drew forth a handful of glittering gold pieces from his pocket, shook them before her, and this very simple artifice seemed to act on the frightened old dame with a marvellously soothing effect.

After having liberally rewarded the driver, Julian, with his assistance, helped Maso from the wagon and laid him on a bed in a room, pointed out to them by their hostess, on the ground floor. The peasant went on his way, and Julian remained beside his friend to afford him comfort and minister to his wants.

Liberata—for such was the good old lady's name—earnestly implored Julian to conceal his musket underneath the stairway. He readily consented on beholding the half-jubilant, half-suspicious look of his good hostess. Before evening she had prepared everything at her disposal calculated to add to Maso's comfort. The latter, after a time, asked for a drink of fresh water, the only nourishment he could be induced to take, and anxiously enquired where he was.

For more than an hour the sound of musketry was heard in the distance without a moment's in-

terruption, which seemed to come from the village of Cavallasca, and reverberated among the surrounding hills and valleys. The peasants throughout the neighborhood were seized with affright. Julian comprehended in the twinkling of an eye that the Austrians and the Chasseurs of the Alps were engaged.

In vain did he endeavor to calm the old lady's fears; she bolted the door, barricaded the windows, and remained nestled in a corner with the children, wondering and dreading what each moment would bring.

Julian informed his friend—who desired to call to his presence the parish priest and doctor, both of whom lived some three miles distant—that their forces and the enemy were engaged in battle hard by, and that no one would venture out without incurring a deadly risk, and added:

"I will go at daybreak myself, cost what it may. Besides, you seem to me to be much improved."

"Julian, I feel that I am dying," answered Maso in the feeblest tone. "It were impossible to imagine how I suffer. And the most intense pain of all is to die alone and uncared for in this desolate place."

"But I am fully convinced there is no danger of you, at least not to-night."

"Oh! what will mother say on learning of my untimely and melancholy death?—she who loved me with such ineffable love. In her youth her life was an unbroken martyrdom, and my death will now send her in sorrow to the grave."

After a brief si'ence Maso continued :

"Julian, you can never conceive how deeply I feel your constant kindness towards me. My only remaining consolation is that I die in your arms. I beg you not to neglect to inform my parents of my death and the spot where I am laid. Tell them that my last thought was of them, and that I died at peace with all mankind."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JULIAN'S UNCLE.

In the latter part of May the Count James set out for Turin. The Countess Leonie, his sister-in-law, and Natalie were agreeably surprised, on their return from Arona, to meet him at their hotel. His arrival occasioned the greatest happiness, and the evening of Tuesday, 31st May, was spent amid pleasure and rejoicing. Leonie, who had grown quite hopeful since receiving the note from Solbiate, was assured by the Chevalier Eugene that she could, after the lapse of a few days, enter Lombardy and effect the liberation of her son. This welcome intelligence dissipated the cloud of despair that hung heavily on her mind, and so revivified and encouraged her that, but for the pensive and melancholy air she assumed betimes, one would scarcely have recognized her. Still, the cruel traces of suffering were imprinted on her brow, and her languid and listless look from time to time recalled the rude trials she had sustained. Her daughter, who, like all persons of her years, pushed all her feelings to excess, had changed hope into absolute certainty. She appeared so jubilant and gay that

her uncle half suspected that Julian had really returned with them to Turin, and that they concealed his return in order to surprise him.

But this suspicion vanished when he beheld the visiting card of Mr. Leopold presented to the countess, and heard her express her regret that that gentleman had left Turin. The family name imprinted on the card led Leonie to believe that Leopold was none other than Maso's father.

"When did he leave?" enquired the countess, addressing one of the servants standing by.

"The day before yesterday, about noon, madame."

"And why in the world did he not wait till we returned?"

"Madame, he was very anxious to find out the exact time you would come back, but I was unable to give him any definite information. He was likewise very eager to know your object in coming to Turin; but I did not deem it proper to give a stranger any intelligence anent other people's business. On Sunday last he entered my room, and, with troubled look, informed me that his wife was stricken down by a severe attack of fever, and that he had just received a despatch calling him home to Tuscany immediately. He then gave me his card, and in haste withdrew."

"Poor man!" exclaimed the countess with emotion, "how I sympathize with him! Two evils at once—his wife dangerously ill, and his son in Garibaldi's army."

"Yes, and wounded too," added Natalie in a

tremulous voice. "Julian told us that he was very anxious about his recovery."

"If Mr. Leopold had but left us his address, we could have written him," answered the countess in a disappointed tone.

"And what could we say to him? It is much better that he has gone away without seeing us, since we could give him but the melancholy news of his son's critical condition."

The countess now took leave of the servant, and resumed her conversation with her brother-in-law on the same endless subject, and with more than her usual sensibility.

Julian's uncle had not, as the reader may readily conceive, left the Romagna and hurried to Turin on a mere pleasure trip. Observing that Leonie's absence was indefinitely prolonged, and that, too, to no purpose; fearing that the mother or daughter might meantime succumb to the fatigue and trouble and disappointment they had to encounter, he determined to undertake the task of accomplishing Julian's liberation himself, and inducing the two ladies to return home. However, he did not communicate his intentions in this regard till the following morning, pretending, meantime, that his sole object in coming to Turin was to see the countess and Natalie, and assure himself that the latter had completely recovered from her recent attack of illness at Chambery.

"Well, do you not find her entirely recovered?" asked the countess before retiring to her apartment.

"I cannot say that I do," he answered somewhat nervously; "she appears to me very careworn and feeble, and she has lost her former vivacity and healthful aspect."

"That is quite true," answered the mother with a deep sigh. "I have for some time back observed a great change coming over her, and I know not what remedy to apply. The physicians see her every day, and assure me that nothing is the matter with her. That faintness and depression you have remarked are the effects of fatigue, want of sleep, and continued grief. Poor girl! a thorn has entered her heart. How could you expect her to appear otherwise under such melancholy circumstances?"

"And you, too, madame, you are wasting away like a candle. You are so changed! Why, you appear ten years older than when you left home."

"Oh! do not be uneasy about me," answered Leonie; "I feel very well, and if God, in his goodness, but restore Julian to my arms, you will soon say that I appear twenty years younger. And Natalie, too, will soon resume her wonted gayety and strength."

"Well, I hope so; but I sincerely wish both of you would take a little rest. You must be completely exhausted from all your runnings here and there, in heat and cold, and lodging in places very often void of every accommodation and comfort. But we will talk of all this to-morrow. Good-night."

Count James thereupon took a light and retired to his room.

"Mother," asked Natalie, who just then came in, "what did uncle say about me? I heard him mention my name as I passed."

"He wishes you to take plenty of rest and not be so fidgety. Go to your room now, sleep well, and may Heaven bless you, my child!"

"Did he speak about bringing me home again?"

"Not at all. What in the world put that idea into your head?"

"Florence told me that uncle had come here to bring me home."

"I wish Florence would hold his tongue. You will always remain with your mother. And now retire to your room, offer up a prayer for Julian, and go to sleep."

Count James was a man of great force of character and singularly impulsive. Of excitable temper and imperious disposition, he could brook no opposition. Woe betide those rash enough to gainsay him! But after the first impulse of passion had passed away he would grow suddenly calm, acknowledge his fault, and beg pardon of even the humblest he might have offended. The Countess Leonie understood perfectly the eccentricities and temperament of her brother-in-law, who, apart from this, was endowed with excellent qualities. His honesty, generosity, and kindness more than amply atoned for his hasty disposition and irritable temper. In her relations with him regarding all matters of importance she acted with *finesse* and sagacity, never abruptly contradicting

him, giving him, like a skittish horse, so much rein that he would end by obeying the slightest sign. Hence, when the countess could not agree with him, especially in everything relating to the interests of Julian and Natalie, she had to act with great adroitness, weigh well her words, and humbly lay aside the stately air which so well became her when dealing with her children.

On the following morning, June 1, whether by accident or by a supreme effort of self-control, Count James informed the countess in the most amiable manner possible that he was determined to take her place in searching for Julian. He met all her objections and parryings with such a quiet dignity and calm firmness of purpose that the countess, in presence of that unexpected coolness and invincible persistence, lost courage and remained silent. But after a few brief moments she resumed the discussion, and, waxing warm as she proceeded, so far forgot herself as to lose her temper, and even use sharp and bitter words. The count, who likewise felt his temper rising, chafed uneasily, but managed to suppress the tempest ready to burst forth.

"Let us speak no more about it," he finally retorted in a harsh and angry tone; "I did not make this long journey for the purpose of controlling or irritating you. Yes, madame, you are at perfect liberty to go where it pleases you, and I do not pretend to exercise or possess the slightest authority over you. Act as you deem proper; lose your life from the effects of fatigue, if you

will, and leave your children helpless orphans ; but recollect that, if you are their mother, I am their uncle and their guardian. I shall not allow you to wear out Natalie and weary her to death. You may, I repeat, do as you please with yourself ; but I will start this very evening with my niece and bring her home. Her aunt will receive her with open arms, and bestow on her that care denied by her mother by the promptings of a false affection."

"What ! take my child away in spite of me ?" exclaimed the countess, livid with emotion and anger. "Why, you must be crazy ; I will prevent any attempt to do so with my latest breath."

"Leonie ! for Heaven's sake be reasonable ; do not abuse my patience for ever. I am talking sound sense and giving you good advice ; and yet you insult me. But, knowing that it is the result of a fond mother's love, I pardon you. I understand your condition, and sympathize with you sincerely. It pains me deeply, I assure you, to be compelled to adopt such severe measures; but you know perfectly well there is not the slightest necessity to be thus wearing your life away and sending this poor child to her grave when I have come purposely to search for Julian and bring him home. You know that he is no less dear to me than to you."

This mild and just rebuke caused the countess to reflect, and, after a few moments' silence, she rose hastily from her seat and quitted the apartment.

The count, not yet in the best of humor, re-

mained buried in his huge arm-chair, absorbed in anxious thought. After meditating for a considerable time he rang the bell and brusquely ordered the servant to tell Natalie to come to his presence at once. The girl, totally unconscious of the discussion that had just taken place, entered the room with a quiet, respectful air, and approached him.

"How do you do, uncle?" she asked with a charming smile.

"Very well, my darling. Sit down on the sofa here for a moment. I hope you are well to-day."

"Perfectly, uncle."

"Did you rest well last night?"

"Yes, splendidly."

"But why are you looking so pale? You seem on the verge of the grave."

"Oh! that's nothing; I never think of it. But tell me, uncle, when shall we start for Vercelli? We hoped to go there from Verona, but it was impossible, as all the roads were occupied by the soldiers. Florence told me last night that the Austrians had evacuated Vercelli, so that the Garibaldians may be there now. Don't you think so?"

"O you foolish child! the Garibaldians are more than fifty miles beyond, and surrounded by the Austrians, who hold all the roads."

"Dear me! and why did Florence tell me such a thing?"

"Ah! the good man studies his geography in the kitchen, and studies it upside down at that.

But tell me, would you like to come and take a short promenade with your uncle this morning?"

"I think mamma wishes me to accompany her to the Church of the Consolata and assist at Mass."

"But you can spare a few moments first in taking a walk among the fashionable shops of Turin, and see if there be anything there that may strike your fancy. What do you wish me to purchase for you? I have five hundred francs here which I purpose expending on you."

"My dear uncle, nothing that you could get can afford me the slightest pleasure till we find Julian. The most acceptable present you could bestow on mother and me were to bring us immediately to Vercelli, and to-morrow to follow closely the rear-guard of the French forces. At Chambery mamma made the acquaintance of several French generals, all gentlemen of extraordinary politeness, and I am convinced that some of them will enable us to arrive at the position occupied by Garibaldi."

"Ah! you are talking foolishly, my dear. But you couldn't guess the idea that has just come to my mind. You have not as yet seen Louis, that little cousin of yours who made his bow to the world just three days after your departure from home."

"Oh! how I long to see him; aunt and you have written such wonders about him to us."

"You cannot imagine how lovely he is. Why not come and see him? You require a little recreation now after your long and wearying journey."

"Certainly; my brother and I will be delighted

to go home with you. Let us first find Julian and bring him away from the Garibaldians; then we shall all set out for home, and I will then soon embrace your charming little Louis. May I go and tell mamma to prepare to start at once?"

Scarce had Natalie asked the question when the door was violently flung open. The countess, holding a newspaper in her hand, entered the room and in a paroxysm of grief shrieked out:

"O James! Julian is dead—yes, surely dead."

"O God!" gasped Natalie, and fell motionless on her uncle's neck.

"Look you here," continued Leonie, addressing the count, holding out the paper in her hand.

Count James remained for an instant as if petrified. For a space neither uttered a word. It were vain to endeavor to describe the agony of that moment.

"What is the matter?" cried the count as he tenderly raised Natalie in his arms. "What did you say? Julian dead?"

"Yes, I am sure he is dead," sobbed Leonie. "Look at the morning paper that has just been handed me. Read that despatch."

The count seized the journal with nervous grasp, and in a tremulous voice read the following lines:

"*Ministry of the Interior.—War Bulletin No.* 54.

"TURIN, May 28, A.M.

"The following despatch of the Royal Commissary Visconte Venosta has arrived to-night by the Swiss line: 'General Garibaldi has occupied the position of San Fermo. His troops terribly

cut up. Several officers killed and wounded. Continuing the attack, our troops have entered Como. The city illuminated and given over to rejoicing. The enemy is still at Camerlata.'"

"Why, there is no mention of Julian in this."

"But, merciful God! it is impossible, it is impossible that Julian can have escaped in this new and terrible engagement."

The count stared at Leonie for a moment, with a look of mingled indignation and compassion, and then, turning to his niece, said:

"Never mind, this is only another freak of fancy on the part of your mother."

Natalie, as if waking from a dream, seized her uncle's hand and exclaimed

"You will not deceive me; you will tell me the truth, will you not?"

After a thousand assurances the countess and her daughter yielded to the arguments of Count James, who endeavored to persuade them that they were but the victims of a groundless fear. He agreed to start immediately by the Swiss line, and not to return without his nephew; on the condition, however, that on the following morning Leonie and Natalie would start for Genoa. This condition Leonie submitted to with great reluctance, notwithstanding the pleading of Chevalier Eugene, who, meantime, had appeared on the scene. It was accordingly agreed that on the evening of the same day the count would hasten toward the Alps, and that the two ladies, on the following morning, would take the train for the Ligurian frontier.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CAMELLIAS.

About four o'clock on the afternoon of the same day the Count James and his sister-in-law conversed together in the parlor, while Natalie, in an adjoining chamber, prepared Julian's trunk, which her uncle purposed adding to his baggage. As she performed her task the tears fell fast from her eyes —the most precious offering of a loving heart.

The conversation between James and the countess turned very naturally on his proposed journey. What route would he take to arrive safe and speedily at Como? What joy he would experience on beholding Julian, and restoring him to his family safe and well! The countenance of James beamed with delight at his having persuaded the countess and her daughter to return home and enjoy the repose they so sorely needed. Leonie, on the contrary, agitated by different and frequently opposite emotions, revealed in her every glance the barb that rankled in her heart.

"Well, have you any other instructions or orders to give me?" asked the count, who, observing the hesitation and embarrassment of Leonie, wished to encourage her to speak her thoughts.

"No, none, except to entreat you for the hundredth time to treat Julian with the greatest mildness and consideration; to receive him with every mark of tenderness, to act towards him as a father, or as a mother rather, since you take my place for the time being."

"As to that you may make your mind easy; I will restore him to your arms crowned with roses."

"Poor boy!" exclaimed the countess, in a sad, half-listless tone.

"Take matters easy, please. If Julian had not been so headstrong, bold, and haughty, all this trouble would have been spared us. The fault is his, and his alone. We shall agree to forget all that, however. But it would never do to go into his presence beating our breasts and crying out, 'Mea culpa!' for having reprimanded and punished him as he deserved."

"No, no, James, do not, for heaven's sake, touch that chord! You should not say a word regarding the past—should not even allude to it. Let him think that he is right in everything he says; impress on him that his mother still loves and esteems him as ever, and that she believes he was entirely innocent."

"Ha! that sounds well. You are talking seriously, of course?" added the count with a grim smile.

"What else can I say? To be candid, I scarce know what to think. If you but knew the strife that rends my soul! Julian, on the one hand,

protests vehemently in his letters that that foolish idea never came into his mind; and, on the other hand, I have all the indications and proofs that you know, and which seem calculated to convince any one to the contrary. It is a tangled skein, which, do what I may, I am unable to unravel."

"Wonderful indeed! But it seems to me that an excessive love on your part dims your intelligence and blunts your faculty of penetration. It is either a positive fact, or it is not, that for a long time Julian always came home with a bunch of flowers, under the hollow pretext of presenting them to his sister."

"Alas! it is but too true."

"Is it or is it not certain that he got those flowers from Beatrice; that Bernard, the lady's father, informed you that Julian entertained a special regard for her; and that he even spoke of asking her hand in marriage? And did not a multitude of other persons besides inform you that Julian was in the habit of visiting frequently Bernard's shop?"

"Yes; but Julian, whom I have never known to tell an untruth, indignantly denies having ever entertained such a thought as he was accused of; and only the other day, in his note from Solbiate, he positively affirms that he plucked the camellias with his own hand or received them from Bernard; that he saw Beatrice but very rarely, and never exchanged words with her in his life. How, then, can I doubt such a positive and plain declaration by such a virtuous and dutiful son?"

The count replied in a half-derisive, half-angry tone:

"How very simple you are! You do not seem to reflect that from the month of December to the month of March Julian never dreamt of offering any denial to those repeated accusations. But now that he has disgraced his family by turning bandit, he tries to justify his action, pours out a flood of indignant eloquence, and undertakes to show that we all were but fools and dreamers. The impertinent scamp!"

"James, I do not want to hear you use such harsh language. Do not, I entreat you, give way to your too hasty temper."

"No, no; I am not in the least angry; I am cool as can be. But then there are some things which would excite the indignation of a saint, and this late piece of impudence on Julian's part is one of them."

"Just listen to me for a moment," replied the countess, who used every effort to appease Count James, who seemed to be in anything but good humor. "While he did not expressly make mention to Don Egidio of the offence of which he was accused, Julian, nevertheless, contended always that he was unjustly blamed. And when you yourself so severely rebuked him, did he not deny the accusation by the bitter tears he shed?"

"Yes, yes; but we want some more substantial proof than tears. Why did he refuse to utter a word? Was he tongue-tied?"

"He did not speak, for he knew very well you

would not listen to him. Besides he is, as you know, of a proud and haughty disposition, and, being at war with us all at the time, he would not satisfy us to act a humble part. He is, when his pride is touched, the very counterpart of his father, and has a little dash of your own temper besides."

"But with you, at least, he should speak frankly and without reserve. Julian was always ardently attached to you, could not let a moment pass without hanging on your apron-strings. How, then, did he all at once lose confidence in you? How is it that he studiously seized every occasion to slight you for three months—three whole months? Ah! my dear Leonie, you cannot persuade me that there was nothing wrong. If he but yielded to his whims in this matter, his conduct would be pardonable, however. But to rush into the jaws of death because we sought to prevent him from ruining all his future prospects! You may believe him as innocent as a babe, if it pleases you, but I frankly assure you that I don't believe any such thing."

"Do not be so hasty, I repeat. Assuredly I have no interest in palliating Julian's errors, nor do I offer any excuse for his rebelling against me as he did. I know full well the grief and anguish of heart he has caused me. Still, after all, the more I reflect on it the more am I convinced that he never for a moment conceived the idea of marrying that young lady. It is impossible. Moreover, on being ordered by you to visit Bernard's shop no more, he immediately obeyed; of that I have absolute certainty. True, he disobeyed me on one occasion;

but I presume he did it for the purpose of bringing me the camellias which, not thinking any danger would be incurred, I asked him to procure for me. How foolish I was I have since discovered by—"

"That's all right," interrupted the count; "but why entertain such a furious hate against you? Why should he come to me to liberate him from your control, and boast that he would never more have the slightest intercourse with you?"

"Oh! that too can be readily understood, if he be only judged with the indulgence he deserves."

"Indulgence the deuce! What indulgence can be extended to such conduct as that?"

"Julian having learned from you on that occasion when you reprimanded him so harshly that I had complained of him and denounced him to you, he doubtless thought, as he was perfectly blameless, that I had unjustly maligned him. He therefore grew morose and taciturn, and shunned my very presence. Moreover, for three weeks consecutively I was unreasonably severe with him, and capped the climax by snubbing him that evening in presence of all the company. What wonder, then, that a youth of his fiery and impulsive character should give himself up to the promptings of pride and anger, and hurry on blindly to ruin? The more I reflect on it the keener grows the sting of remorse, for I fear that, by the exercise of excessive rigor in dealing with him, I plunged him, before I could realize the result of my action, into the abyss of destruction. And now I need never expect to see him more!"

Overcome with emotion, she could say no more; and the count, moved by the agony of soul she endured, gently replied:

"Yes, yes; you will see him again before many days. There is not the slightest ground for apprehension."

"I shall see him again, you say. But what if he has been slain at San Fermo?"

"Not the slightest danger; you always look at the melancholy side of everything."

"Oh! you cannot understand a mother's affections. You can never conceive the anguish I endured. And you are astonished to see me wasting away. Indeed, the wonder is that I am living at at all. O count! I supplicate you, by all that is most dear to us both, if you find Julian, to treat him with the greatest tenderness, and restore him to my arms happy and delighted. Let there be no reproaches, no recriminations, no allusions; nothing but gentleness and kindness. I exact this promise of you."

"I repeat for the hundredth time that you may make your mind easy on that head. I will overwhelm him with kindness. Think you that I have not as much affection for him as I ought?"

"By the bye," added the countess quickly, "I must give you a note to him; I shall have it ready in a few moments." And as she spoke she passed into her own apartment.

Shortly after they partook of dinner, and Count James took leave of Leonie and daughter. He started directly for Domadossola, whence crossing the

Swiss frontier by the valleys of Vigezzo and Luserone, he thought to arrive at Como, and reach the encampment of the Chasseurs of the Alps.

On the following morning Leonie, Natalie, and Florence bade farewell to Chevalier Eugene and took the train for Genoa. Madame Clotilda, in her kindness, insisted on accompanying the countess to Alessandria, where she pretended to be called on important business.

"Adieu, Turin!" exclaimed Natalie sadly, as the train moved out of the station. "How much happier were we on arriving within your walls than we are in departing from them now!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AGNES.

Our three travellers engaged a drawing-room car for themselves exclusively, as they desired quiet and seclusion. Madame Clotilda was seated between the countess and her daughter, the waiting-maid and Florence sat opposite, the latter so situated as to be able to pour out his flood of warlike talk to Natalie, as was his wont. The battle of Palestro, the details of which filled all the papers, offered him an exhaustless subject of conversation.

The first part of the journey was passed in almost unbroken silence. The countess was dejected, discouraged, melancholy, scarce able to contain her pent-up grief. To return home without her son seemed to her like a descent into the tomb. Natalie, equally disconsolate, kept her eyes fixed on the pages of a book which she tried in vain to read. Florence meantime was busy turning over the leaves of a bundle of newspapers placed on his knees, and, what with his ominous head-shakings and exclamations of wonder, soon excited Natalie's curiosity.

Leonie, after a lengthy spell of silence, wishing to divert her attention from melancholy thoughts

and dark forebodings, entered into conversation with Madame Clotilda in French, while Florence undertook in the most grandiloquent style to enlighten Natalie on the subject of the war. The two ladies were soon chatting in a very familiar manner on a variety of subjects. In her relations with Clotilda the countess had perceived that she carried hidden in her soul some melancholy secret, for joy and gayety seemed to have utterly forsaken her. Even when she most tried to appear joyous and happy the penetrating eye of Leonie saw that the happiness was assumed, that the smile and laugh were languid, forced, artificial.

"Believe me, countess, you are not the unhappiest mother in the world," remarked Clotilda sadly. "You have your lovely and dear child Natalie ever by your side, an angel of comfort and consolation; and Julian once restored to you, all your sufferings will be over. But I, on the contrary, must continue to suffer, without other consolation than faith, with no other hope than the mercy of the Lord."

"May I ask, madame, the cause of such cruel pain?"

"Certainly; I shall tell you unhesitatingly. My daughter, alas! who seemed to be born but to enjoy all the happiness and felicities of life, is at this moment plunged in a sea of unutterable woe. Of four lovely children Agnes is the only one left me. In accordance with the wishes of her father she was educated in France by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, under whose tuition she grew up a pious

and accomplished lady. At the age of eighteen she evinced an inclination for embracing a religious life. Was it a divine vocation or simple fancy? I did not dare to question her on so critical a point; and I cannot think of it even at this moment without a shudder of inexpressible horror. For if it was a real vocation, I—I, her mother—have been, through an excessive and ill-conceived affection, the deadly enemy of that innocent soul!"

"No, no!" impetuously cried the countess; "a mother's love may occasionally be mistaken, but it can never lead her so far as to be the enemy of her offspring."

"Ah! no, I speak advisedly," replied Clotilda, brushing away the tears that welled to her eyes. "An implacable remorse devours my very soul—remorse for having prevented my daughter from responding to the promptings of divine grace, and changed a life of happiness into a life of torment. God had made her the object of his predilection, and had wrested her from all the dangers of a wicked world, till I in my folly intervened and thwarted the workings of divine grace in her heart. Behold the iron that has entered my soul, the wound that will not be healed!"

"Continue, my dear lady; pour forth your sorrows into the bosom of a friend who entertains toward you the sentiment of tenderest pity."

"Deaf to her entreaties, unmoved by her tears, I forced my daughter away from the holy asylum wherein she had been so piously brought up. I brought her home, and endeavored by all kinds of

distractions, pleasures, and amusements to dissuade her from following her pious resolve. Still she continued pensive and melancholy, refusing to share in any of the worldly pleasures with which she was surrounded. At length my husband and myself determined on having her married, and thereby put a speedy end to such a disagreeable condition of things. Accordingly, while yet in her sixteenth year, we managed to bring about her union with a young nobleman of splendid promise, a member of a distinguished family and heir to an immense estate. Agnes accepted his proposal with deep reluctance, and in obedience to the wishes of her parents. The marriage took place amid the greatest rejoicing.

"Though my daughter had adopted an earthly vocation, yet her thoughts were not of earth, and the presentiments of unhappiness and misfortune she had so vividly felt were but too truly verified. During the first year of her married life her path was a path of roses. But, like the rose, her happiness was brief and evanescent. Through some inexplicable influence her husband, who theretofore had been a paragon of piety and morality, flung himself suddenly into the whirlpool of politics, allied himself with the most mad-cap radicals, and passed the greater part of his time in liberal club-rooms and gambling saloons. Ere long he gave himself up to intemperance and dissipation, and became a confirmed debauchee. His inheritance was soon squandered, and the greater portion of my daughter's dower was disposed of in a similar way.

I will not speak to you of the wrongs and ill-treatment that the unhappy creature was compelled to endure at the hands of her husband for a period of twenty-six months. The heartless wretch rendered her life an unbroken martyrdom. Finally, falling in with an equestrian performer, he abandoned his wife and child. After having left the remainder of his fortune to gamblers and usurers he proceeded with his new-found companion to Dresden, thence to Paris, and finally to London."

"Heaven bless us! how boundless are the excesses of human perversity. Happy are those who fly from the temptations of this wicked world."

"Such is the wretched lot of my beloved daughter, who has not as yet attained her twenty-first year."

"But where does she reside at present?"

"With one of her aunts in the country; for she shrinks from appearing in the society which she was wont formerly to frequent. She lives the life of a recluse, and never leaves her residence save to visit the parish church. I am now going to Alessandria, and to-morrow will proceed thence to see her, and remain with her a few days. Poor creature! so resigned is she to the divine will, so mildly does she bear her burden of sorrow and humiliation, that neither complaint nor reproach is ever heard to escape her lips. She still loves with a holy love her unworthy husband, and prays for him with unceasing fervor. The peace and heavenly serenity that surround that pure soul fill my heart with comfort and consolation. But I foresee that her suffering will not be of long duration. The

recent death of her little boy, after five months of intense suffering, caused her a shock from the effects of which I fear she never will recover. I expect, I am prepared, to see her pass away before my eyes from this wretched world. Oh! had I but left her within the holy precincts of the Sacred Heart I were not so grief-stricken to-day."

"Madame, God in his inscrutable wisdom draws good out of evil."

"Yes, countess, that is perfectly true; still I cannot support the thought of having been the author of the evil that afflicts that innocent and angelic creature. A terrible lesson indeed, an unspeakable torment to a mother's heart."

The whistle of the locomotive, announcing their arrival, brought this sad dialogue to an abrupt conclusion.

Madame Clotilda took leave, in the most cordial terms, of the countess and Natalie, who continued their journey to Genoa.

Agnes shortly after breathed her last, dying a peaceful and edifying death, and Heaven vouchsafed her the conversion of her husband.

The human heart, when ruled by strong emotions, makes use of every external impression to nourish and excite it all the more. Leonie, who for some time back had been perpetually revolving in her mind the causes which led to the loss of her son, now discovered in the mournful story of Agnes new aliment for the grief that preyed on her. She responded to all Natalie's advances only in a fitful, petulant way, and, wrapped up in the

solitude of her own thoughts, observed unbroken silence. Her mind was wandering over the slopes of San Fermo, where she sought in imagination the mangled corpse of her beloved boy among the heaps of slain. This recent engagement caused her the most intense perplexity. She could not reconcile herself to the idea of returning home in such a terrible state of uncertainty. On arriving at Genoa she repented bitterly of having consented to leave Turin, and already began to devise means to reach the Lombard frontier once more, and anticipate Count James in reaching Como. In this state of incertitude she entered the city and drove to a hotel.

Toward evening Florence entered the countess' apartments to receive instructions for the hour of departure on the following day. He found both mother and daughter deeply engaged in reading the news. The countenances of both were so pallid and fear-stricken that one could not behold them but with sentiments of commiseration and pain. The journal which they were so eagerly perusing contained an account of the recent attack of Gaveno, which ended disastrously for the Garibaldians, and gave the news of the various skirmishes that had occurred in the vicinity of Lake Maggiore. This news was as daggers to the hearts of Leonie and her daughter.

"To-morrow to Alessandria, then to Novare," impetuously answered Natalie, as Florence asked the hour of departure.

"How? What do you mean? Alessandria?

We have just come from it. That would be going back again."

"Exactly. Mother wishes to return."

Florence changed all the colors of the rainbow; then, looking at Natalie with a half-pitiable smile, gravely asked:

"Madame, the postman is waiting below; he wishes to know at what hour he shall call for the baggage."

The countess looked at Florence for an instant, and then slowly replied: "I have decided to start again by the night-train."

"In what direction?" anxiously demanded the steward.

"To Alessandria. I guess you must be getting deaf," peevishly cried Natalie.

The countess nodded her head in assent. Florence could no longer contain himself. Bursting into a fit of passion, he threatened the terrible things that the count would and would not do, and asserted that he had expressly forbidden himself to second the caprice of that foolish young girl; that she was to give no instructions in the matter; that the orders already received put an end to the affair. He brought in addition so many arguments to bear on the question, and continued his whinings and grumblings in such an intemperate way, that the countess, unable to listen to him longer, dryly retorted:

"Enough said already. I have no orders to give till to-morrow morning. Come to my apartments at six o'clock, and you shall know my wishes."

CHAPTER XL.

CELSUS.

"My dear young fellow, you greatly need rest and relaxation. Your continued anxiety and trouble of mind will ere long begin to tell on your health. I know full well that you are endowed with a tender heart, a susceptible temperament, a fervid imagination, and that you love one another like two brothers. But then you must be reasonable and moderate. Too much of anything is bad. A truce to trouble, then. Consider that your friend will be happy in Paradise, and that Providence, taking good out of evil, has ordained all this in order to relieve you from a condition for which you were never designed. For, in truth, what were you in Garibaldi's rabble legion? A rose amid thorns; a fresh-water fish in mid-ocean. Cast all your anxiety aside, then, and come with me and pass an hour of relaxation among my delicious flowers. I will show you an immense collection of the rarest and most lovely plants. They are my greatest delight; I am passionately fond of them. You, too, I doubt not, are fond of flowers; are you not?"

The individual who thus addressed our Chasseur of the Alps on a lovely morning in June at the door of an exquisite country residence was a man of more than middle age, lank, attenuated, awkward in gait, with sun-embrowned face and strongly-marked features; his huge mustachios completely hid his mouth from view; his iron-gray hair hung down straight on his shoulders; and his voice was deep and sonorous. One would have imagined him at the first sight a minstrel of the days of the Round Table, or a painter of the olden Flemish school.

Julian, whom he addressed, was seated on a marble bench, his elbow resting on a half-column which supported a vase of Eastern porphyry filled with pale hortensias. His left hand was lying on a silken handkerchief spread on his knee. He presented as sad and dejected a picture as one of those genii carved by Canova on the funereal urn of a youthful bride. He no longer wore his ragged and dirty Garibaldian uniform, but a handsome suit of brown tweed; a pale, sky-blue cravat was around his neck, and his precious gold chain hung over his waistcoat. A pert straw hat, bound with a black ribbon, was dashed carelessly on his head.

"Yes," he answered to the question of his interlocutor, "I love flowers very much, and occupied myself not a little with them when at home. But, my dear Celsus, a flower has been the cause of all my misfortunes. They engage my attention but little now."

"Why, do not ever let me hear you speak like

that again. Flowers no longer engage your attention! Come along with me, now, and see how quickly I will dissipate that illusion."

"Very well," answered Julian, as he rose from his seat with nonchalance and languidly took hold of his conductor's arm. "But I can accompany you for a few moments only, for I dare not remain away from him long."

"Never mind that. If the sight of my incomparable treasures do not cause your troubled thoughts to vanish I am much mistaken. Flowers, my dear fellow, are, after animated nature, the loveliest objects that can meet the eye. They are the pearls of the earth, the balm of the air, the mirror of light, the charm of the eye, the smile and caress of innocent nature. We are exhilarated by their freshness, refreshed by their fragrance, pleased by their variety, charmed by their beauty, and ravaged by their incomparable delicacy. Oh! what beauty, perfume, splendor."

They descended a narrow, winding path hedged with laurels, and entered a small garden, amphitheatrical in form, admirably exposed to the heat and light, and laid out with perfect art and taste. It contained a gay and luxuriant collection of flowers of almost every known species. Within the base of the semicircle was the orangery, and a large green-house containing all the most delicate plants of Asia and tropical America. Four fountains supplied as many large basins where myriads of little fishes darted to and fro like rays of glistening amber; while countless water-jets cooled the

air and lent an indescribable charm to the scene. Several rows of benches, covered with vases containing the choicest and rarest flowers, engaged the eye, forming an exquisite contrast to the spreading sward.

"Behold that rapturous sight," exclaimed Celsus, with a joyous emphasis that tossed his gray locks like a blast of wind, after having poured out an overwhelming torrent of rhapsody descriptive of almost every plant and flower in the universe. "This is my little earthly paradise, the joy, the happiness of my life. Here you may find all the most perfect and precious products of every land and clime. The rarest and most valuable of Nature's gifts meet the eye on every side."

"Yes, this is all very fine indeed," replied Julian, who had begun to grow impatient. "Do not trouble yourself any more, my dear sir; let us follow this narrow pathway through, and we can see everything as we pass."

"Pshaw! will you not delay a moment and admire this thorny cactus, and that scarlet Virginian jasmine, and this collection of aloes?"

"I am in a hurry, sir, and cannot wait a moment longer," interrupted Julian, as he moved slowly on.

"Oh! just a few minutes more. Pass this way; you will be enraptured over my wondrous collection of lilies. Linnæus has well remarked that the lily is the queen of flowers. I will now point out the various kinds to you, and explain in detail all their—"

"A thousand thanks, my dear sir, for your kindness," broke in Julian, as he disengaged himself from his arm. "I am sorry indeed, but I must return to the house · I cannot stay any longer without seeing him."

"Just one glance at this mass of roses, which are, perhaps, the finest specimens to be found in Italy," resumed Celsus, as he struggled to retain his impatient victim. "Just at the end of this walk here. Behold that magnificent collection! I have eighty-four different specimens, which I shall show you and point out their distinctions. The modest rose, the fairest of flowers, the symbol of celestial beauty! Our own immortal Dante could find no more appropriate image to—"

"For Heaven's sake let me go; you have me bored to death," cried Julian, now actually writhing with impatience.

"And those Bengalese flowers—surely you must admire them."

"Yes, but I am not in the mood for admiring anything just at this moment. You will, therefore, confer a lasting favor on me by letting me withdraw for the time being."

"But do not go without plucking a few of these lovely camelias · they are so delicate, so exquisitely beautiful!"

"No, no, I do not wish having anything more to do with camelias. I regard them with the most ineffable detestation. They have been the cause of all my misfortune; I cannot bear to hear them mentioned."

"Well, then, we shall leave, but I beg to assure you that you are not endowed with that purity of taste with which I credited you. What! not to be delighted at sight of a parterre that foreigners, English, Germans, French, and even Americans, consider themselves fortunate at being allowed to visit? I really am greatly amazed at your leaving so abruptly; there is such a multitude of interesting objects that I have yet to show you."

"At some other time. For the present accept my most cordial acknowledgments," replied Julian, as he hastened toward the house with hurried step.

Poor Julian! what an agony he had to suffer at the hands of this unspeakable idiot. He felt like a bird let loose to skies and air on escaping from the clutches of this sublimated bore.

But where are we? the reader may well ask. Who is this garden parrot with whom we have been so long engaged? How did our Chasseur fall into his talons? What has become of poor Maso? Is he living or dead?

These questions we shall answer in detail.

CHAPTER XLI.

ADRIAN'S HOME.

THE country residence to which Julian came with his invalid friend on the evening of the 27th of May was situate on the estates of a certain Mr. Adrian ——, a wealthy gentleman who lived on the outskirts of a charming little villa. Though a brother of Celsus, the two men were so different in manner and disposition that the observer would almost imagine the one to have been born in Italy, the other at the antipodes. Both, however, were natives of an opulent and populous city of Lower Lombardy. Celsus was one of those droll and singular characters that we occasionally meet with in life, and the cause of whose being can scarce be better explained than by the venerable expression that "it takes every kind to make a world." He was possessed of a prodigious memory, a powerful imagination, but had not the faintest shadow of judgment. In his youth he was passionately addicted to poetry, and he came very near being an improvisatore of the first order. But, growing weary of the lyre, he exchanged it for the whip and became a horse-tamer. The loss of the greater portion of his property, a pair of broken arms, and

a dislocated ankle were the sole results and reward of his new profession. Then he turned his ideas to the canine race—he would be a dog-trainer. For three years his whole attention was engrossed with blood-hounds, fleet-hounds, setters, terriers, spaniels, harriers, and the whole barking tribe. But in this new line he succeeded no better; so, pitching the dogs to the deuce and elevating his thoughts to a more ennobling sphere, he became a botanical fool and gave his entire attention to the culture of rare plants and flowers. Apart from his floral mania, Celsus was a gentle soul, of a tractable disposition, pious, and devoted. A bachelor, he lived with his brother in the best of good-fellowship. He never mixed in politics, and if he ever mentioned such matters, it was but to change in a moment to his favorite subject.

Adrian, his elder brother, who had already passed his sixtieth year, was of a staid, methodical, and deliberate character, always acting in accordance with rule and line, weight and measure. Of faults he had very few, if, indeed, any; but neither were his praiseworthy qualities in any wise remarkable. He was endowed with a little judgment, some sagacity, imagination, attraction, and acquired knowledge. Neither was he by any means devoid of the moral qualities. One thing alone he completely lacked—namely, the quality of nobility. Lands and money he had in abundance, but still he was neither count, marquis, nor baron. He had not the faintest title of nobility attaching to him. This preyed on his mind deep-

ly. From the day of his marriage he exercised every means calculated to introduce him into the ranks of the nobility. At first a chevalier's cross was the height of his ambition. He was not, as may be observed, then, of a very vaulting ambition; for who in our day is not a chevalier, or may not hope to be one? But, as he was an Austrian subject, the coveted ribbon that was to adorn his breast could only come from Vienna.

Among the other weaknesses with which he was afflicted, Adrian —— was somewhat vain, a little addicted to pride, was given occasionally to boasting, and possessed a failing common enough in our own times—he was an abject slave of human respect in all things political. At bottom he was not the foe of Austrian rule in Lombardy, nor did he by any means think that in becoming a Piedmontese his lands would be converted into an El Dorado. But the relentless war waged in secret by the liberals against all those whom they dubbed Austrophiles—a war of anonymous letters and publications, sarcasms, slanders, and threats—filled him with ineffable dread. Swimming beneath the surface of the water, and lacking sufficient courage to assert his political proclivities till the general uprising of 1848, he was never able to acquire the gewgaw which was the object of all his ambition.

This same year witnessed the appearance of Charles Albert's falling star, which rose again on the Ticino. Adrian at length discerned a ray of hope. He became its humblest satellite, following it with the meanest sycophancy. He was convinced

that the propitious influence of this star, so courted and bepraised on every side, would bestow on him at least the brilliant cross of Saint Maurice-and-Lazarus. But, alas! the star was suddenly extinguished at Custoza and Novare, and Adrian's hopes were again dashed.

To escape the raillery of the multitude he now affected liberal opinions, became an ardent partisan of the banner of Savoy, and, at the first outbreak between the Austrians and Franco-Sardinians, he entered into a close correspondence with the committees, subscribed large sums of money for the equipment of volunteers, and lost no opportunity to incite the people in favor of Garibaldi.

Nevertheless, this country squireen was not devoid of a certain nobility of soul, and he was ever distinguished for his boundless charity toward the poor and his gentleness and suavity of manner.

At early dawn, on May 28, Adrian set out for Cavalasca in his carriage, for the purpose of learning the news of the events that had occurred the previous evening in that locality. Luckily he had occasion to stop for a few moments at the door of Liberata's cabin, where our two young friends had obtained shelter. Having learned from the old lady that she had beneath her roof two Garibaldians, one of whom was seriously wounded, he immediately hastened to their presence, and bestowed on Julian so many marks of kindness and sympathy that the latter took the liberty of asking him to bring to his dying friend the parish priest and doctor at the earliest possible moment.

Maso, who happily had not as yet breathed his last, had fallen into a state of lethargic unconsciousness. In this wretched hovel it was impossible for him to obtain the aid and attendance necessary for his recovery. The kind old lady, Liberata, left no means at her disposal untried, but these were few and slender. Adrian observed at a glance that the poor youth could not survive much longer if left thus neglected and deprived of medical assistance. He accordingly ordered his coachman to proceed home in all haste, and return with a light wagon and mattress for the removal of the wounded soldier. In less than an hour the servant was back. Maso was placed in the carriage, and in a few moments was on his way to Adrian's beautiful country seat—a veritable little palace.

Madame Clelia, his good wife, was horrified at sight of the two guests, one of them on the verge of death, who had been so unexpectedly presented to her. But pity succeeding to surprise, she finally consented to receive them, on the condition, however, that they should occupy a room on the ground floor, usually assigned to the servants. While the room referred to was being put in order, Madame Clelia observed in the conduct and carriage of Julian such marked politeness and high-bred courtesy that she regretted having given such hasty and ill-considered instructions. Addressing Julian, she asked with eager curiosity whence they had come, and made repeated enquiries regarding their friends and families. Julian, while carefully concealing his real name, told her unhesitatingly a por-

tion of their adventures, and the high social position occupied by their parents. Whereupon the lady immediately gave orders that they should occupy the best and most commodious apartment in the house.

Adrian, meantime, had despatched a messenger for the doctor, and, having requested Julian to take off his military cloak, ordered a servant to hasten to a neighboring village and purchase a civilian suit for Julian, that he might the more easily escape the observation of the Austrians, who scoured the entire neighborhood.

The doctor, after a prolonged and careful examination of the patient, and after hearing a detailed account of his sickness from Julian, declared that Maso, in addition to his wound, was suffering from a violent attack of fever, occasioned by the fatigue of the march and constant exposure to the fierce heat and drenching rains. He ordered the necessary prescriptions, and for seven or eight days entertained but slender hopes of his patient's recovery.

The anxiety and suffering of Julian during this trying period may be imagined rather than described. He scarce ever quitted his comrade's bedside.

Madame Clelia, who watched over the patient with motherly tenderness, was struck even more than her husband by this remarkable attachment of Julian to his comrade. In spite of the fact that she studiously refrained from prying into their business, she nevertheless suspected that they were

more than simple soldier comrades; that they were, indeed, relatives, or bound together by no ordinary ties of friendship. The more she contemplated them the more their condition excited her curiosity and commiseration.

This lady, who had already entered the autumn of life, and who preserved but the vestige of long-vanished beauty, had retained such a keen delicacy of sentiment, such a dignified and graceful manner, and such a melancholy sweetness usually pervaded her countenance, that Julian could not look at her for an instant without being painfully reminded of his mother. And, more singular still, Madame Clelia, after the lapse of a few days, could not gaze at Julian for a passing moment without being visibly moved. One would have imagined that this amiable but misguided youth recalled to her memory another who had been the object of her tenderest affection and most poignant sorrow.

"And this handsome youth is really a Tuscan?" she asked one day while standing at Maso's bedside. "From his auburn hair and extremely fair complexion I would have taken him for a German."

"Yes, madame," answered Julian, "he is a Tuscan; but I presume he greatly resembles his mother, who is a Scottish lady."

"You presume, you say? but you ought to be certain. Are you not acquainted with his family?"

"Not at all; I know but him."

"But you must have known him for a long time?"

"Not quite two months."

"How comes it, then, that you are so deeply attached to him? Were he your brother you could not be more devoted to him."

"Ah! but if you only knew his many sterling qualities," cried Julian with enthusiasm.

"Poor boy! But what in the world induced him to become a volunteer, and why have you, too, joined the army? Perhaps your parents forced you to enlist?"

"Our parents forced us to enlist!" exclaimed Julian in blank amazement.

"And why not? Are there not multitudes of fathers senseless enough to do so? Too well, indeed, I have known it. And you, who appear so good, so kind, so accomplished, how have you been able to descend to the disgraceful level of a Garibaldian? Have you no friends?"

"My father is dead," answered Julian with ill-disguised embarrassment, "and I have no brothers. Maso here has three, and his father is still living," he continued, and then adroitly tried to turn the topic of conversation.

"But your mother—what of her?"

Julian blushed deeply, but made no reply.

"Ah! cruel child," she exclaimed in a burst of virtuous indignation, "you did not shrink from abandoning your widowed mother to become a soldier. May Heaven forgive you!"

Julian pretended not to have heard her bitter reproach, and forthwith left the room on the pretext of speaking to Adrian. He did not open his

lips on the subject again, and even when Clelia occasionally alluded thereto he maintained unbroken silence.

In every other wise so polite, discreet, reserved, and agreeable was he that he had become a favorite with all the members of the family.

The morning Celsus had succeeded in wresting Julian from his distressing solitude was the most critical during the whole course of Maso's illness. The previous night he had passed in a terrible delirium. Madame Clelia watched over him with unwearying solicitude, and Julian could not be induced to leave his bedside for a moment. At an early hour in the morning Julian, overcome with fatigue and racked with anxiety, had gone out to breathe the pure atmosphere and snatch a moment's relaxation. The doctor no longer entertained the slightest hope of Maso's recovery, and was doubtful if he could survive till the following day. Adrian, who had contracted a sincere affection for Julian, and whose sympathies were deeply touched at his friend's hapless condition, had left home that morning on some important business, as he shrank from witnessing such a melancholy death-bed scene. Never before had Julian endured such mental torture. The future to him now appeared black and cruel as the grave. The reader, therefore, will not be surprised at the scant courtesy shown the unfortunate florist.

CHAPTER XLII.

A TALK ON POLITICS.

On entering Maso's room Julian found the priest and doctor within. They contemplated the patient compassionately, while the kind Clelia ordered a servant to bring some fresh clothing and leave them in the adjoining room.

What news was there? The doctor scarce knew. He still regarded the patient, who had grown much calmer, with anxiety. When asked by the priest to give his opinion he simply shrugged his shoulders and answered: "Yes, he is somewhat better; but who knows?" Then, turning towards Julian, added: "Do not be discouraged; the excessive fever has decreased. He may recover shortly."

At this juncture Madame Clelia entered the room to attend to the wants of the patient.

"We may as well retire," observed the doctor. "I see no imminent danger. Madame Clelia will take care of the patient. She is a veritable Sister of Charity. She surely missed her vocation."

"Alas! doctor," she sadly replied, "the kindness I bestow on this poor suffering youth I was unable to show to my Adolphus. He had no mo-

ther near to minister to him in the hour of his agony."

She turned with tearful look towards Julian, who was standing by Maso's bed, and proceeded with the utmost attention to wait on the patient as the others quitted the room and descended on the terrace, whence a magnificent landscape opened on the view.

Seated on benches outside, the priest and doctor endeavored to console Julian and restore him to his former hope, when Adrian suddenly appeared in a state of great excitement. He asked in an anxious and nervous manner regarding Maso's condition, and, learning that he was somewhat better, said :

"By Jove ! we are lucky this time. We came within an ace of being ruined."

"Why ? What is the matter ?"

"The matter is that a tremendous cannonade is going on on the Buffalora side of the Ticino. No one knows all the details as yet, but it certainly is a pitched battle. I have just met a courier from our ranks bearing secret orders, who informed me that a telegram had been received announcing that the cannonade from the Vercellina gate to Milan was heard, and that a whole Austrian corps started yesterday by rail to the assistance of Marshal Giulay."

"Impossible ! At Buffalora ?" exclaimed the doctor, in great surprise. "But Giulay is at this moment between Pavia and Placentia. It is an unmitigated humbug !"

"Oh ! you are as incredulous as ever," replied Adrian. "Do you imagine that the Milanese are

deaf, or do you think that I have grown blind? The despatch is dated Milan. I assure you that I was never more anxious in my life. The fate of Lombardy is being decided down there at this very moment."

He rose from his seat and walked up and down the terrace in a state of great excitement, while the three spectators looked on in mute astonishment. Julian blushed slightly and his eyes scintillated for some reason known only to himself.

The doctor was an attenuated little man of about fifty years, with full, round countenance, a keen though somewhat subdued look, and an agreeable and entertaining address. He belonged to no party, but was willing to assist any provided he could turn it to account. A liberal with liberals, a demagogue with demagogues, an Austrian with Austrians, if he had few friends he had no enemies, and his profession, on the whole, was a paying one.

Don Firmin, on the contrary, was a priest whose mind was exclusively occupied in administrating the affairs of his parish, and who, when public affairs were brought into conversation, invariably declared that he was on the side of justice and right; that he had other matters to engage his attention; that he did not want to be mentioned at all in matters of such grave importance; that, in short, he was, as regarded party, colorless as water from the spring. To his mind everything was right and just, provided neither the Pope, nor the cause of religion, nor the Church were offended. It is,

therefore, conspicuously evident that this good and simple priest did not belong to the school of certain archpriests or monsignors of Lombardy who were prouder to bear a tricolor cockade on their breast than a tonsure on their crown; who gloried openly in being more warmly devoted to the Italy of Piedmont than to the Vicar of Jesus Christ; who, in short, intone, beneath the purple, the "Te Deum" before the altar, in thanks to God that thieves and filibusters had at length succeeded in wresting the most precious gems from St. Peter's tiara and devastating his patrimony.

Our doctor, as will be seen, found himself placed between a neutral—the priest—and a red-hot belligerent—Adrian. There was no doubt but that Julian, too, was an out-and-out stickler for young Italy, a full-fledged Garibaldian. He therefore sought a key which he could strike without any fear of discord.

"It seems to me, my dear Adrian," he observed, "that you give way to too much fear. The Austrians have lost their compass; you will see that ere long they will grow beautifully less."

"I tell you that things are not going on as you imagine. If the allied armies crush General Garibaldi it is all over with us. That admits of no doubt. Garibaldi has but a handful of men; he cannot hope to resist the enemy; he but invites disaster. These gentlemen of Turin seem to have lost their heads. Garibaldi arrives at Varese, occupies it, proclaims Victor Emmanuel king, and repels the attack of General Hurban. He squats and vegetates on

the spot for a time, and then marches off to Como with airy grace. Hurban recaptures Varese, and makes the citizens pay dearly for their toast. On the evening of the 27th Garibaldi repels a band of Hungarians from San Fermo, forces the passage of Borgovico, enters Como, from which the Austrians had retired several miles, promulgates the royal government, and twenty-four hours afterward disappears and proceeds to attack a fortress on the lake, defended by artillery from the lake and from the shore. And he has not a single piece of artillery himself. Is not such an enterprise the most unmitigated folly? He, as is naturally to be expected, has just been beaten with immense loss, and is bottled up near Varese by a force of ten thousand Austrians. Meantime, all those districts which at his instigation, and trusting in his strength, have flung out the banner of Piedmont are abandoned to the mercy of the enemy. And where is Garibaldi? is asked on every side. Where has he sneaked off to?"

"He is at Como," triumphantly answered the doctor.

"Yes, he has come back there; but the Austrians have surrounded him, and, to secure his assistance to that city in the hour of its peril, do you know who has been despatched to him? A courier in petticoats—a lady in—"

"We know all that, Mr. Adrian; it is the young Marchioness Raimondi de Fino, a fantastic and singular being, if there ever was one in this world. She overtook him at Robarello, and solicited his

assistance. The hero hastened at once to the aid of the people of Como."

"I observe that you know as much about it as I do."

"Ay, ay," answered the doctor as he stroked his long beard; "we doctors know a great deal—we see so much of the world, you know. I might even add that that ambassadress has not been chosen at random. It has been hinted that she is the betrothed of Garibaldi."

"What nonsense!"

"We'll see. If it be a rose, it will bloom." *

"But to return to our subject. I feel a lively apprehension," observed Adrian as he seated himself full in front of Don Firmin. "All depends on this battle. I am standing on thorns till I know all the details."

"But you know the French are terrible soldiers," replied Don Firmin, "and, though I am not in the habit of mixing myself up in such affairs, I may be permitted to observe that the Austrians will be egregiously mistaken if they think they are going to have a complete walk-over."

"And the Italians," added the doctor, "are they not worthy to combat side by side with the bravest sons of France? Garibaldi's volunteers proved it during the past few days. Our soldier friend here can bear testimony to that. *Pars magna fuit.*"

* The rose has bloomed. In the month of January, 1860, all the journals announced the regular marriage of M. Garibaldi to this young lady. But rumor assured us that the marriage was not very happy. The truth is, the scribes—the men who admired every hair in the old filibuster's head—have kept prudently silent with respect to the young marchioness.

On hearing these words Julian, who was absorbed in his melancholy and moody thoughts, and paying scant attention to the topic under discussion, awoke for a moment from his reverie, smiled sadly, and, dropping his eyes to the ground, relapsed into his state of immobility and taciturnity.

"Speak rather of the heroes of Palestro," cried Adrian. "Yes, they showed themselves the true rivals of the victors of the Alma and Sebastopol."

"Yes, and meantime the French will still boast of their zouaves as being the real victors at the battle of Palestro; that it was through their superhuman courage and noble self-sacrifice that the day was won and that the Garibaldians were saved from annihilation."

"All lies and imposition!" cried Adrian. "I grant you that the blood that flowed in torrents at Palestro, and which has wiped out the shame of Novara, was French blood. The Third Regiment of zouaves took part in that engagement, it is true; but do you mean to conclude from that that our heroic Victor could not of himself have crushed these Austrians, and even without the aid of your veterans from Africa?"

"Bah! this is only the ordinary French boasting," said the subtle doctor; "that is the spirit of their nation; it spreads itself out in vaporing. . . . Grant them only the honor and the glory of the affair (*la gloire*), and they are generous enough to leave you the whole 'round of the roast to yourself.' And, in fact, if they do leave even the 'roast' and take only the honor of the affair for

themselves, I have reason to think that Adrian won't regret it."

"And what roast-beef could they take from us?"

"A little slice of Italy, . . . if one could so style our islets, the Alps, and a seaport. . . . That is all I know about it."

"The beautiful siren is the envy of the world. . . . Did France think to cross over the Alps from mere platonic love? . . . It's barely possible, very uncertain; and some of the journals think it very impossible. . . ."

"That's all talk!" shouted Adrian.

"So I think," said Don Firmin.

"But," replied the doctor, "there is something more than mere talk in the history of the new map of Italy. So I heard at Milan from reliable sources."

"What map do you mean?"

"I speak of a new map that a certain one who knows has shown in this city to another of high degree. On this map Italy is divided into three kingdoms: Rome with a small territory, circular in form, and marked out with a new pencil. They even go so far as to say that—"

"Doctor! Titian! Don Firmin!" It was the hysterical voice of Clelia, who ran out on the terrace bewildered and out of herself. "O my God! my God! What is this?"

They all leaped to their feet, frightened.

"This child, after soaking three night-shirts in perspiration, opened his eyes, threw his arms on my neck, and cried out: 'Is this you, mother?

Where is Julian? Where am I?' I could not reply. He thought he embraced his mother; he clasped me so . . . Oh! then he fell back exhausted, took my hands in his, and he remained in that way as if—"

"Dead!" said the physician, as he hurried up the stairs.

At this terrible word Julian blushed, raised his eyes to heaven, hesitated for an instant, and fell into the arms of Adrian.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MAGENTA.

"Now," said Adrian, "we decide right here the fate of Lombardy." And he pointed with his finger to the great plain of Ticino. Nor was his statement far from the truth! About the noonday of June 4 . . . And thus they entered on a discussion, firing hot shot at each other, over the fate of Lombardy, that of half the Ausonian Peninsula, and even the crown of Victor Emmanuel. . . .

Some time since we bade God-speed to the Franco-Sardinians when, after crossing the Sesia, taking Palestro, they wheeled on their left to Upper Lombardy. So rapid was this manœuvre that the vanguard under General Niel fell like a thunder-clap on Novara, on the 1st of June, surprised Marshal Giulay, who with little delay decided to evacuate Lombardy, which he had invaded five weeks previous, and for no earthly reason. He collected and concentrated his troops for one terrible onslaught on the enemy, almost at the gates of Milan, and on Lombard soil. Was this the act of an experienced captain? Far from it; no commander of any ability would allow a powerful foe to enter his

lines when he could attack him outside. With six good regiments Giulay could have cut off the passage of the allies into the Novara country and stopped their passage of the river. . . . Every writer on this subject, even the French, admits this. In fact, General Zobel, as soon as he learned through his scouts of the arrival of General Niel in Novara, requested Giulay to order 40,000 men to attack the French. And there is very little doubt that this little deserted squadron of French, hemmed in on all sides by superior numbers, would have fallen an easy prey and have only courted annihilation by resistance.

Had the Austrians only made this fortunate and quick manœuvre from the defensive to the offensive, the French must have changed the course of their tactics. For they would not have dared to move further than Casale. And if Giulay had any doubts as to the certainty of victory for General Zobel, there was plenty of time for the marshal to rally his 150,000 men between Novara, take up a position on the border of the valley, seize the bridges and pontoons of the allies, and force them on the 3d of June to retreat or engage in battle in an open country, when their troops were not in condition, and they could have no advantage from a good position. But what did the marshal do when he showed no disposition to dispute from the Piedmontese shore, even with his powerful army, the passage of the Franco-Sardinians to Milan, but lay quietly behind his Lombard trenches? He did nothing, absolutely nothing. And that our readers

may understand the incapacity, or rather neglect, of Giulay and the terrible consequences of it, we had better for a moment cast our eye over the ground where the armies met. There are two kings' highways between Novara and Ticino, and each crosses a solid stone bridge—that of Gagliate, which leads directly to Turbigo, and that which leads to San Martino.

The grand Naviglio Canal runs along the frontiers of Lombardy right opposite the second line of defence. It is the second rampart, behind which stand the towns, villages, and communes of the Milanese.

The little commune of Turbigo is connected with the large town of Cuggiono by the roads of Robecchetto, Malviglio, and Induno, which by large by-roads and consular roads communicate with the villages of Bernate, of Buffalora, Guzzafame, and all unite at Magenta, a little town of 4,000 inhabitants, and the key of the passage to Milan.

The bank of the river facing Trecate was worthy of our special attention. There are three ways to reach the Naviglio Canal after you cross the bridge of San Martino. The first is that on the left, of Buffalora. The second is in a direct line before you, and is known as the road of Ponte Nuovo. And on your right is the third, that of the railroad, which leads you almost to Ponte Vecchio. These three routes cross the Naviglio on three brick bridges, and strike Magenta where the railroad is crossed by the Ponte Nuovo road. The little town of Robecco stands about four miles above

Ponte Vecchio. If we could imagine an elliptical figure, whose greater axis extends from Cuggiono to Robecco, and whose lesser axis from the bridge of San Martino to Magenta, we shall have a sketch of the famous battle-ground.

The ground near Naviglio is undulating and uneven, especially between Buffalora, Magenta, and Robecco, where it slopes and is broken by ditches and natural trenches. The country is planted with grain and covered with vineyards and orchards. Dense clusters of mulberry and patches of shrubby underwood constantly impede the march of the troops and occasionally intercept their view of the road.

From all this it is clear that Marshal Giulay ought to have watched the river closely from the bridge of San Martino as far as the bend of the stream at Turbigo, if he would cut off the allied forces on the left bank of the Ticino as they entered Novara. In fact, on June 1, when, at Mortara, he was about to commence his retreat, he ordered Clam-Gallas, whom the train had just brought with his Tyrolese troops to Magenta, to guard these very points. Nor did he reflect that the district over which his pickets were to be scattered was extensive, with many defiles, and difficult to be watched—nay, more, that there was immediate demand for a large reinforcement to carry out this order. No such reinforcement came. What was the consequence?

General MacMahon on the 2d June took possession of Turbigo. On the next day he crossed with

his entire detachment the Lombard and the Comal, took Robecchetto, and drove this division along the roads of Buffalora and Magenta. General Clam-Gallas saw that his scanty number could not make a stand to cope with the French at the bridge of San Martino, so he tried to blow up the bridge in his retreat; but from some cause or other the mines were badly set; the piles and arches were shaken and the bridge stood almost unharmed from the shock. From this side it still stood a free and clear passage for the enemy. Thus through the neglect of the commander-in-chief Napoleon controlled both the right and left banks of the river, a most desirable advantage for which he must otherwise have paid dear. A vanguard of the French army, clearing a way for the regular forces, by a flank movement actually took up a position that overlooked the very heart of the Austrian camp. Napoleon got possession so easily of the fords of the Ticino that he resolved to cross over on the 4th inst. with the whole army and enter the Lombard capital. The order of battle was that the Franco-Sardinians would march on the Austrian trenches between Naviglio and Magenta in two columns. One—that on the right—under the command of Napoleon, with his Grenadier Guards and the battalion of Marshal Canrobert, would invest the two bridges of Nuovo and Vecchio. The other—that on the left—under General MacMahon, composed of Sardinian troops under Generals Fanti and Durando, the light cavalry of the Imperial Guards, and MacMahon's own division, were to make a

vigorous assault on Buffalora and Magenta. General Niel commanded the rear-guard at Trica, with two Sardinian divisions besides his own, and was to act as a reserve corps.

Marshal Giulay could not certainly be ignorant of the manœuvres and progress of the enemy, yet did he continue to be calmly inactive in his head-quarters at Abbiategrasso, and he despatched from this place an order to Clam-Gallas to hold himself in readiness for an attack on the allied army. And now he made another and an almost incredible blunder. He kept back Generals Benedek, Stadion, and Schaffgotsche with their respective detachments, which they had thrown across the river Po that they might rally there, and so slackened the march of Zobel's division that it had scarcely time to come up and take position in line of battle, and thus he could have amassed and opposed 100,000 bayonets to 80,000 under Napoleon.

The disposition of the Austrian forces was simply this: the right wing, under Clam-Gallas, occupied Buffalora, Bernate, and the surrounding farms. The left wing was commanded by Lichtenstien, and reached from Ponte Vecchio to Robecco; and the centre, under Reischach and Lilia, with four other brigades, commanded the Naviglio and Ponte Nuovo. The Schwartzenberg troops arrived to hand quite unexpectedly and made the Austrian forces equal, at least in numbers, to the army of the allies. And now, with all the blunders we have alluded to, had Marshal Giulay only been on the scene at an early hour of the morning,

history might now have on record a different tale of that day's battle; but he came at three o'clock P.M., and then, instead of promptly and vigorously throwing his whole force into action, he held back the half in reserve.*

* The Prussian Rustow is severe in his censure of the Austrians, in his volume, the "Italian Campaign in 1859." He examines and shows by clear proofs the nature of this battle, and that three times before sundown the forces of the belligerents were almost equal in numbers. He calculates there were from 60,000 to 80,000 men, but assumes the mean number of 65,000 on either side. "Now," he says, "the incalculable difference was in this: the French attacked an enemy that in numbers and forces was in consolidated mass, while the Austrians in only one position, and to receive the attack, concentrated at least 10,000 men (the troops of Generals Clam, Lichtenstein, and Reischach), and only deployed the divisions of Schwartzenberg and Lilia—that is, 25,000 men—in the attack."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE BATTLE.

THE Austrian batteries at Ponte Nuovo opened fire on the company of grenadiers, under General Wimpffen, of the Imperial Guard, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock A.M. He had imprudently come up alone to the attack. And now an irregular fusillade was begun and kept up along the line, now in one place, now in another, and with little advantage. General Regnault then arrived with the Cler Brigade and drew off Wimpffen to support the position of MacMahon beyond the Naviglio, whence the distant thunder from the batteries between Turbigo and Buffalora could be distinctly heard. The emperor too arrived on the scene, worried and anxious now for MacMahon, who ought to have opened the attack two hours before, for the hour of noon had just struck from the tower of the village church, and MacMahon, who had been ordered to commence the attack at ten o'clock A.M., had as yet seemingly made no move. Despatch after despatch was sent to him by Napoleon, and still this mysterious inaction. And so also was it with General Canrobert. He

had made no advance forward. His regiments, which were to support the joint attack of the Cler and Wimpffen brigades, were not yet arrived. Aide-de-camps one after another were sent to hurry up Canrobert's cavalry to the positions assigned them.

And now where were the Austrians? What were they doing during all this time, these two mortal hours' during which they could have entrapped and surrounded these couple of brigades? By a simple and quick sally from Robecco, the Austrians might have hemmed them in between the Comal and Ticino. They must surely have stood with folded arms, viewing at their leisure the brilliancy of the French arms, and the dash back and forward of the officers' horses in search of reinforcements.

At half-past one, by the distant sound of battle toward Turbigo, Napoleon knew MacMahon was in action.

He deployed two brigades to take the bridges, and again despatched to Niel and Canrobert to hurry up to their support.

MacMahon left, quite a distance in his rear, two Sardinian regiments. They did little but waste powder. The marshal left Turbigo at ten o'clock A.M., to the minute, to march on Buffalora and Magenta, having under him the detachments under Generals Lamotterouge, Connon, and Espinasse. But the column under General Espinasse, making a great detour, threw so great a distance between itself and others that it could not

advance without exposing itself in its isolation to be cut up and hacked to pieces by the Austrians. Yet Lamotterouge, with the vanguard, comprising the Mameluke's squadron, dislodged some German battalions from Casal and took up a position right opposite Clam-Gallas, whose forces lay between Guzzafama and Buffalora.

MacMahon, although anxious about the command under General Espinasse, ordered the other two detachments to capture Buffalora by a vigorous assault.

General Clam retired in good order towards Cascina Nuova to rally his forces, and at the same time making a feint of returning to Marcallo to completely cut off the division under Espinasse from the other two who were shelling Buffalora.

MacMahon feared for Espinasse when he saw this side manœuvre. He suspended the attack, drew back, and caused the artillery to stop firing, then headed his spirited charger across the neighboring fields, hedged and enclosed as they were, to find Espinasse, warn him of his imminent peril, and hurry him up to the scene of action. It was then about three o'clock in the afternoon. A show of fight on the part of General Clam against the two divisions opposite to him would have held Magenta until nightfall, and allowed time to the 50,000 men of Stadion and Benedek to be up as reinforcements for the defence by the morrow's dawn. But General Clam remained inactive before the enemy. His troops gazed at each other in silence, the arms lay unused in their hands, the cannon idle at their

feet. The men groaned, and in their anger ground their teeth. And yet in that quarter not a movement was made. O fatal repose!

At a sign from Napoleon the two brigades, Wimpffen and Cler, under General Mellinet, sprang like a tiger forward to the charge on the bridges over Naviglio, and were received with a torrent of fire and bullets. A loud cry rang out from the ranks of the bold assailants, and at the bayonet's point they carried the redoubt of Ponte Nuovo, the houses in its vicinity, and the position that could command the villages, but to keep that position in face of an enemy that fell back fighting inch by inch, and would soon return to an obstinate charge—how was it possible for two brigades, alone, unsupported, and without any reserve to fall back on, to cope with this difficult task?

Well, the invincible spirit of these battalions of the Imperial Guard kept them firm and solidly to the posts they had captured. Even under a heavy shower of grape they struggled man to man. Now they would recapture a house out of which they had been dislodged a few moments before; now they would mount again some eminence from which they had just been driven. They would even rally in presence of the cavalry that had just scattered them. In a word, they performed so many acts of heroic valor that the Austrian soldiers thought that they were contending with not merely two but eight or ten French brigades, relieving each other in turns. Acting under this wrong idea, they confined their efforts to hacking in pieces a handful of

brave fellows whom a flank movement on the part of the Austrians would have scattered like a mist before the strong breath of a northwester. The clouds of defenders ever coming up and taking up their position along the Naviglio, began to put it beyond question that the French could not hold the redoubts, dwellings, and heights they had crossed.

The delay of Canrobert and the other generals was caused by the difficulty of travelling on these roads with all the encumbrances of military baggage—with wagons, mortars, caissons, or covered wagons, and horses and mules. Occasionally they would meet with a piece of road so broken and impassable that it would be impossible for even the infantry to cross it. Fortunately Picard's brigade, apart from the body of the main army, was yet sufficiently near to the Imperial Guard to hurry up out of breath to its assistance. . . . But it only brought more material to the awful carnage. The Austrians, infuriated at the capture of Ponte Vecchio and Ponte Nuovo, reopened the attack with such ardor and violence that they routed and drove back the French into the Naviglio. Ponte Vecchio was captured and won back again for the fourth time, with an extraordinary bravery on both sides.

The French, however, had more success towards Ponte Nuovo, though here too they were repulsed and mercilessly decimated with grape and canister. Generals Hartung and Durfeld, who were here in command of the Austrians, signalized themselves by

wonderful acts of valor. General Cler was striving in vain to rally his men and retake the posts from which the enemy had driven them. Suddenly he exclaimed: "O my God!" Throwing up his arms to his breast, tottering on his horse, he fell at length to the ground, shot through the breast. Four of his grenadiers ran up to bear him away to some distance from the deadly fire. Tortel, his orderly officer, runs to acquaint General Mellinet with the sad news. "General!" he exclaimed, "my general has just—" He had not time to finish when a bullet crashed through his skull and he fell dead.

The Guard with General Picard's forces were surrounded on all sides and cut to pieces by the Austrians. Colonels, commanders, officers, and soldiers fell pell-mell from the top of the trenches in one confused mass—slain, mutilated, disfigured. The Austrians were already leaping on the cannon they just captured, for the artillerymen fell at their posts. But the fortune of the day, which up to this was clearly with the Austrians, was now as suddenly turned against them. Niel and Canrobert appeared at the head of their phalanxes in the direction of San Martino. They charged for the crossings of the now bloody Naviglio, and their charge was as precipitate and violent as the rush of waters in an angry sea against a rock-bound coast. On every side there seemed to be new life in the struggle. Giulay was obliged to turn his attention towards the centre and the left wing because of this fresh assault. The right was not so exposed to the French.

Towards five o'clock P.M. MacMahon with the play of his artillery enabled Espinasse to rally his division. They began to thunder between Buffalora, Guzzafame, and Marcallo.

"To Magenta! to Magenta!" said the general as loud as he could, and pointing as he galloped along the ranks with his naked sword to the steeple of the village church. "There!" he cried—"over there! Look! there is the place. They are all there."

And in less time than it takes us to narrate it the whole division, with its many regiments, charged as with the strength and fury of lions on Clam's detachment. They pressed forward quickly on the enemy, cutting them off on every side, charging and disorganizing them, and driving the Austrians before them to the shelter of the cottages, where they rallied and fought from under cover. It would be impossible to tell in words of the shock, the din, the roar of battle that closed in that day. The earth shook with the tread of the combatants. The air was darkened with the masses of black smoke which condensed into black heavy clouds. The bodies of the slain lay in heaps as they fell and embarrassed the movements of the troops. On every side they fell wounded, disfigured, and mutilated by the bursting shells or splinters from the mitraille. Those still living took shelter behind the heaps of slain, and those in their agony were slain without mercy. The blood of France and Austria ran together in the same stream. The wild neighing of the wounded horses arose on the air and

mingled with the cries, the groans, and death-rattle of the dying friends and foes mingled in a last embrace, and all together called on the name and assistance of God.

But the nature of the struggle assumed another form when once the strength of the contest centred at Magenta. Now it was more of the nature of an assault, as if seizing a fortress. The roof tops, chimneys, windows, balconies, terraces, and the very walls became as fortifications from which poured down as in a sudden a terrible storm—an unceasing hail of fire and iron.

General Espinasse advanced to a house several stories high, and in which three hundred Tyrolese chasseurs had lodged themselves and kept in check his entire command. He ordered his men to burst open the doors, hew down the window-shutters, and dislodge this destructive party; but when he struck with the pommel of his sword against one of the out-offices which stood open he received from the inside the blow of a carabine that killed him on the spot. At this the zouaves burst into the house with the fury of tigers, and pitiless was the carnage that ensued of these brave fellows. They fell still fighting, and striking round them with the bayonet and butt-end of their muskets. Three hundred died with the arms in their hands; death to them was preferable to the most honorable surrender. One alone was spared. He was a young officer who was crippled with a wound and all covered with blood. When he saw the French colonel approach he handed to him his

sword, yielding as his prisoner. "No, my brave fellow!" cried that high-spirited soldier—"no, no! the man who was one of the three hundred heroes who lie here deserves to keep and carry his sword." And he offered his hand kindly to him.

The invasion of Magenta and the battery of forty cannon placed by General Auger on the railroad track caused Marshal Giulay to command a retreat. The Austrians retired in beautiful order, fighting every inch of the road. The French did not dare to follow them, nor even keep possession of Magenta, for a good many of its houses were still in possession of General Reischach's men. They left it at nightfall, so that the result of the fight at sundown was rather of negative consequence. General MacMahon dared not count it a victory for himself nor speak to the emperor of the happy success of that day until he learned at midnight that the troops of Clam and Lichtenstein had abandoned their position at Magenta; then only could he speak to the emperor of their victory. And it is very certain that during that night Marshal Giulay did not look on himself as defeated. Nor is it less true that he intended to begin the battle again at dawn with a charge against the allied forces from three fresh regiments that had just arrived as reinforcements. But the two generals we have just spoken of were somehow too far away from the camp to be recalled. The way to Milan was then abandoned to the allied army, and the Austrian general thought only of extending

his troops along the river Po toward Adda and from the direction of Pavia.

But why do this? Must we believe that this man betrayed his sovereign, the Emperor Francis Joseph, as the king of the Two Sicilies, Francis II., was betrayed by Landi, Brigante, Nunziante, and Pianello?

Far from it. Marshal Giulay was ever a straightforward and honorable soldier, and known for his high soul, loyal heart, and a disposition faithful and devoted to his master. At Solferino he of his own accord led a single regiment, and in the charge, under the very eyes of his prince, performed acts of wondrous bravery. We can find an apology for this short campaign of 1859 in the words of General Benedek, spoken not long since in reply to an illustrious person, who said to him:

"General, I am happy to meet in you a captain whose sword and military genius are so much appreciated by your emperor."

"For your courtesy," he replied, "I am thankful; but I have little confidence in either my sword or my generalship. Marshal Giulay wielded a brave sword and was a soldier of exalted talent, and to what purpose? . . . He lost his head after crossing the Ticino."

"That is true," said the other. "God then wished to punish Italy."

CHAPTER XLV.

ADOLPHUS.

MASO did not, as the reader might expect from his violent attack of illness, succumb to that fell destroyer, fever. He bore all his suffering with stoic, or rather Christian, fortitude, and finally rallied and recovered. The exquisite agony he had endured was followed by a reaction, and in a brief space he regained the power of thought and speech.

On his comrade's recovery Julian too became himself again. On the morning that Mr. Adrian was so wholly occupied in commenting on the reports spread concerning the battle of Magenta Julian rose, and, availing himself of the moment when his friend was left alone, he approached the bed whereon he was stretched and asked in friendly tone:

"You are getting better, are you not?"

"Yes, I am getting much better," answered Maso in feeble accents, but with joyous and hopeful look. "I almost feel like trying an experiment in acrobatics. I have run a race with Death and come in winner. I—but tell me, Julian, where are we anyhow?"

"We are staying at the residence of Mr. Adrian

—a wealthy and worthy gentleman. His brother is a veritable fool; so beware of him. If he gets you down among his flowers it is doubtful if he doesn't bore you to death. The gentleman of the house is a liberal of the most advanced type—a madcap radical."

"But who is the fool you speak about?"

"Mr. Celsus ——"

"Why, yesterday he presented me with a trifling bouquet, apropos of which he delivered a speech that would make even a mummy jump with impatience. But who is that splendid lady who has attended me with such care?"

"That is the mistress of the house."

Whereupon Julian related all the incidents that had transpired during the week to Maso, and then continued:

"Take precious good care, my friend. Let us not speak too glibly. Be courteous, polite, and amiable in every regard, but have prudence. Do you understand? Do not say anything that you can help of our families or of ourselves."

"Well, I am afraid you are too late. Yesterday I let the cat out of the bag. I really said a thousand things that I should not say."

"What did you say? Tell me that."

"That, really, I could not exactly say, for my head is confused. But I mentioned your name to her. . . . She knows that your mother is in search of you, and is even now in Turin."

"What foolishness!" muttered Julian, half aloud.

Madame Clelia just then appeared in the room.

She spoke kindly to the young people, and congratulated Maso on his convalescence.

"And how are you, Rupert?" she exclaimed. "Are you quieter and more at your ease to-day, so that I can reason with you?"

"Yes, dear lady, I feel myself again, since Maso has taken such a happy change and is now recovering."

"The news of the French victory ought to afford you an interesting subject of conversation. Now the young Count Julian can return to his dear mother and beautiful sister Natalie. That will be a great thing, don't you think so, Maso?"

At this little malicious joke of the good lady Julian reddened and looked down, while his companion replied naïvely:

"O madame! he has so scolded me because I told you how his mother and sister were in search of him, and how they loved him, and how anxious they were on his account."

"But my dear Maso, . . ." said the irritated and petulant Julian, "your poor head is certainly weak from the fever. Madame, please pay no attention to him. Maso has a humorous turn now, and he jibes all around, careless of how deep his shafts penetrate."

"Ah! I really pity *you*," said the good lady, with a sweet and melancholy smile. "You wished to keep from me lest I should appear indifferent to the feelings of your dear mother and sister that you forsook your home. Be assured, my dear child, that I perceived this from the first instant,

and at the same time observed your touches of remorse and sorrow. Trust in me, both of you, my dear youths, and I can promise you that I will do all I can to effect your return to your homes. I was also a mother, and, alas! I too know what it is to lose a son, so that I can readily sympathize with your mothers. Oh! my poor son Adolphus; he was the only object of my maternal love. He was about your age, Julian—scarcely in his eighteenth year. He resembled you much, and you recall him at times so much to my memory that at first I could not help weeping. He was good, pure, and was possessed of many external graces and accomplishments; and he was so clever during his collegiate course that he carried away every class prize. He was my only joy and solace in this world. I cannot tell you how considerate and affectionate he ever bore himself towards his parents. Alas! I was not worthy to be the mother of such a boy. His foolish and misguided father, Adrian, led him in 1848 to volunteer for the Lombard legions. All my supplications and tears were of no avail. I embraced him on the 7th of May for the last time. It was there on the terrace we parted. The poor child wept bitterly. He took my hands and kissed them passionately. 'Mother,' he said, 'we shall never meet again here below; the fault is not mine. . . . Dead or alive I am ever and always your son. I shall for ever love you. Pray for me.'"

Julian could not bear this any longer. He was touched in his very soul. "No more, dear Madame Clelia, no more, I beg of you; for this disturbs

you, and even now you are overwhelmed with emotion."

"No, no, children; my only comfort now is to speak of him, and in the sympathy of souls so kindly sensitive and loving as yours are."

"Now learn, dear Julian and Maso, from my troubles, what sorrow and tears your flight has given the fond ones at home:

"My boy left, and I never saw him more. For the last ten years I have deplored his loss and my own sojourn here; for I would be united with my child.

"After the battle of Novara, in 1849, Adolphus was led to the siege of Rome to fight against the Pope and the French. There he went in spite of himself, and he did all he could not to take part in an engagement. He disguised himself, and under the cover of the night went to a holy priest, besought him to hear his confession and aid him to desert from the army.

"The good religious consoled him, and asked for a few days to consider over it. In the meantime my boy was placed on duty at the Casino, which lies outside of the Gate of St. Pancrace.

"The French made a sudden attack on that quarter. He was struck down by three bullets. His shoulder was broken and he was otherwise mortally wounded.

"The poor boy was in agony for three hours, alone, abandoned, and dying unattended. . . . A brave French surgeon came up as he was expiring and received his last sigh. He told me all the

horrible details of my child's death. . . . Poor boy! his only thought then was for his mother. He also said to the good priest, of whom I have just spoken to you, that if he should return here—giving my address—that he would convey to me his last farewell and the assurance that he had fallen rather than fire a single shot on the noble French who were fighting for the Pope.

"He expired, the surgeon told me, praying to God and the Blessed Virgin for his mother, and that God would pardon his father.

"What has this unfortunate father gained by so heartless a sacrifice? Blame, grief, and affliction."

Mme. Clelia moved Julian and Maso beyond what words could tell by her sorrowful history. They wept from sympathy with her.

Julian twisted and turned in his chair to suppress the rising tears.

"We really sympathize with you in your grief, dear lady," said Maso when she had concluded. "But do you really think," he said, "that our parents are now as grieved for us as you are for your son?"

"No doubt of it!"

"Well, God be thanked, we are not yet dead."

"Do they know it? Who told them that you are alive? Think you that the countess, who is now in search of Julian, and can learn nothing of his whereabouts, is content and does not lose her sleep and rest?"

"It is we," said Adrian, "who shall now sleep

in peace in future," as he entered in time to catch the last phrase. "The Austrians," he said, when he caressed Maso, and shook Julian warmly by the hand, "are defeated. Milan during the whole night has been filled with ambulances, unsaddled horses, wounded soldiers, and artillerists in hasty retreat. They have evacuated Milan; the batteries have been everywhere silenced. It was, indeed, a fearful day. The tricolor floats from every window, from every balcony; the municipality proceeds to promulgate the new government of King Victor, and to-morrow or after to-morrow the allied armies will make their triumphal entry into the city. Hurrah for Italy! Will you accompany me to witness this triumph? We shall crown with flowers the banners of the liberators of Lombardy; we shall hail with acclamation the 'gentleman king,' Victor Emmanuel, and Napoleon, the invincible. I am going away this evening or to-morrow morning. Will you come with me?"

At this offer Julian leaped to his feet, and, all-joyous, exclaimed:

"Yes, yes, Mr. Adrian; I expect to meet a dear friend down there."

"Whom do you expect to meet?"

"His mother," remarked Clelia, as she smiled at the emotion manifested by Julian.

"So much the better," answered Adrian. "We shall start this afternoon at four o'clock sharp."

"Why not to-morrow?" demanded Julian after a moment's hesitation. "If I dared I would beg

you to wait half a day or so till I would be fully assured of my friend's recovery."

"Well, we shall consult the doctor. At all events madame will take good care of our Tuscan friend. Hurrah for Magenta!"

"What is the use of trying to keep that a secret that has already been almost entirely revealed?"

Julian, therefore, gave his real name and condition to Madame Clelia. Adrian became immediately more friendly toward him, and promised not to say a word to any one of him, not even to his brother Celsus.

On the following day, in the afternoon, Julian learned from the physician that his comrade was out of danger. Approaching the bedside of the latter, who implored him to return with the least possible delay, he said:

"Do not be anxious; I shall be back soon. Of that you should have no doubt."

"And you will bring me a civilian suit."

"Certainly. We have over two thousand francs remaining yet; and then, should I meet my mother, I can guarantee that I will soon have two thousand more."

"But what if she insist on your returning home immediately?"

"No, no; it will be the other way: I shall bring her and Natalie here. I hope I shall meet them. They must certainly pass by Milan in order to approach the encampment of the volunteers, where they imagine I am still. Their letter from

Arona scarce leaves any doubt on that head. Madame Clelia declares that it would afford her the utmost happiness to entertain my mother for a few days. I am buoyed up with hope. Do you, in the meantime, wish for anything else?"

"Yes; I desire you to drop a note to my father and give him full information about me. Can you do so?"

"Certainly."

"And you will return in haste?"

"Assuredly."

"Do not forget to present my kindest acknowledgments to your mother for the interest she has taken in me."

"On that you may rely. I shall speak more about you than myself. Is that all you wish?"

"All."

"*Au revoir*, then."

And as he spoke Julian passed out, leaped into the carriage, and drove with his kind host to the Milan station.

CHAPTER XLVI.

COUNT JAMES ON HIS JOURNEY.

NOTHING more beautiful or picturesque could be conceived than the road through Switzerland from Mendrisio to Como, leading by the fertile slopes of Chiasso. New scenes are perpetually presented to the view—mountainous and beautiful in their irregularity at one moment, lovely as a flower-garden the next. This road runs toward the heights of Mount Olimpino, and leads from hillock to hillock, from plain to plain, through pleasant valleys and smiling prairies. Beyond the slopes referred to the road gradually descends between two precipices, covered with vines and orchards, skirting lovely villas and passing by sumptuous country homes. Through the trees that line the way pretty houses peep out on every side. Here one beholds beautiful gardens decked with every variety of flowers; on the other hand rich plantations, covered with fruit-trees, flowers, and forests of oak and laurels; and, crowning all, Como, that loveliest of cities, presents itself to the view of the admiring traveller.

Toward daybreak, on the morning of the 5th of June, Count James, guided by a young peasant,

descended in the direction of the city. His carriage was driven by a coachman flourishing all the colors of Savoy. The skies were calm and serene, and the distant hills tipped with the golden glow of morning. Leaning back in a corner of the carriage, the peasant lay fast asleep, insensible to the ravishing beauty of the scene. The count, absorbed in contemplation, now feasted his eyes on the beauteous and spreading scene, now musingly listened to the birds in the branches of the trees trilling out their quick notes of joy. At length they attained the summit of the eminence, and the charming city of Como, with its glittering roofs, burst upon the view. On the left appeared the city, forming, with the smiling landscape, a scene of indescribable beauty. The better to enjoy the surroundings, he descended from the carriage and proceeded for a brief space on foot.

While wrapped in admiration of the exquisite spectacle that met his view an unexpected call from his driver aroused him from his dreamings. All at once he called out :

"Sir, do you observe what is taking place down there ?"

And as he spoke he pointed to a knot of soldiers who were climbing the hill hard by and advancing slowly in their direction.

"Are these Garibaldians ?" demanded the count.

"Certainly. Don't you see they are ?"

The driver immediately flung out his Savoyard colors in the most conspicuous manner in token of friendship. The count felt for the moment a little

uneasy, but remained apparently cool and imperturbable. Opening the carriage door he looked out, and, with a sort of cavalier dash and nonchalant air, awaited the question of the captain of the detachment.

"Who goes there?"

"Friends! Hurrah for united Italy! Long live Garibaldi!"

"Hurrah!" answered the soldiers with deafening shout.

"Where are you bound for, my brave fellows?" asked the count as he advanced toward them.

"We are on duty," they answered.

"Is General Garibaldi at Como?"

"Yes, sir, for the last three days."

"With all his Chasseurs?"

"All."

"And the Austrians?"

"The Austrians, sir? Ah! they amount to nothing; it makes no difference where they are," answered a little lank individual with a shrill Tuscan accent.

"From what city in Tuscany are you, my good fellow?"

"From San Miniato, sir."

"A real Tuscan, with many friends, I presume, among the volunteers?"

"Among the seven men whom you see here, sir, there are two Tuscans," answered another handsome-looking youth with dashing, foppish air and finely-waxed moustache. "Can I be of any service to you?"

"To what regiment do you belong?"

"To the Third Regiment; we all belong to the Third."

"If I am not greatly mistaken, sir," observed the captain, "you are going down to Como to meet some of our comrades. In that case you had better hurry up, for we start to-day. You will meet a great many Lombards down there—whole familes who have come thither to meet their children and friends."

"You have guessed right, captain," answered the count in derisive tones. "Since you are so amiable and obliging, you will, I trust, do me the favor of giving me some news of Julian and Maso, of the Second Regiment?"

The seven men looked at one another, and gave no other answer than a simple shrug of the shoulders.

"What! you from San Muniato, and do not know one of your own Tuscans? One of the friends I enquire about is from the Grand Duchy."

"Oh! that must be the handsome young fellow," observed a native of Pisa, "who was always along with that other nice fellow—the paper soldiers, you know."

"Ah! I remember. He is at Como; I met him yesterday in a *café*."

"Was he along with his friend?" asked the count in a state of great surprise.

"With Rupert? He is from the Romagna, isn't he?"

"Yes; he is from —."

"Yes; I met him yesterday in the restaurant."

"I am sure, then, of finding both?"

"Certainly."

"But one of these boys has been wounded at Varese?" added the count.

"Oh! if he frequents the *café* his wound cannot be very serious."

"Thank you, my brave fellows."

And as he spoke he placed a piece of coin in each of their hands, and withdrew in the most obsequious fashion. He then remounted his seat, drove onward, and arrived at Como about four o'clock in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XLVII.

WHERE ARE THEY?

For three days and nights Julian's uncle sought unceasingly for his nephew. He was determined to find him, cost what it may.

For this purpose James had secured the services of the peasant referred to. When he kept awake he was a consummate diplomat. He had been recommended to him by the Chevalier Eugene. As a guide he was unexcelled; he knew every foot of the country; he was also a bearer of correspondence between the various posts, inasmuch as the lines of communication were almost invariably interrupted, and it was next to impossible to receive in Piedmont anything coming from Lombardy.

In entering the suburbs of Como the count was quite jubilant, on account of the good news he had received from the Garibaldians. He was exceedingly anxious that the coachman should stop at the "Crown Hotel," where he purposed, for the time being, remaining. After a stay of two hours at the inn the driver resumed his journey toward Chivasso, accompanied by the guide, who was supposed to be able to find some news of Julian for the Che-

valier Eugene. The latter was to transmit any intelligence received immediately to the Countess Leonie. The Count James accordingly was hurrying with the desire to utilize the two hours, and to surprise his nephew some place in the city, or at least to find out exact intelligence as to his whereabouts.

After having executed his orders and taken some refreshment at his hotel, the count began to parade the streets. Every volunteer he met he imagined to be Julian, and he met them in numbers without number as he went to every place from the barracks to the most frequented *cafés*, in fact, wherever they were supposed to be found. He enquired, whenever he met one who did not betray the jail-bird or the thief in his physiognomy, for Julian and Maso.

The first with whom he spoke was a good-for-nothing sort of wag from Ancona, who laughed in his face after making a stupid attempt at wit. Soon after he fell in with a corpulent little soldier bearing the Garibaldian uniform.

"My good fellow," he observed, "would you be kind enough to give me some account of Rupert, of the Second Regiment?"

"To get you reliable intelligence you should go up to San Fermo, not far from here; our regiment is there. I, too, belong to the Second Regiment."

"Ah! you must know Rupert, then?"

"Yes, I have seen him at Savigliano; but it is a long time ago."

"Whence do you come?"

"I am a native of Parma."

"When did you see my friend last?"

"Immediately after the battle of Varese. He was first-rate. It was at Olgiate I saw him. His companion, a handsome-looking young fellow from Tuscany, who was always with him, told me that he was of a noble family and heir to an enormous fortune."

"Then, if I went to San Fermo, I should see at least the young Tuscan of whom you speak?"

"All right, sir; I cannot remain longer, so you must please excuse me. I am an artillerist, and do not always attend drill, but you know I must sometimes put in an appearance."

Whereupon the Chasseur courteously saluted the count, and resumed his course. A third party soon appeared on the scene. He belonged to the First Regiment. Of our young soldier friends he knew nothing, but he depicted to the Count James, in the most vivid terms, the fatigues and hardships endured by the volunteers from the 26th of May to the 2d of June. He related the siege of Fort Laveno, which was disastrous in the extreme for the Chasseurs of the Alps. The Austrians, put on their guard through their spies, got knowledge of the secrets of the enemy, and lay in wait, hoping that the Garibaldians would issue from their vantage corner and show fair fight on the field. The enemy, taking advantage of every opportunity offered, fell upon them and slaughtered them without quarter.

"Do you see that chatterbox prattler there?"

he continued. "I have caught him, and I may tell you, too, that I am thankful for having escaped with my life to Como!"

So far, so good; but then we derive no particulars anent our two young soldier friends, Julian and Maso.

He continued to question every volunteer whom he met. The most of them gave him no information of any account, and even answered him in a cold, if not a really insulting, manner. On one side he heard that the two youths he was in search of were at present remaining in the city, that they were stationed still at Borgovico, or that they were on picket-duty at Camerlata. Some there were even who said that it was highly probable that they were already disbanded. A group of soldiers who were reclining listlessly on the benches before a tavern assured him that Maso had recently been made prisoner, and that his friend had been slightly wounded at Laveno. One advised him that the best thing he could do was to address himself to Colonel Medici, another that he should go through all the hospital wards. In a word, the contradictory stories he heard were enough to turn the head of an Archimedes, and consequently the less geometrical head of Count James. Annoyed and confounded by so many contradictory advices, and pressed for want of time, he returned to his hotel, where his coachman was awaiting him. Here they for the first time learned the details of the great battle of Magenta, which had occurred on the previous evening, and was won by the French. The

gates of Milan were flung open to the allied armies.

He was deeply troubled on learning such adverse news. The count, it must be observed, was an uncompromising stickler for the Austrians, and he cordially hoped for the defeat of the Piedmontese. In saying this we by no means wish to imply that he preferred foreign rule to a national, home government. He ardently desired, on the contrary, that this kingdom would become absolutely independent of Vienna. But while agreeing as to this point with all sagacious and far-seeing Italians, he had sense enough to know that, once freed from the Austrians, the Peninsula would fall into the hands of the Freemasons. James accordingly abandoned those sectaries, and indeed those of every type, and he cherished no admiration for the dynasty of Carignan.

James was in principle and spirit, in nature and education, thoroughly devoted to Pius IX. He was perfectly conscious that this war tended to the subversion of the throne and the despoilment of the most precious jewels in the crown of St. Peter, to adorn the crowns set on the heads of the future rulers of Italy. This sacrilegious dismemberment was calculated to excite the indignation of even the most apathetic, and elicited from the count expressions that, to use a mild expression, could be scarce called parliamentary. The reader may, therefore, readily conceive the pain felt by the count on hearing of the unexpected rout of the Austrians. This emotion, joined to the anger he naturally felt on the

news received from the Garibaldians, caused him to burst into a state of great excitement. He paced his room in the most nervous manner, while the peasant-guide referred to, Procope (for such was his name), and the driver looked at him in the greatest amazement.

"Well, count," finally observed Procope, as he carelessly folded his arms, "what are we doing?"

"It is after six o'clock," added the driver, in a timid tone.

"Just one moment. Don't annoy me," answered the count, as he continued to pace up and down, and ruminate on the contradictory news he had received.

But finally, following his own desires rather than the counsels of prudence, he sat down and wrote to the Chevalier Eugene, begging him to inform the countess that in all probability Julian and his comrade were safe and sound, and would soon be restored to their bereaved parents. Having folded his missive, he handed it to Procope, and took leave of him in the politest manner.

It must be admitted the count acted rather hastily; but he wished to send a few words of consolation to Leonie.

Immediately after the departure of the cabman the count went out into the street and met a pompous little Garibaldian officer, who, after hearing his story, advised him to go and see Gen. Garibaldi himself. He told him to hasten at once to the Grand City Hotel, where he would be sure to find the hero. The count, though knowing that it was

no small matter to obtain from Garibaldi Julian's exemption from service at a time when he was soliciting recruits, decided nevertheless to have an interview with him, hoping to find a key to the difficulty.

It was a heart-crushing humiliation for the count to go into the presence of Garibaldi. But the intense desire to find his nephew induced him to flaunt the ribbon of Savoy and assume the airs of a Liberal. The same desire impelled him to venture a meeting with the commander of the volunteers, who, in the main, had not the fascinating eye of the serpent and the poisoned breath of the basilisk. He accordingly entered the municipal palace, asked to see the general, and then seated himself in the parlor, where, he was told, he would see him in a few moments. While waiting, his mind was busily occupied in thinking what he would say, and the best means to be devised in order to secure success.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

GARIBALDI.

After about ten minutes the parlor door was flung open and the general entered, accompanied by three gentlemen in citizen's clothes and two officers wearing gorgeous military uniforms. Garibaldi wore a broad-brimmed military hat, a well-fitting uniform, and a long sword suspended from his belt. He spoke in a rather loud tone, and seemed to be in no gentle mood. The count listened attentively as he keenly scrutinized this odd individual. He then stated his business in the most adroit and insinuating way.

It is well known that Joseph Garibaldi is a man of medium height, with broad, square, massive shoulders, bony, muscular, and robust; in short, of herculean frame. He wears a long, flowing beard, has a head of thick, shaggy hair, nicely parted over the right temple in order to cover his mutilated ear. It falls in heavy locks down on his shoulders. His forehead is large, dome-like, and of marble impassibility. His eyes are keen and lustrous. A habitual knitting of the brows adds a mixture of brilliance and ferocity, or, at any rate,

a contrasting shade, to the natural clearness of his eye. His nose is of the Grecian type and perfectly chiselled, while his mouth is entirely hidden under his huge moustache. His admirers affirm that this mouth is the seat of all the graces, and that his coral lips flash smiles that at once ravish all hearts. Doubtless they are the smiles that the god Mars casts at the mischievous child of Cytheræ. The expression of his countenance is daring and bold; his step elastic and firm; his gesticulation quick and nervous; and his language rather embarrassed than laconic. His friends and adorers proclaim in prose and verse that he is frank in tone and sprightly in conversation, singularly amiable, winning, witty, and of unruffled temper; that he bestows praise with moderation; that he knows how "to pass from the grave to the gay, from the lively to the severe"; that he has the thunder or the rainbow at his command; that he can force the smile or the tear, and can at will inspire hope or fear, hate or love. It is therefore evident that, leaving all exaggeration aside, this man has, in a large measure, received from nature all the qualities of the actor and the warrior, or, as some observe, those of the merry-andrew disguised in a Cincinnatus.

One thing, however, is conspicuously evident—namely, that the Garibaldi of 1859 was, in a multitude of ways, wholly different from the Garibaldi of 1862. He did not then blaspheme, with the earnestness and solemnity that at present characterize his language and writings, against all that is

most sacred in heaven and on earth. Nor was he then the strutting, pragmatical buffoon that he has since proven himself to be. He was not in 1859 the boasting babbler, the ludicrous swaggerer, the mean mountebank who now vaults on to every platform to harangue nincompoops and the basest of the rabble rout; who from every city balcony preaches to the mob, who proses platitudes in every low tavern, and hobnobs in every gambling-hell with thieves and pickpockets. He did not then dance around, wrapped up in his American cloak, speckled like the helmet of Harlequin, and set off with as many feathers as Æsop's raven. He did not then go about amid the shouts of the mob, shaking his mane, puffing out his cheeks, and turkey-trampling with ridiculous ostentation. He did not then, in order to make himself look like the eighth wonder of the world, drown the four quarters of the globe with a flood of literary slush; he did not insult rulers, vilify princes, excommunicate the pope, or deride the priesthood with coarse blasphemy. He did not then curse every potentate, and denounce all authority, defying and braving the anger of the universe, like the frog in the fable, that wanted to raise a quarrel with the stars.

It is not unworthy of remark, too, that the Garibaldi of 1859 had but lately landed from China, and that he leaped up all at once from the little isle of Caprera, where he had planted his cabbages and weeded his carrots; and we might also observe that the then Garibaldi had not assumed the

weighty duty and pompous title of dictator of a kingdom that he pretended to have conquered by force of arms, but which in reality had been sold and surrendered him by felonious, cowardly, and mercenary captains and the disloyalty of suborned ministers.

The Garibaldi of that period had not yet flung, through pure ostentation, the grand cordon of the Order of the Annunciation in the face of Count Cavour. He had not refused the title of Prince of Palermo that a crowned head humbly offered him; he had not thrown back to the magnates of the new kingdom of Italy their honors, pensions, and privileges. He had not as yet mounted the stool of the demagogue, and the smoke of the incense burned at his feet had not so intoxicated him as to induce him to think that he was greater than God and man. He had not, in short, verified the proverb which says, "No pride is equal to that of the parvenu." *

If certain persons had taken the trouble to make all these remarks, they would not be under the necessity of inventing the little romance of the two Garibaldis: "The false Garibaldi living, the real Garibaldi dead," a story put in circulation among the good people of Naples, who firmly believe it. In 1860, it is said, the Garibaldi of the Chasseurs of the Alps died, that he was slain at the battle of Volturno, and that his partisans, in order to derive all the benefit attaching to his name, sought out

* Non è superbia alla superbia uguale,
D'un basso e vil che in alto stato sale.

and found a sort of mountebank bearing a perfect resemblance to Garibaldi; that they sequestered him in Caprera till his beard grew to a proper length, and that, finally, having instructed him in the art of mimicking the old adventurer, they launched him on the scene to say and do all the stupid things and clownish tricks whereby the present Garibaldi has the secret of making all Europe laugh.

And, lest any one should doubt it, they corroborate it with the most conclusive arguments. They give the name, age, country, and profession, the life, virtues, and miracles, of the charlatan who acts under the appearance of Garibaldi; they cite the witnesses who saw the real Garibaldi fall; they name the day, the hour, and the spot with minutest detail. We have heard a military surgeon of the late army of Naples affirm, on his word of honor, that he was present at the hero's death. He saw him fall from his horse, and hastily carried away in the midst of a withering storm of bullets. Several Garibaldians do not hesitate to confirm that fact, though adroitly, as it would be death for them to plainly reveal it.

The discerning minds alluded to have another criterion whereby to establish the fact that the present Garibaldi cannot be the Garibaldi of the past. The latter, they assure you, could scarce handle a pen, while the so-called Garibaldi casts off daily a whole volume of letters and sorry jests; the one knew scarcely enough of grammar to make himself understood, the other deluges us with it daily; the one was, or at least had the bearing of, a soldier, the

other is but a buffoon ; the one was secret as the night, the other proclaims all his affairs from the housetops.

Thus they reason, as if one needed to believe that the living Garibaldi has always written with his own hand or derived all this rubbish from his own brain ; as if all the balderdash he has produced was stamped with the seal of the purest rhetoric ; as if a man who, "for love of Italy," filled so many occupations, from that of herder to that of dictator, from that of pirate to a Piedmontese general, could not for the same cause turn a quack doctor. But it is none of our purpose to overturn any of the castles in Spain built by the framers of this little Neapolitan fable. The kingdom of Italy knows full well if the Garibaldi she defeated, wounded, and made prisoner in the gorges of Aspromonte is or is not a manikin.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ACHILLES.

"GENERAL, I present you my compliments. I am proud of having the distinguished honor of shaking the hand that so bravely wields the sword," said Count James, as he approached Garibaldi with some hesitation and shook him by the hand.

"Whom have I the honor of addressing?" demanded the latter in a cold, supercilious tone.

"The Count of ——"

"Ah! you come from the Romagna? Have you come on any mission? Are they preparing down there to get rid of the priestly mob and those Austrian rascals?"

"General," replied the count, greatly embarrassed, "I cannot say that I have come on a mission. I have a nephew in your Chasseurs."

"Ah! I am glad."

"I have come to see him. I would be very thankful if you tell me how to find him."

"In what regiment is he?"

"In the Second Regiment."

"Apply to Colonel Medici."

An officer in dazzling uniform entered at this

moment and handed the general a sealed letter. Garibaldi tore it open, glanced over its contents, frowned darkly, and, without even condescending to apologize to the count, passed out of the room.

"Oh!" exclaimed the count to himself, "how painful it is to humble myself before such a wretch."

The count returned to his hotel in no gentle mood of temper. He at once ordered a carriage to drive to San Fermo. There he was met by the same uncertainties, the same contradictions. He was told one moment that Julian was dead, that Maso was made prisoner, and told the contrary the next.

All the information he could derive from the captain of their company was the fact that both were missing at roll-call after the affair of San Fermo, and that since no one could give any account of them. The count's heart sank within him, and he meditated in vain for some possible means affording an escape from this inextricable labyrinth.

He was in this condition and state of doubt when he observed approaching him a person of a singularly handsome and prepossessing countenance, though clad in rags and the very impersonation of poverty. Calling him aside, the unhappy youth asked:

"Sir, are you not Count James of ——? Do you not recognize me?"

The count stared at him for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"What! you, Achilles? Why, I can scarce believe my eyes."

"It is but too true," replied the youth, as a crimson tinge mantled his cheek.

"What! you a Garibaldian, in your fifteenth year?"

"Yes; and though you are my godfather you will, I hope, forgive me. But tell me, first, have you any news from home? Has my father returned from Paris? and my mother, sisters, and brothers?"

"But were you not at the College of ——? Does the Marquis Alphonsus know—"

"I have been foully deceived, betrayed. Nobody is aware of my condition. I am now without a farthing and perishing of hunger, and I could not under any circumstances summon up courage to write home."

"Well, you shall be cared for by me," observed the count, deeply touched. "I shall restore you to your parents. Our children are no longer safe in any of our educational institutions. But fling aside at once that belt, throw off that infamous uniform, and tear away those buttons marked with the cross of the impenitent thief. Leave this place! But tell me, first, do you belong to Julian's regiment?"

"What! Julian, the son of the Countess Leonie? He a Garibaldian too?"

"Alas! yes. And you have not met him?"

"No, never."

"To what regiment do you belong?"

"The Third. I am at San Fermo through the merest accident."

"When did you enlist?"

"A few days before the war broke out."

"And you have never met Julian?"

"No; after all, I could scarce know him, I entered college so young. Oh! for Heaven's sake, rescue me from my present woful condition. This place is an earthly hell!"

This boy, still so young, was the hope and joy of a rich and noble house of Emelia, and united by the closest bonds of friendship to the family of Julian. Achilles was the oldest of three brothers, and had two sisters older than himself. One of them, Amelia, was destined in the mind of the Countess Leonie to one day become the wife of Julian, and it must be confessed that would be a desirable match under every respect. We shall not detail, for it is a dark and atrocious story, how poor Achilles, with two of his classmates, was decoyed from the college wherein his father had placed him; and by what base means they succeeded in enlisting these three unsuspecting youths into the Garibaldian ranks.

Count James was wholly ignorant of the flight of the youth Achilles. The Marchioness Helena, the boy's mother, did not for a long time know the fact of her son's disappearance. Inconsolable and almost wild with grief, the poor lady hastened at once to Paris with her two daughters, to confer with her husband, who chanced to be there at the time, on the best way of recovering their son. Oh! what floods of tears and heart-crushing sorrow did not this terrible war cause to a countless number of

Italian parents. Count James still retained a single ray of hope. In a visit to Cavallasca he had been told that a hospital was there in which were a large number of Garibaldians wounded in the action at San Fermo. He repaired immediately to the presence of Mr. Moretti, who was in charge of the institution, but he could receive no information. He then hastened to the Grigioni manison, where were forty-five wounded; he sought everywhere, questioned everybody, but of Julian and Maso could find no tidings. The torture and agony he suffered it were impossible to describe.

"They are dead, then, or prisoners?"

"No one can tell," was the answer.

It was now one o'clock, and the heat of the sun was overpowering. The count wished to return to Como to resume his melancholy research. Besides, he had determined to effect the escape of Achilles from the Garibaldian legion, and that circumstance, added to the rest, increased his anxiety and care. Before leaving Cavallasca he procured a peasant's garb for the boy, and they then proceeded to the outskirts of San Fermo. There he had him get down from the carriage, gave him sufficient money for his present needs, and ordered him to pursue his road on foot toward the city and await him at the Crown Hotel. Promising to follow his instructions, they separated.

That same evening the Garibaldians prepared to leave Como and embark in four steamers on the lake, on their way toward the neighborhood of Lecco, and go from thence to Bergamo, which it

appeared the Austrians were about to leave, after having evacuated Milan. Seeing them gathered in the fort, the count hastened thither and scanned every rank. But it was labor lost. Afflicted and depressed, he returned to his hotel, and found the little peasant awaiting him.

"Why," asked Achilles, "should we not try and pass by Varese? Might it not happen that Julian, having lost his way with his comrade, passed by that side? More than thirty of my regiment deserted down there."

"Would that they were there!" answered the count after a moment of hesitation. "To-morrow morning early you will dress up in the excellent suit that I brought for Julian, and go out first and await me on the Varese road. But I fear we will have no better fortune than before."

Accordingly, in the morning Achilles opened Julian's trunk and decked himself out in the most admirable manner. He scarce knew himself after having doffed his rags. Starting out from the hotel unperceived, he quietly took the Varese road. Shortly after the count rejoined him with his carriage. It was on the 6th of June, and about the very same hour that Julian set out for Milan with his host. If the uncle but knew that his nephew was so near him!

CHAPTER L.

INSOMNIA.

FRANCIS JOSEPH, Emperor of Austria, having recently arrived at Verona to assume the supreme command of his army of Italy, learned by telegraphic despatch the check received at Magenta. He sent orders to Marshal Giulay to evacuate Milan immediately, and, after having destroyed all the bridges, to concentrate his forces on the Mincio in the best possible order. The marshal executed the orders of his sovereign with a precision that compelled the acknowledgment and praise even of the enemy. Not only was this retreat conducted in accordance with all the rules of strategic art, but also with such combined movements that the allies stood amazed.

During the retreat he held the enemy in such check that he only attacked his columns twice, and with very slight advantage, once on June 9, at Milegnano, where, having been furiously assailed by the French columns of Baraguey d'Hilliers, Roden's Brigade repelled the assault with terrific slaughter ; and again on the 15th, at Castenedolo, where Rupprecht's brigade drew the Garibaldians

into an unequal position, cut up a portion of them fearfully, and routed the rest at the bayonet's point as far as Rezzatto.

Julian arrived at Milan on the evening of the 6th of June. Adrian had a magnificent residence in that city, when his business or pleasure induced him to go thither. Having rested themselves for a short time, they went out together to enjoy the lovely spectacle presented by the streets and parks of the superb city. Every street was adorned with bunting, and flags waved from almost every house, while with the sea of transparencies and illuminations of every description one would have taken Milan for an enchanted city.

The municipal authorities had, from the evening before, on the departure of the Austrian garrison, taken the reins of government in hand, and placarded throughout the city a proclamation announcing to the Milanese that they were about to change masters, and that instead of being subjects of the Austrian emperor, as they were for the past forty-four years, they were now to become subjects of the King of Sardinia. It will be readily perceived that this pompous address was sufficient to turn the heads of all.

Every one knows full well that the Lombards were but so much merchandise bought and sold long before ; and that once the Austrians were expelled, the only freedom remaining to the Lombards was that of supplicating the conqueror to condescend to annex them to Piedmont. And the gentlemen of the municipal junta, happy and proud

in the enjoyment of the power of exercising in the name of all this majestic act of civil liberty and Italian independence, had already stamped on ministerial paper their very humble petition and despatched it to the camp. While awaiting the happy news that Milan was graciously received by the bounty of Victor Emmanuel and the favor of French bayonets, the citizens gave themselves up to rejoicing till they seemed to be on the verge of delirium. The people on the streets ran around wild with joy, the air was filled with cheering, terraces, balconies, windows, galleries were decorated, the streets were covered with flowers, and everybody wore as many feathers and ribbons as would furnish a millinery shop. It was a kind of infernal carnival. Æsop's frogs, on being granted their famous king, were not more comic.

But Julian had something else to occupy his mind than these childish puerilities. He meditated on the space of time it would require for his mother and sister to arrive in Turin. Having heard that the French were within six or eight miles of the city, and that the Emperor Napoleon and King Victor Emmanuel were expected on the following morning, he concluded that he could likewise meet on the same day his beloved friends. Absorbed by this thought alone, he paid but scant attention to all this nightly rejoicing, and he spent a great part of the evening going round from hotel to hotel, to see if he might not find his mother.

Adrian, his kind host, allowed him all the time and liberty he desired, occupied as he was

with his friends in all kinds of political plottings. On that same evening a circumstance occurred that caused the good, easy man to go almost wild with joy. In the corridor of the Marino palace he chanced to meet a certain Charles ——, one of the principal agents of Count Cavour. Grasping him warmly by the hand, the latter addressed him as commander (knight).

"You are joking," interrupted Adrian in a half-piteous tone.

"By no means," answered the other gravely, as he looked at him with courtier glance. "The count has placed you first on the list."

"I am a knight?"

"Yes, a knight. Do you not think that you are worthy of the title?"

"O generous count! O peerless king.!" exclaimed Adrian, quite beside himself with joy. Dashing through the corridor, he rushed in breathless speed to a jeweller's shop to procure the much-coveted cross, indicative of his order.

But why be astonished at the unbounded joy of Adrian? It was all Italy. And it must be furthermore admitted that it was by no means difficult to satisfy the good man. But for the time being at least it is quite possible that he did not doubt that his Cross of St. Maurice would become for Italy what the cross generally was among the ancients, a reward for the good.

In the midst of all this hubbub and popular rejoicing which deafened him beneath his window, Julian wrote three letters—one in all haste to his

mother, informing her of the place whereat he was staying; another to Maso's father, telling him all that had happened respecting his son; and a third to Maso himself, enquiring as to his condition. Having sealed the last, he retired to his room and tried to sleep.

But in vain. His heart was tossed like a tempest-beaten barque and could find neither quiet nor repose. The howling mob had subsided; silence had again returned; but no sleep would visit Julian resting on his downy pillow. For some time back he had been a stranger to that calm and regular rest, adorned with golden dreams, that distinguishes pure and innocent youth. Since he had by his folly bruised his mother's heart, he did not draw a peaceful breath, his nights were nights of anguish, and his days were filled with the bitterness of remorse. This night, which he deemed his last of suffering, his chronic affliction was superseded by a mixture of two sentiments that greatly relieved his troubled heart—unbounded joy and gentle hesitation—which made sleep or rest to him impossible. His mind was occupied with what the morrow would bring forth. He yearned for the happy moment when he would once more behold his beloved mother and sister. He was ravished at the thought. Yet, while thinking of the delight such a moment would afford, he trembled with a foolish fear. He did not know how he could meet the first glance of his mother, which would cover him with confusion, almost annihilate him. What should he do on first seeing her? Fly and embrace her, or shelter

himself behind Natalie? Such were the thoughts that filled his throbbing brain and banished repose from his pillow.

Finally, he concluded that the least embarrassing manner would be to wait till she had entered her apartments in the hotel, then quietly call Florence, and through him Natalie, and have her announce his presence and present him to his mother. So intense were his feelings on the various subterfuges and inventions that he wished to have recourse to, in order to conceal the shame of his folly, that he passed a night of piercing anguish and bathed his pillow in tears.

CHAPTER LI.

THE YOUNG HERO.

On the following morning, at an early hour, Adrian, with the most kindly courtesy, offered Julian a place on the balcony of a palace belonging to one of his friends, and looking on the Francesco courtyard, whence he would have an admirable view of the triumphal entry of the allied armies. But Julian, who preferred to go about wherever he chose, thanked him, and hastened with the surging throng to the Simplo Arch, where the municipal authorities were assembled to receive the Emperor of the French, and present their humblest homage to the new king that fortune kindly granted the capital of Lombardy. Notwithstanding the sweltering heat, the crowd was so dense in the plaza and in all the adjacent streets that one could scarce move a foot. The flags of France and Savoy floated on every side. The entire city was *en fête*. All Milan was out of doors on the streets, balconies, windows, and housetops, anxiously awaiting the appearance of the two monarchs.

About nine o'clock General MacMahon, who had just been elevated to the dignity of marshal and

duke on the battle-field, arrived beneath the arch at the head of his serried legions, and announced that the two sovereigns would not make their entry till the following morning. All the lily bouquets, all the garlands of flowers, all the gorgeous crowns, all the laurels—the entire ovation that had been prepared was lavished on the marshal. He advanced with a highly heroic bearing, in the midst of the most deafening cheers from the wild throngs who flung themselves madly around him, and it almost seemed a miracle that he was not smothered under the clouds of flowers and crowns which fell on him and his horse, who caricoled and danced along as if he too were conscious of the honor of carrying a marshal of France.

Julian took intense delight in seeing file past the solid, massive regiments of French infantry, fresh from victory and begrimed with dust—the battalions of Turcos, the squadrons of Chasseurs d'Afrique, and the shining artillery. The crowd rushed under the necks of the horses and climbed on to the wagons and gun-carriages.

Finally, Julian went to rejoin Adrian at the palace, where he had left him, to inform him that he intended to dine alone in the restaurant, and that, as he had to purchase a multitude of little articles for Maso, he could not return before evening.

The good man at once consented, but, before allowing him to leave, he took Julian by the arm, and leading him into a large hall filled with distinguished ladies and gentlemen, cried out in an almost formidable voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor of presenting to you a devoted child of Italy—a hero of Varese—one of the Chasseurs of the Alps, who had the honor of drawing a trigger on the Croats."

"Oh! ah!" was heard all around, and Julian immediately found himself enveloped in a circle of gloved hands reached out to congratulate him. He had almost to defend himself against the enthusiastic attentions lavished on him on the part of all, and especially the fairer sex.

One can scarcely conceive the degree of infatuation to which political fanaticism was pushed at that period in Milan by a large number of noble Italian ladies. Those who walked through the streets of the great Lombard city during those days know full well that we are not writing fable.

We shall not say what became of Julian in presence of that foolish assault of exaggerated compliments. He was almost dumb from confusion.

"How handsome he is!"

"How soldier-like he looks!"

"But how delicate to carry a rifle."

"Who is he? Where does he come from?"

"Certainly he is of the nobility."

"And he has fought at Varese?"

"Has he been made prisoner?"

"I wonder if he is Lombard?"

Thus all spoke together. Adrian kept silent and cast about him a glance of complaisant satisfaction, delighted to have awakened such lively curiosity, while Julian, seeing himself the observed of all, felt as if he had been standing on thorns.

"But why does he not wear the national ribbon, the symbol of liberty?" demanded abruptly a pretty little miss.

And plucking off hers, which was a knot of elegant satin, she turned towards Julian with the remark:

"Permit an orphan of a martyr for Italy to decorate you with her own hand," and without further ceremony she attached it to his button-hole, while enthusiastic applause rose all around.

Adrian then rose and said:

"Gentlemen, you have seen him, and I am happy to be able to inform you that it was I who have preserved him to Italy."

"But who is he? who is he?" asked everybody.

"Mystery is the shield of the hero!" replied Adrian with the air of a regular mountebank. Then, bowing, he took Julian by the arm, passed with difficulty through the admiring circle, and disappeared.

CHAPTER LII.

A POLITICAL TALK.

"WHAT was all that fuss about?" asked Julian as he strode rapidly along the hall with his guide. "My dear sir, do not betray me."

"Pshaw! do not fear. The air itself shall never know your affairs or who you are from me," answered Adrian in a merry tone as he stepped out on the street. "I simply desired to present you to the assembly, composed as it is of the very cream of our aristocracy, to afford me a satisfaction peculiar to myself. But do not be in the least troubled; I shall never, I repeat, breathe to any one the name of your family; I give you the word of honor of a commander of the royal civil and military order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus. I just wished to amuse myself by exciting the enthusiasm of the entire company. But could you ever guess who was that charming young lady that placed on your breast that pretty rosette? She is the daughter of the Marquis of ——, who died in exile for his country—an only daughter, and heiress to an enormous fortune."

"Were she the Empress of all the Russias, of Brazil, or of China, my dear sir, I beg you never

again to put me to such a trial in presence of an assembly of persons none of whom I know."

"But it appears to me that you are a little too severe. In point of fact, that assembly of persons, all eminently distinguished, only showered on you kindnesses and compliments. Be assured that, if I had but told who you are, they would have disputed with one another the honor of offering you the enjoyment of their hospitality, and would have placed their carriages at your disposal."

"Oh! this is not the place for me to form acquaintances; I have something else to attend to just now."

"Why, is it that the countess, your mother, would feel aggrieved to see you mingling with the most illustrious portion of our nobility? A lady like her, who has had the courage to send her son to fight for the independence of Italy, would be happy, I imagine, to see her son honored by the liberal aristocracy of Milan."

Julian smiled with a touch of disdain, which his friend doubtless took for a mark of approbation.

"And I can confidently assure you," he continued, "that if they are not liberals, liberals are nowhere to be found. It is an acknowledged fact that they are the most Italian of any aristocracy in the Peninsula."

"I have not the slightest doubt of that," answered Julian in an ironic tone.

"In that sole union of ladies and gentlemen who received you with such marked honor there were fifteen noble ladies whose husbands were either im-

prisoned or persecuted in a thousand various ways by the Austrians, on account of their love of Italy. As to the gentlemen present, they are every one of them black sheep, spotted by the police for the crime of loving the land on whose bosom they were born by the will of Providence."

"It is an intense love that love of country, is it not?"

"Yes, very intense indeed. A love that manifests itself by such bold and splendid acts as to be stamped in the soul and then propagated, through the interposition of vile sheets, against the Government; to buy arms and distribute them to a people in a time of revolution; to keep up a secret correspondence with emigrants; to concur by large offerings to the collections that were made at Turin, whether to erect allegorical monuments or to strike medals in honor of Cavour after the Congress of Paris, or to defend with cannon the fortress of Alessandria, and so forth to the end. This little dumpy man with the gray beard and the golden spectacles, who at first received you so courteously, has spent, perhaps, not less than fifty thousand dollars in raising volunteers; that other attenuated little individual, with the huge pen perched on his ear, has paid for the armament and equipment of more than fifty men; and that lady of an uncertain age has sent her two children to enlist in the army of Piedmont; and that plump little brunette, with all the fuss and feathers, has given up her husband! That young girl who fixed the ribbon on your breast imposed on her intended, who

is enormously wealthy and singularly handsome the condition, in order to win her hand, of entering at once into a regiment of light infantry to fight for Victor Emmanuel and the enemies of Italy. What do you think of that? What city of Emelia, or Tuscany, or the kingdom of Naples could furnish similar examples of ardor for national independence? And think you that the dire, obstinate, relentless war that we have so long waged against the House of Hapsburg is to be accounted for nothing? Think you for a passing moment that little physical courage was required to resent, with Radetzky's rod resting over one, the wanton insults by the archdukes and the emperor himself when they swooped down on us in our defenceless hour? When they came to stay, in theatre and hall, and in public promenade? To remain in their country residences, even in the midst of the most rigorous winter, while the court was prodigal of festivals and the palace actually got tired of invitations, and the imperial and royal chamberlains ran like lackeys, going up and down the stairs of all those hotels which possessed any inmates? Well, then, imagine our great and heroic troubled lords had the sublime courage to compete with the history of the past."

"Let us see," he could answer, "can we rush to the end at tandem? You, Mr. Adrian, who think yourself a lion; for what purpose have you become such a liberal as to send your only son to the slaughter-pen, giving over your gentle and pious Clelia, his mother, to the most

inconsolable sorrow? You would have licked the boots of all the Austrian marshals, and particularly of the archdukes and those of the emperor, if you did not dread being sneered at. He would have carried his head high, if wearing an imperial cross, but that he feared being misrepresented. You would have suffered almost anything to obtain the title of count or baron that his Catholic majesty would have yielded you, if you did not fear being lampooned either in prose or verse. And you boast of this heroic courage, worthy of epic story! You see that your own mode of conduct is not even worthy of comedy. But you do not possess the mark of nobility; you are not an aristocrat. To-morrow, or after to-morrow, you will be flung a title, as you justly deserve; a great recompense is awaiting you. The heroic courage that you will be pleased to exalt, after your own, which is acknowledged of all, is fast spreading, is shared in by many opulent patricians enjoying high titles, who have paraded their love of Italy in every corner of the kingdom, especially in Milan, and consequently their execration of the House of Austria."

"Our great lords summoned this sublime and heroic courage, worthy of epic story!"

Had Julian been younger, less bold, not so skilled in worldly affairs, and better versed in current matters, he could make answer to this poser anent the physical courage of the Milanese and their following. Believe me, it is not known who has infused this love and hate into their hearts, of

which so much has been said. On both sides persons were deceived through fear; yes, as yourself, they were afraid of intrigues and midnight plottings, and did not dare to let the light of day flash upon the results of their secret councils. Behold how your boasting liberals, as a general rule, can grow cowards; and the war which they waged against Austria proves that they were cowards. An anonymous letter ordered them to leave the city at the moment the emperor and empress entered it.

And why did they leave?

Because they were cowards!

It occurred to their minds, through the medium of a third party, that it would not be prudent to set their foot within the circle that had been marked out by the Archduke Maximilian.

And why?

For fear of some chronic scandal, of some slanderous piece of buffoonery, of some low piece of doggerel that might perchance find its way into the Piedmontese press. Such was the courage that ruled the hour, and, in order that nothing would be wanting respecting this sort of courage, lest it may lack the seal of a dazzling heroism, let us add the secretly written or verbal excuses that your Paladins and Amazons have so frequently addressed to the Austrian princes, the stolen visits that they tremblingly paid them, the abject courtesies, the secret protestations of fidelity, of devotion, of serfdom, and, in short, the secret favors that they obtained from the house of Hapsburg, which, in the excess of its benevolence, royally pardons its peculiar

enemies. O Knight Adrian ! if one could only recount all that he knows, and know all that is generally ignored, the *heroic courage* of your Hercules and your Pallas in petticoats would appear really worthy of the story of "Jean-le-Sot" and the poem of Michael Cervantes !

But Julian was not capable of holding similar language, and we would be amazed if he did hold it, for a multitude of obligations prevented him from so doing. He contented himself with shrugging his shoulders at Adrian's meaningless stupidities, and, brusquely taking leave of him, went to purchase a few simple articles for Maso, and then he made the rounds of the hotels once more to see if his mother and sister had arrived.

Without the piercing preoccupation of mind that agonized him, it were difficult to conceive what would become of this youth, alone, unbefriended, and inexperienced, with his prepossessing person and handsome face, and pockets bursting with money, in the hands of one who, to satiate his personal pride, would have made war on God, in the midst of a city given up to a wild saturnalia. Certain it is that his strength of character and the force of the salutary maxims that he had imbibed in youth were never in greater peril. To the seductive hopes and impoisoned examples were added the private suggestions of his host, who absolutely yearned to pervert Julian into an inveterate liberal, and stood amazed on beholding him so indifferent to politics, so ticklish where the interests of the Pope were concerned, and so trustless in

the copious small-talk which issued from the lips of his friend, and which he flung with sardonic grin at the Piedmontese and the vain hopes they cherished. Julian became by degrees a mystery to the mind of Adrian to such a degree that the good, easy man was puzzled. He could but say, "What a queer Garibaldian this is!"

CHAPTER LIII.

AN EAGER QUEST.

BEFORE beginning his search for his mother and sister in the most fashionable hotels in the city, Julian conceived the idea of purchasing a more exquisite suit of clothes, for he was singularly fastidious in the matter of dress, and he had a natural leaning to follow fashion, in so much as frequently to elicit his mother's rebuke. The suit he wore at the time we speak of was not to his mind *a la mode*, and he resolved to change it for one more fashionable and well-fitting.

Julian accordingly entered a large dry-goods store and bought two excellent suits for himself and Maso, and then purchased such a number of minor articles that he left a thousand francs in the store.

Having made his purchases, he repaired to his apartments, and having attached his tri-color ribbon to his buttonhole, he ordered his carriage and began his peregrinations.

Notwithstanding the punctilious manner in which he was decked out, and in spite of his efforts to appear gay and jaunty, Julian from time to

time suffered a melancholy shudder, and a pallor superseded the blush that mantled his cheek. His heart was tempest-tossed and in anguished agony; the breath of a living death vibrated through his frame. He grew passionately impatient in the carriage, leaned from side to side, fitfully doffed his hat and put it on again, pressing convulsively in his gloved hands the gold-headed cane which he bore. He drove to the Royal Hotel, and tremblingly asked in French, which he spoke with vernacular fluency, as he wished to pass for a foreigner, if the Countess of —— had as yet arrived with her daughter and suite.

"No, sir," he was dryly answered. Frozen by this cold response, he resumed his way toward the City Hotel, asked the same question, and was returned the same answer. He received no further information at the Great Britain Hotel, at the Venice Hotel, or at the widely-known Mourio Hotel. It being near noontime, he returned for dinner to the table of his host, where a group of French officers were assembled. During the meal the subject of conversation was the great battle of Magenta, in which all had been engaged. Julian was amazed on hearing of the Piedmontese cowards and runaways denounced by these Frenchmen—such *cowardly* cowards, who, when they saw the smoke of battle, fled from the positions they were ordered to hold, and evacuating them, weakened the hands and subverted the plans of Canrobert. Dinner being over, a French officer, stroking his huge moustache with pompous ostentation, observed, "After all, these

heroes would perform prodigies had they been but led by our generals. They had none of their own."

Continuing his way, Julian ordered to be driven to the Cross of Malta Hotel, to the Reichmann, and to the Hotel of St. Mark. In neither place was his mother to be found. At the Hotel of St. Mark he had been told that many distinguished persons were expected on the following day. On returning to the house where Adrian was staying he wrote another letter to Maso, and then retired to rest. He omitted through inculpable neglect, or through the ignorance of his coachman, to make enquiries at the European Hotel, which is one of the most fashionable and frequented in the city.

Why did he not proceed there on the morrow? On that day the Emperor of the French and the King of Sardinia entered the city at so early an hour that one-half of the population were deprived of the pleasurable curiosity of seeing them.

Our Chasseur of the Alps, a prey to curiosity, too, was desirous of beholding the two monarchs, and lost a certain lapse of time in front of the Busea Palace, where Victor Emmanuel had determined to stay, and before the Villa Bonaparte, where Napoleon III. sojourned. He retook with his coachman the round of the second-order hotels of the city, and still he forgot to call at the European.

Demoralized by his ill-success, the unhappy Julian perambulated the streets, ruminating on a thousand measures, and on every means calculated

to extricate him from his present embarrassment. But he knew not what means to adopt. He could not and wished not to abandon Maso during the period of his convalescence, and he could not run to Turin, in accordance with his desire. He spent the main part of the night in writing affectionate letters to his mother and sister, addressing them to Turin and the home whence he had foolishly fled. He wished to inform them that he was safe and well, and to convey a true idea of his actual condition.

On Thursday, the 9th of June, toward midday, he stood in the city plaza in the midst of a serried throng, who shrunk from the rays of a merciless sun, to gaze at the emperor and king, surrounded by their staff, and hastening to the cathedral to assist at the "Te Deum" chanted for the recent victory. Behind Julian stood a common crowd, who uttered all sorts of nonsense on late events. One of them commented on the recent proclamation to the Italian people on the occasion of the entry of the Franco-Sardinians into the capital of Lombardy.

"Oh! here they come—here they come!" rose from the surging throng.

The two sovereigns, preceded by the imperial and royal guards and the Cuirassiers, shining with gold and burnished steel, advanced on their richly-caparisoned steeds, smothered under a cloud of flowers.

"How grand they look!" observed an individual by Julian's side. "What a martial bearing

and what an imperturbable figure distinguish the Emperor of the French!"

"And Victor Emmanuel, how soldier-like he looks!"

"But trust him not till you know him better; he is ambitious," observed a venerable, gray-bearded man by our hero's side. "Charles Albert came among us as a *galantuomo*, and how did he leave us?"

"Like a whipped spaniel," answered a little hollow-cheeked, attenuated individual. "My land has ever been an indigestible morsel to all who wish to grab it from the Austrian plate."

Cheers and vivas rent the air, hats and handkerchiefs were wildly waved, as the monarchs dashed by. As the throng dispersed in their hurried rush toward the cathedral Julian heard his name called out in a shrill voice, and, being simultaneously tapped on the shoulder by a delicate gloved hand, he turned round excitedly, and "Oh!"

CHAPTER LIV.

BEATRICE.

The city residence that Julian occupied together with his mother and sister during the winter is a small palace of elegant architecture in the Sansovino style, its left wing joining a group of houses looking on a beautiful street. One of the façades, where opens the grand door of honor, looks on a plaza and is opposite to a church; the other forms an angle with a solitary but not unpleasant street. On the outside this hotel appears blackened and neglected, as are almost all the olden palaces of the Italian nobility, who are more particular in adorning the interior with every conceivable luxury than in repairing the outer walls.

At the corner of this street, which runs in a serpentine way past the palace, is situate the shop of a certain Bernard, a man of irreproachable character, very active and skilful in his line of business, and highly estimated by all who know him. For a long period this man worked for Julian's family, and during the preceding summer he had in a marked degree won the young man's esteem by the activity, zeal, and talent that he displayed in re-

pairing some articles of furniture. Accordingly, Julian was accustomed whenever he passed the good man's residence to call in and examine the various pieces of work that he so artistically wrought.

But what attracted Julian more than anything else, especially after his return from the country, was the magnificent Japanese camellias that Beatrice, the daughter of Bernard, had planted.

So pleased was the countess on thinking that Julian expended his pocket-money in so agreeable a manner that his allowance was increased from the month of November. But it chanced that toward the close of that month Bernard, who was a cabinet-maker by trade, was called on to perform some piece of work. The countess addressed to him a few words of condolence on account of the recent death of his worthy wife. The artisan thanked her in a few words that were rather ambiguous, and concluded by saying:

"I am happy to observe, countess, that your son entertains such high esteem for my lovely daughter Beatrice."

Leonie did not at first pay great attention to the observation, but she subsequently pondered deeply on it.

A fortnight afterward two of her lady friends chanced to pay her a visit. The visit, however, seemed to have been inspired by a special motive. They had something to tell her confidentially. It was the fact that Julian seemed to frequent the cabinet-maker's shop too much, and to pay a great deal of attention to his daughter, Beatrice, who,

truth to tell, was one on whom nature had rained her choicest gifts. Julian, they insisted, should not be permitted to associate with persons so inferior to him in station or afford room for the gossip of evil tongues.

This unexpected intelligence, which immediately flung a flood of light on the remark dropped from the lips of Bernard, so pained the countess that she ordered Julian on that same day to visit Bernard's no more.

This order, given in a dry, supercilious tone, ruffled Julian's hasty temper somewhat, and he half-sneeringly replied :

"All right."

The countess, at once growing sorry for the harsh manner in which she had spoken, advanced toward Julian and fondly carressed him, saying :

"My dear boy, how comes it that for the past two months you have entirely forgotten your mother, that all your gifts and attentions have been bestowed on Natalie ? Why never bring any camellias to me ?"

Julian smiled good-naturedly, but made no answer.

CHAPTER LV.

BERNARD.

On a Monday morning in the month of December Bernard asked to see the countess for a few moments on an affair of supreme importance.

On being admitted to her presence she said, with stately gravity:

"Talk to me frankly, and if I can in any way oblige you, it shall be done."

"Madame, you are doubtless aware," began the artisan in a timid and embarrassed tone, "that my daughter Beatrice is the very quintessence of perfection—at least so I am told by everybody, especially the good sisters who are her tutors. She is so gentle, so good that—well, it is not for me to say, but she is unequalled."

"Yes, indeed, I do not doubt that in the least. I have frequently been told of her many excellent qualities, and I am exceedingly happy to know that you have such an exemplary and beautiful daughter."

"Well, here is what I wish to remark: Beatrice is, as you know, of a marriageable age, and she is engaged to a young gentleman of surpassingly fine

qualities. His father, who is in easy circumstances, gives his consent, and the entire affair is arranged to the satisfaction of both families. I wish it to come off as soon as possible, in order to bring about the cessation of a state of things that would be an inconvenience for you as well as for me."

"Please explain what you mean. What is the matter?" asked the countess somewhat excitedly.

"I shall immediately tell you, but I do so confidentially."

"Well, let us hear it," interrupted the lady on the tip-toe of impatience.

"The young Count Julian—"

"My son!" again interrupted the lady.

"Do not be so impatient, I implore you; there is no very grave difficulty in the affair. It is but the simple fact that the young count has given me to understand that— It is but foolish puerilities— boyish freaks. But, as I have just said, he has given me to understand that it would pain him deeply to see Beatrice give her hand to another, and—"

"Why, you surely cannot be talking seriously!" exclaimed the countess in a half-angry tone.

"Why, certainly I am. And more than that, I now give you my word of honor that I am about to tell you what Julian repeated to me many a time. When my daughter Beatrice was suffering from a severe attack of illness, consequent on the death of her beloved sister, he took me kindly by the hand and said:

"'Do not be in the least troubled. I shall take

care of the angelic Beatrice. When I attain my majority I shall render her happy. You will see that I will make her an accomplished little countess.'"

"O the mad-cap creature!" exclaimed Leonie, every nerve vibrating with angry emotion.

"Yes, madame, he has time and again used similar expressions, which, after all, may be no more than the outcome of a generous heart."

"Come, Bernard, tell me frankly the truth regarding the entire affair. Julian, then, continues to frequent your house?"

"No; happily he has not come for quite a number of days back."

"It were not well for him that it was otherwise. But, tell me, does he still pay his attentions to Beatrice?"

"That is precisely where the shoe pinches. He never enters the house that his first enquiry is not for Beatrice, and if she be not in the room he has her sent for immediately, and they promenade the garden plucking and culling camellias and other flowers."

"Oh! how unfortunate," cried the countess, as she buried her face for a moment in her hands.

"And, madame, as you may readily conceive, I looked at this entire affair with an evil eye."

"And this is the place whence all these camellias have come! Who could have thought it?" she continued, dazed with surprise. "Now," she resumed, "if the impertinent rascal dares ever again to set foot within your door, kick him out without

any ceremony. By so doing you will confer an infinite obligation on me. Believe me that I shall soon bring him to his wits."

"Oh! no, I could not for a moment entertain such a thought, but I simply beg leave to remark that in the interest of all parties the marriage of Beatrice should be hastened. Not possessing a great deal of this world's goods, the only obstacle to that much-desired consummation is that I have not at the present the dowry I would wish to bestow on her."

"Act as if you had it already in your hand. You shall get it immediately, but on the sole condition that you will hasten the marriage of your daughter, and thereby preclude the possibility of any further difficulties."

Here the conversation rested, but from that hour the soul of Leonie was deeply troubled. She restrained her indignation, however, and until the following Thursday so acted that Julian had not the slightest suspicion of what had occurred. He remarked, nevertheless, a cold, repelling air on his mother's countenance, as did also his sister; but, as people cannot be always in sprightly humor, he paid no great attention to this circumstance.

We must not, however, think that the countess believed that her son would do anything of a serious nature against her wishes. She was perfectly conscious of his noble nature, kind heart, bright intelligence, and youthful piety, so rare in our time; but she feared lest he might afford material for gossip, or make himself the laughing-stock of the

town. Still, the very thought that Julian might possibly contract an alliance unworthy of him, the heir to an illustrious name and an immense fortune, caused all her aristocratic instincts to revolt. Several offers had already been made to the Countess Leonie for her son from some of the most distinguished families of the nobility. These offers she neither accepted nor rejected definitely, for she wished to wait ; but it must be confessed that she most inclined to the eldest daughter of the Marchioness Helena, mother of Achilles, who has been already introduced to the reader's notice.

Her brother-in-law, the Count James, was delighted at the idea, and the parents of the young lady were among the most estimable in the land. The mere thought that these cherished hopes were to be so rudely dashed to the ground caused Leonie to tremble with indignation. This lady, so perfect in every other regard, was a prey to one shortcoming—namely, giving way to a hasty and haughty temper.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE STORM.

THE last time that Julian had entered the cabinet-maker's shop before having been forbidden by his mother to do so he observed an exquisite bunch of camellias almost ready to bloom. They were so attractive and pleasing to the eye that he determined to have them, cost what it might, as soon as they would bloom, to present them to his mother. He therefore awaited the proper moment, and on the following Thursday—that is, three days after Bernard's interview with the Countess Leonie, of which, as already remarked, he had no knowledge—he hastened to the little garden and returned with the bunch of flowers.

He skipped through the carriage-door and rushed up the stairs at break-neck speed. It chanced, however, that at the moment he came out of the aforesaid shop that Leonie, whose apartments did not look on this side, was passing through a room that looked directly on this street. She perceived Julian hastily come out of Bernard's door with a bunch of flowers in his hands.

Seized with an access of anger, she turned round and re-entered her apartment. Natalie was per-

forming on the piano in an adjoining room. The countess had just seated herself by a work-table when Julian came in, and with his handsome face beaming with smiles he approached his mother and graciously presented her with the bouquet of flowers, saying: "These three camellias are so exquisitely beautiful, as you see, that they are worth all I have ever given to Natalie. Accept them from me."

The countess seized them haughtily, and, looking at her son for a moment with withering glance, made answer in the most ironic manner:

"They are beautiful, are they indeed? Oh! yes, remarkably beautiful. Look you what I do with them." And as she spoke she, with marked deliberation, flung them out of the window.

"Why do you do that?" exclaimed Julian in amazement.

"Why do I do that? You have the audacity to ask me *why*? Do you think that I do not know where you got them?"

"But my only object was to procure those for you, as you expressed a desire to have me present them to you," murmured Julian, nearly dumbfounded.

"That I desired you to present to me? Do you think that I do not know all? Leave the room at once, and do not dare to appear before me again."

"But —"

"None of your *buts;* do you imagine that I would allow you for an instant to dictate to me? I have told you to leave my presence, and I tell you so again."

Julian remained petrified for a moment as he looked in his mother's face, whose indignant glance made him turn pale.

For an instant Julian tried to reason with his mother, but it was of no avail, and again ordering him out of the room, she haughtily told him that he no longer possessed her love or affection. She knew not that this expression, revolting as coming from a mother's lips, entered Julian's heart like a poisoned barb. He quit his mother's presence and returned to her apartments no more.

If things had remained at this stage, they could be easily settled; for that mother's influence over her son was such that after the first burst of indignation had passed away he would become, by one kind word, as docile as a child and love her with his former love. Had Leonie but been able to control herself, she would have healed the wound she inflicted on Julian's tender soul; but she knew not how either to conquer or moderate her hasty temper. Scarce had Julian withdrawn from her presence than she ordered her carriage and drove to the residence of her brother-in-law, the Count James, where she gave full vent to her pent up indignation.

Nor did it require a great cause to excite the anger of Count James. One may, therefore, easily imagine the excess of his wrath on hearing this mother so violently accuse a son that she had always lauded and defended. Having felt fully convinced that Julian was formally engaged to Beatrice, the countess earnestly entreated his guardian to sever the bond at once, and requested him to employ,

if necessary, the most rigorous means. A prey to the intemperate promptings of anger, of fear, and pride, she exaggerated the entire affair in the most unmeasured terms.

After her son had fled from home and enlisted in the Garibaldian ranks the unhappy countess was wont to repeat, in order to mitigate her anguish of heart, that she subsequently claimed for herself the right to punish Julian, inasmuch as she feared that his uncle, in the excess of his anger, would act too severely with him. And indeed she but spoke the truth ; but this had happened too late.

A few moments after the countess had returned to her apartments a servant of Count James entered Julian's room and informed him that his uncle wished to see him without delay.

Julian, stretched on the sofa, was at the moment meditating on the manner in which he had been treated by his mother. He at once arose, arranged his toilet, and ordered his carriage. The hostler informed him with hesitation and respect that his mother, on returning, had forbidden him to allow Julian to have anything more to do with his ponies and carriage.

"She has !" quietly answered Julian, in a tone of subdued anger.

He accordingly walked on foot to his uncle's residence. It is not necessary for us to mention in detail the severe manner in which Count James rebuked him. When Julian, who dreaded his uncle intensely, learned from the count that his mother had come to denounce him, he became livid

with rage, and in a loud and angry tone exclaimed: "She is an odious tyrant, a slanderer, and not a mother!"

The threatening and terrific tempest that these impetuous and ill advised observations drew down on his devoted head turned him pale and stopped his pulse for a beat or two. Nevertheless, he denied with vehement indignation and ostentatious contempt the accusation of ever harboring the idea of making Beatrice his wife. He did not deny that he had acted disobediently toward his mother, but he was able to explain the motive that induced him so to act. But the Count James, livid with rage, would listen no longer, whereupon his nephew burst into tears. When the count, in conclusion, remarked that he would appeal to the law if Julian would thenceforward dare to frequent the cabinetmaker's shop, the boy experienced a thrill of horror which almost prostrated him. He turned on his heel suddenly, and silently passed the door, indignant, sorry, and pale as death.

CHAPTER LVII.

SOME EXPLANATIONS.

AFTER having spent three weeks in the endeavor to hasten the marriage of Bernard's daughter, and having given her the dowry required, the countess exerted her every energy to bring about a reconciliation with her son Julian. She sought to mollify his mistaken resentment by bestowing on him certain presents; but, after pondering on the promptings of said resentment and duty, the inconsiderate boy rejected the advances of his mother. Believing himself to be not only denounced but slandered by her, he considered that he was worthy a weightier debt of reparation than insignificant gifts and laughter-provoking trifles. Having met all the kind advances of his loving mother with a sombre and semi-reprehensible taciturnity, he repelled all her conciliatory efforts. Then ceased all the melancholy tergiversations, doubts, and ill-conceived anger of the countess, who attributed the foolish conduct, inurbanity, and ill-judged treatment of her son toward her to the terrible wound that had been inflicted on his affections. She firmly believed that Julian's heart was captured by love of her whom he was sternly forbidden evermore to revisit. It were

impossible to describe the pain consequent on this thought.

It will therefore not be wondered at that the singular conduct of Julian was of a nature calculated to give rise to this idea in his mother's mind, and to arouse the suspicions of his guardian. Nobody, not even the canon, Don Egidio, Julian's professor, knew, nor did he suspect, the determinating motive of this domestic discord. The countess concealed it with womanly jealousy; his uncle, the Count James, did likewise; and Julian, by a sentiment of self-love and a respect for the house he represented, feared nothing more than to witness a revealing of the boyish passion whereof he was accused. Natalie suffered much on observing the fact that her mother allowed her not to ask the cause of her singular severity toward her poor brother Julian. He himself always endeavored to turn the subject of conversation when its determinating motives were brought into question. This inscrutable mystery so cruelly tortured her heart that her soul was consumed by agony and her nights were passed in tears.

But why did not Julian reveal to his mother the inner pulsations of his heart in affording evidence of that innocence he so vehemently proclaimed in the presence of Don Egidio? Because with boyish pride he did not consent to humiliate himself; because he wished and ever insisted on, with child-like poutishness, reparation for the uncalled-for insult he had received from his mother; because he wished to be restored to his uncle's good

graces and be re-established in his mother's affections.

The countess deemed it inappropriate to condescend so much. She labored under the impression that her dignity and maternal rights were compromised; that Julian was wrong, and that she was right. From thence issued all the misunderstandings and the cold chain of silence that ensued.

May Heaven preserve us from impressing on the minds of our readers that the Countess Leonie was wrong and that her son was right! In presence of the tribunal of honor and conscience, the countess acted in accordance with the instincts of a Christian mother, wisely and prudently, but unhappily she was deceived as to the means adopted. But, oh! who is he who has never been deceived?

At all events, the unspeakable love of the Countess Leonie is the most satisfying excuse for her conduct. How can we justify her hastiness, her anger, and vehement indignation with which she treated her son Julian? As to the severe conduct which she evinced, we are bound to observe that Julian's ungratefulness vaulted all bounds and put his mother's patience to the rudest test. We have already spoken of it, and we now wish to consign it to oblivion; but, truth to tell, the youth wished, through love of his mother, all his faults to be known. We shall therefore cite a few passages from certain memoirs communicated to us:

"After my uncalled-for refusal of the pin which my mother so kindly presented me with, and which

I contemptuously flung into Natalie's lap, after having likewise refused to have anything to do with the ponies that had been given back to me and to accompany my mother when she went out driving, I so affronted her I scarce can comprehend how she can tolerate, with her irritable temper, my presence for a passing moment. I no longer came down from my rooms to breakfast with my mother; at evening I took leave without kissing her, nor did I ever afterward dine with her, unless we accidentally met at table. When we did meet I remained at table for a few brief moments, and not only did I affect not to perceive her but shut my eyes to her presence, and refused unceasingly all the delicacies which she had stealthily presented to me. When, through motherly love, she secretly placed the most palatable *morceaux* on my plate, I indignantly refused it. On observing my lack of filial love a tinge of melancholy mantled her sorrow-laden brow; she brushed from her eye a furtive tear, but still did not break silence.

"As I ceased to exchange words with her, and but answered her in the most monosyllabic manner or by abrupt gesticulation, my mother appealed to Natalie whenever she found a chance to do me a stolen and motherly favor. Frequently she insisted, through my sister, on my approaching the sacraments; but I refused, telling her since she had made me what I was she had no right to complain of what I was. My sister cried, but I, endeavoring to dissipate her pain, laughed at her

tears with brotherly love, petted and caressed her, tangling my hand in her wealth of hair. I loved her no less than she loved me, and yet I had, unknowingly, the cruelty to martyrize her, as I did also my mother.

"In the month of February, on the occasion of the recurrence of my birthday, my mother presented me with a magnificent writing-desk, the best that money could procure. I indignantly returned it, observing that I was not in the habit of accepting presents from those who rejected mine—an ill-judged allusion to the bunch of camellias that I lovingly presented to my mother, and which she angrily flung out the window. She immediately entered my apartments; her face was livid with subdued anger and her eyes welled with tears. Making an unsuccessful effort to conceal her violent love for me, she half-timidly approached me and patted me on the cheek. Blinded by resentment, I grossly repelled that embrace as if it were the embrace of a viper. Pretending to be indisposed, I did not come down from my apartments during the whole day. My sister told me that this insult, though unmeant on my part, so affected her that she was prostrated for several days on a bed of sickness.

"On a certain evening early in the month of March my sister came to me and told me that on the following morning herself and my mother purposed performing their religious duties, and that accordingly she earnestly desired to bring about a reconciliation between us. I smiled sardonically,

and, in order to change the subject, reverted to other matters. I was not, of course, adverse to a reconciliation; indeed, I intensely desired it, but on the condition that my mother would afford me ample satisfaction; for sorrow had turned my heart into a living hell, and I was unable longer to bear my weight of woe.

"The next morning, on their return from church, I expected something important to occur, and indeed the chambermaid entered my apartment to inform me that my mother desired to see me for a few moments. I was taken somewhat aback on being so abruptly summoned, and brusquely answered that I had no time to go down to my mother's rooms, as I had other business to attend to. Natalie in a few moments came up and entreated me to go down and see my mother, and so imploringly entreated that I finally yielded and went to the entrance of my mother's apartments. But, alas! at the moment my sister was about to open the door I was so overcome with the feeling of shame and remorse that, gliding from her presence, I vanished like an apparition and skipped back to my room. My poor sister returned in a moment, rapped at my door, and, sobbing with despair, told me that my mother was in a state of indescribable anger, and that she seriously contemplated going to Uncle James if I did not obey her on the spot; but I still refused to yield.

"At dinner-hour my sister—I can scarcely tell why—delayed coming into the dining-room, where I was alone with my mother. To avoid any con-

versation with her, instead of seating myself at table I turned round and began to caress the huge dog that lay underneath the window, whereupon my mother said in a loud and stern voice :

" 'Julian, it is time that this should end. I want you to understand that I am wearied, even disgusted, with your recent conduct. Be careful. Know that your mother has not as yet made her last will and testament, and do not compel me to disinherit you and give all I possess to your more deserving sister.'

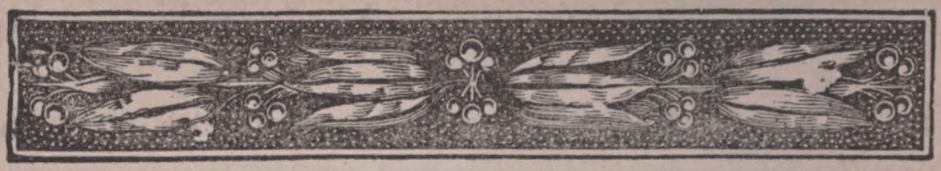
" This threat, which I had never before heard, stung me to the quick. I answered her with indignant scorn that my father had left me a sufficient fortune to enable me to dispense with hers ; that she could keep her gold, but that I insisted on her returning me my honor. I then left the room with proud and haughty step.

" The pain which this unworthy and insolent answer caused her prostrated her on a bed of sickness ; dinner was that day deferred, and the whole house was turned topsy-turvy. A few days subsequently I determined on asking my uncle to effect my emancipation and my separation from my mother, to allow me to live with him until I should attain my majority. But he deluged me with such a flood of insolence that at the thought of it my heart still throbs with ineffable indignation.

" At the period I speak of, I was unaware that my mother had agreed, at the solicitation of Don Egidio, to enter my room unexpectedly, fling herself

into my arms, kiss me tenderly, and be reconciled for ever. On knowing that I had recourse to the protection of Uncle James she became a prey to indignant anger, and our reconciliation was unhappily frustrated. This was the cause of the affront I suffered at her hands, on the occasion of a public reception, a circumstance that determined my flight to Piedmont.

"But I suppose it was the will of Providence. I had greatly changed; I knew not my own mind; I could not understand myself; I needed a harsh and rude lesson. My mother's declaration that she no longer loved me penetrated my heart like a poisoned barb, banished peace from my pillow, and almost rendered me insane. I no longer loved her—but no! I retract that expression; I did love her and I love her still, for I have ever since been a prey to remorse for the unintended ungratefulness that I have shown toward my sweet and beloved mother. Nevertheless, I must admit that I caused her unspeakable pain, which I have since deplored and hourly wept; but my only excuse is that when I thought of how she had acted toward me, and what she said anent me, reason reeled upon her throne—I no longer knew what I did."



CHAPTER LVIII.

THE INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY.

"HEAVEN be praised! the intelligence, my dear Florence, you convey me fills my heart with pleasure."

"The despatch arrived at eleven o'clock last evening, and it is likewise true that it is of supreme importance. A rap was heard at my door, I received a note and presented it to the countess.

"She was resting in bed at the time. She immediately arose and opened the letter, read it, and reread it. Then she ordered that my sister should be awakened in order to see it, too. Both on seeing it were intoxicated with pleasure. I left them wild with joy, so much so that I do not believe that either of the two closed an eye during the whole night; or if they closed their eyes before break of dawn, it was only to dream, and the dreams were golden, of poor Julian. But while his mother and sister dreamt of him he dreamt of them, too, and these were golden dreams!"

"How satisfied I am!"

"Would to Heaven that all troubles were over!

Were it otherwise, I know not what would happen."

"What! you still retain the telegraphic despatch in question and you still entertain your doubts?"

"Ah! Don Egidio, to tell you what I really think, I have witnessed so much in relation to this affair that I veritably agree with a great saint who wished to see before believing. *Remansit fide dubius.*"

"Why, you speak Latin with Ciceronian elegance!"

"Oh! that is rather too flattering; but I have studied the stately Latin language somewhat, though I confess it has been certain years since. But, to revert to the idea that a moment ago engaged my attention, I cannot help repeating that my theology coincides with that of the doubting Thomas. So long as I do not see the young count in the arms of his mother, so long as I see not a reconciliation effected between them, I cannot believe that either the one or the other has ceased to suffer. We have too long remained depending on flimsy hopes at Turin and Borgomanero."

"Florence, you are singularly patient in this matter, but, I conceive, you will get over it by and by."

"What you say I readily admit. Still, if the despatch in question is as explicit as you have observed, I cannot see any grounds for your doubts."

"The despatch is as clear as the noonday sun. The countess and her daughter have read it and reread it so often that they actually know it by

heart. Here are the remarks of the good Chevalier Eugene:

"'The count declares the boys are all right. He will in a brief period bring Julian home to his mother.'

"And yet you are not satisfied? Heaven preserve you! As to me, I hourly rejoice on thinking of the happiness the countess would experience on reading those few words:

"'O my poor mother! how I long to see her, fling myself into her arms, and be forgiven for my ill-advised actions.'

"Please, know, reverend father; that unholy Saturday, when you kindly filled my heart with hope, I did not forget the favor. And what was the result? Nothing." "Let us see, Florence. 'He who proves too much proves nothing.'" "Well, all right; at all events, it will be your business to restrain the indignation of the countess and her daughter. I had enough to do with the whole affair, and I purpose washing my hands out of it now. What tedious hours and sleepless nights I have for the past two days experienced it were impossible to describe. It seems almost miraculous that I did not lose my senses."

"But explain your explanation. What is the matter? You know that with me you can speak frankly."

"My dear Don Egidio, it would require a bulky volume to relate to you all that has occurred. It were impossible to depict the agony which the good lady suffered; she yearned, wept, almost fainted

away; her anguish it were impossible to describe. One day it was rumored the young count was dead; the next day it was said he was wounded; then it was told he had deserted; and, finally, it was said he had been made a prisoner by the Austrians. And, Florence, I wish you to try once more what can be done in the affair in question. I, as you know, exerted every energy to dissipate the clouds of doubt that hovered over the imagination; but Natalie so tormented me, and so contradicted me, that to do so I would have required the patience of Job. The artless girl found every day some new occasion to torment me. Her affection for Julian almost amounted to insanity, and so changed her character that she became the victim of a weasel-like peevishness."

"But what is surprising in this? You know how dearly she loves her brother."

"It is well known that she is possessed of a dove-like tenderness of character, but allow me to observe that on certain occasions she is accustomed to temper her conversation with a little Attic salt. But then I like a poutish girl. To bring the countess and her daughter to leave Turin it was necessary to utilize the good offices of Count James, and at the time we speak of he was in no merry mood of temper. Having arrived at Genoa, he took it in head to return at break-neck speed to Varese. I felt that night as if I had been tramping on a tread-mill. The count intimated his purpose to finish the whole affair in a short space of time, cost what it would. But Natalie, in her

girlish good nature, simply spoiled her mother. She was never done crying, 'Julian is here; Julian is there.' Her mother was entirely under her control, and with no mean effort I succeeded on the 3d of June in inducing them to leave Genoa and hasten toward Pisa."

"And how comes it that it required such a length of time to arrive at Pisa?"

"How I talked myself hoarse in endeavoring to prove to the countess that we should not stop on the way. But the young girl unhappily fell sick. Then she brought forward a multitude of pretexts for the purpose of gaining time and seeing if a means could not be devised to reach Milan. As soon as possible I induced them to come to Florence, where, as soon as they arrived, we learned that the Austrians, after having lost the great battle of Magenta, evacuated Milan, broken and routed. Natalie absolutely wished to follow the track of the French army. She could neither eat nor sleep for love of her brother, and she became seriously ill. O what a day of pain it was! the countess was beside herself with melancholy, and her countenance was pitiable to see. She could scarcely be recognized, so deep was the impression made on her. Julian is living; Julian is dead; Julian is lost; Julian will come back to his mother again —such were the questions frequently asked, but vaguely and fearfully answered. His mother had no other thought but Julian. She was completely under the control of her daughter, and I was impelled to hourly dispute with that pettish

but loving sister, so much so that an hour's repose was impossible."

"Poor boy, in what difficulty have you foolishly flung yourself?"

"I convinced the countess that while we loitered in Tuscany we had daily news from Count James, and occasionally, perhaps, from Julian in person. This thought, whispered to me by my good angel, struck her as true.

"Whereupon she left Florence without further ceremony; but Providence, in its kindness toward me, afforded an opportunity of sending her satisfactory intelligence, without which I know not how I could extricate myself from the difficulty in which I was placed."

"Admirable! Heaven be praised for crowning your labors with such untold success!"

"You are perfectly correct; we are deeply indebted to Him who rules over us. And, accordingly, I earnestly entreat you to implore Heaven to extend its mercy over the suffering countess, who now stands on the very brink of despair. I deeply feel for her future. Shall I frankly reveal my thoughts on the subject?"

"Undoubtedly; anything you communicate shall never be divulged."

"I fear that she will succumb to the grief to which she is a prey."

"What a singular apprehension!"

"Remember, canon, what Florence observed, and pray Heaven that his predictions will not come to pass. But listen to what I have to say. It may

not be agreeable, but it is nevertheless true. We arrived last evening at nine o'clock at the hotel. Madame the countess had scarce placed her foot on the carriage-steps than she sent, not for the Countess Olympia, her sister, nor any other person belonging to her, but Bernard, the cabinetmaker, who, as we before mentioned, lived in an adjacent street. This shop, at the moment referred to, was closed. No answer was made to the person rapping at the door. He rapped again and again. At length he was answered, but to his grief was told by the valet that Bernard was dead, and had been buried some eight days previously. The countess was merged in despair for the reason that she could no longer talk with Bernard anent her son Julian. What folly all through the affair!"

"Probably the countess had reasons which could not be impeached, to act as she did."

This conversation between Don Egidio and Florence took place in a small parlor where the Countess Leonie had her apartments, on the 11th of June, at an early hour of the morning.

Without venturing to make any commentary on this conversation, we must nevertheless observe that the good and faithful servitor exaggerated beyond measure his toils and troubles (though, truth to tell, they were not inconsiderable), in order, at the promptings of a guiltless vanity, to make himself appear big and important. From Genoa to the end of the journey, where they arrived on the foregoing evening, he had nevertheless been but a humble and docile instrument in the hands of the

worthy countess. For, though simply pompous, the good, easy servitor was endowed with the sincerity of youth.

A few moments subsequently the canon was admitted to the presence of Leonie, who hastened to meet him, and received him in the most affectionate and gracious manner. For a considerable space of time nothing was spoken of save the despatch received on the aforementioned evening. Of what could the countess, indeed, speak at the moment referred to with Don Egidio but of her beloved boy Julian, and of the unspeakable anxiety wherewith she awaited his return from minute to minute, both night and day. In the course of the talk alluded to she evinced that boundless, ocean-like love that inflames a mother's heart.

In speaking to the Count James she was elated, as she conceived that he would say nought in the case of his nephew that might not be taken for a fixed fact.

"The good Count James sent me yesterday at four o'clock in the afternoon this telegraphic despatch—laconic, indeed, but clear; parsimonious, but tender. 'Julian must surely arrive, at the latest, to-morrow.'"

"But it remains to be known whence they started, and what distance they have to cover, madame."

"Oh! but—well, yes, they can make the journey in three days, canon."

"Oh! I am aware of that; but, at any rate, a day sooner or later makes not much difference."

"Oh! to me it makes all the difference in the

world. I feel every minute to be an hour. Since I read the lines alluded to my pulse beats faster, and my heart throbs with that love which but a mother can conceive or feel."

Natalie, who at this moment came into the room, received with marked politeness the good canon. He eyed her for a moment, as he had heard that she had recently been in a weak state of health. On looking at her he stood aghast, for he found her so changed from what she had theretofore been. The pretty, poutish, girlish smile that was wont to play on her lips was gone, and her countenance now presented the same woe-begone features as her mother's.

On sharply looking at the wrinkled brow of the canon one might easily observe the ruling thought that clouded his mind and banished his usual joyousness, frank character, and gay but harmless playfulness.

The countess, who possessed in an eminent degree the faculty of penetration of character, detected it forthwith. At the instant, after the usual preliminaries incident to the occasion whereof we speak were over, Leonie asked Don Egidio the cause of his preoccupation of mind, whereupon the wily but good old cleric cast at her a glance which clearly said, "Send away your daughter from our presence for a moment."

"My child," observed the countess with exquisite naïveté, "do not lose any further time; attend to the many things you have to do, and which you are expected to look after. Go and take your usual

daily practice on the piano, or anything else you deem fit. I have to speak with a multitude of persons this morning in regard to your brother. You will, therefore, be so kind as to leave me at liberty to attend to (for us) such an all-important matter."

The gentle girl, who never disobeyed her good mother, forthwith arose and retired from the room in the most gracious manner.

CHAPTER LIX.

A NEW REVELATION.

"WELL, canon," demanded the lady immediately, "what news have we now?"

"Countess," gravely answered the priest with solemn air, "you know who I am; you are aware that I yield to none as regards affection for Julian and devotedness to your distinguished house."

"Ah! Don Egidio, who ever entertained the slightest doubt of that? Your observation amazes me," she remarked with apparent uneasiness.

"My conscience compels me to make certain remarks that I proposed postponing to a future and more opportune time; but the daily-expected arrival of Julian announced *ex abrupto* at once alters my decision. I'll tell you at the outset that my duty, devotion, and friendship force me to speak as I am speaking."

"Please, canon, explain what you mean; your observations disturb my peace of mind."

"There is no cause for your anxiety; simply tell me if Julian has been reconciled with you?"

"I hope so; I am even very sure of it; his let-

ters from Pontestura and Solbiate are so exceedingly affectionate."

"And you have forgiven him ?"

"O Heaven ! what a question to ask. Have I forgiven him ? Why, Julian is my son, and my only son, and you ask me have I forgiven him ? I only hope that God will forgive me as quickly as I have forgiven my poor lost Julian."

"And do you really believe that during the past winter he was guilty of any wrong, and that he truly deserved the punishments you inflicted on him ?"

"Oh ! that's a subject I don't wish to speak about ; that secret is buried in the depths of my heart, and known alone to me, himself, his uncle, and another no longer among the living. I beg your forgiveness, indeed, but I cannot help saying that the subject you adverted to is one that I wish never to hear mentioned."

"And if I knew that famous secret, what would you say, madame ?"

"It is impossible," she replied in an energetic tone, and blushing to the eyes, "unless that man perjured himself."

"But if he whom you allude to before he died—"

"My God . . . canon ! . . . you spoke to him?"

"You understand. Yes, I have spoken to Bernard ; he sent for me to his bedside some hours before he expired—before the last access of deadly fever. He asked me to inform you that he had deceived you, that Julian—"

"Was innocent !" she screamed, almost in a delirium.

"Entirely innocent of the absurdities that he imputed to him with the view of inducing you to give a marriage portion and a wedding present to his Beatrice."

The lady rose, tottered, clasped her hands on her forehead, and then dropped back into her seat exhausted.

"Heaven!" she exclaimed in a state of stupor, "my mind told me; and I, wretch that I am—oh! my poor enigmatical Julian."

Stopping suddenly, she fixed her eyes upon the canon, clapped her hands, and sobbed aloud, her cheeks bathed with tears.

At this sight the tender-hearted canon felt so moved and touched that he could not speak. He burst into tears, and with his two hands signed to her imploringly to be calm, to conquer the emotion which so profoundly agitated her.

"Be assured of it," he was finally able to say, "it has caused me great annoyance to dissipate by this sudden revelation the joy you experienced on receiving the despatch yesterday evening. But you are a perfectly rational lady, gifted with good sense, and you understand better than myself how necessary it was to open your eyes before Julian rushed into your arms."

"Ah! my worthy friend, I am dreaming; I am no longer myself; I am raving," exclaimed the countess so soon as she could breathe. "Oh! tell me everything; hide nothing from me. If I have erred, I'll make atonement. If I have been deceived, I am resolved to punish the deceivers."

"Yes, but the atonement must be maternal, the punishment tempered with Christian forbearance."

"Ah! my tenderness has reached the limits of possibility. To go beyond those limits I should have two hearts."

"The punishment is: pardon poor Bernard and pray for the repose of his soul!"

At these words Leonie suddenly rose, compressing her lips at the same time, her face crimsoned with emotion. She turned her eyes to a beautiful ivory crucifix.

"Let the unhappy boy receive my forgiveness and my prayers. May God, who sees my heart of hearts, deign to accept, in expiation of his faults, all the agony I have been doomed to suffer and the Masses that I have ordered for the eternal repose of his soul!"

"Very good, countess. Oh! how admirably you make amends for the past," observed Don Egidio brushing away a tear of emotion that unconsciously streamed down his cheek. "I now comprehend your character. You are, indeed, the magnanimous, pious, and truly Christian lady you were represented to be. Happy lady! you have subdued a passion which it is most difficult to conquer—the offended honor of a mother's heart. May God recompense you! May he bless you with his celestial consolation in a hundredfold degree!"

After this exordium Don Egidio explained in the most delicate manner to the countess all the details that the unfortunate Bernard, through re-

morse of conscience, was compelled to reveal to him. His well-put insinuations were but unmitigated slanders, invented for the purpose of obtaining from the too credulous generosity of that mother a dowry for his daughter. Never did Julian evince the slightest love for Beatrice, nor did she in the least engage his attention; never did he receive the camellias from her own hands; on the contrary, he almost invariably culled them with his own hand, or accepted them from Bernard himself, who pressed them on him with unwearied earnestness. Never did Julian remark that he would render Beatrice happy at some future day, or manifest the slightest intention of marrying her. The two ladies who, in the month of November, had come to apprise the countess that she should be on her guard with respect to Julian had been artfully instigated thereto by the reports that Bernard had spread among their friends. On his death-bed the cabinetmaker revealed all his inventions. He bitterly repented of them, and begged the countess' pardon and the forgiveness of the Lord.

Accordingly, as the canon explained this retraction so frank, so closely agreeing with the march of events, Leonie gradually felt herself becoming undeceived. She discovered each thread of this black and perfidious web wherewith she was enveloped so as to place her in imminent danger of losing her beloved son. She trembled with emotion. Confused and regretful at having been so readily entrapped, she finally became a prey to the most intense grief. But what was now to be done?

It was too late for vain regret. Leonie finally comprehended this, and yielded to the wise remonstrances of the good canon, who exhorted her to be resigned to the Divine Will, which can always draw good from evil.

CHAPTER LX.

NEW TROUBLES.

NATALIE, who was occupied in setting in order an adjoining room, heard for some time her mother engaged in an earnest conversation, heaving deep sighs, and breaking forth in frequent exclamations. But, with delicate discretion, she was careful not to listen to the conversation, and was content to imagine that these sighs and exclamations were the results of the joy excited by the despatch received the evening before, or the anxiety of waiting to the following morning. After having finished her work, she went and seated herself before the piano and began performing a familiar air. While thus engaged she heard the door open behind her, and, on turning around, she beheld a pretty child come tripping into the room. Attracted, doubtless, by the music, he stood in the centre of the room, and amazedly contemplated Natalie. The latter, rising from her seat, asked curiously:

"Who are you, my pretty boy?"

The child made no answer, but, fixing his large blue eyes on her, drew back timidly.

"Who are you, my boy?" repeated Natalie.

The boy continued to retire, his eyes bashfully cast on the ground. To Natalie he seemed a veritable angel, his countenance so beamed with beauty and purity. His waving golden locks hung over his shoulders, and he was dressed in the most tasty and elegant style. His attitude and bearing were candid and exalted. He seemed to possess a regal, informal spirit. Natalie at first was rather timid in approaching him; but the child having betaken himself to a large arm-chair hard by, she, after a moment's hesitation, advanced toward him, looked at him for an instant with gentle glance, and again repeated, in tender tone:

"Who are you, my pretty little boy? What do you want? Do not be afraid to tell me?"

The child tremblingly bent down his head and made no answer. Natalie went over to him, patted him on the cheek, and caressed him, and, taking him gently by the hand, led him into the adjoining room to present him to her mother.

"Otto, I suppose you have been into some mischief again, as usual," remarked a gentleman who was engaged in conversation with the countess and the canon, at the moment Natalie appeared at the entrance of the apartment.

"Come in, Natalie," said the mother; "come and present your compliments to Mr. Leopold, Maso's father."

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl, deeply blushing and bowing with graceful courtesy. "But, mamma, who is this pretty little cherub, do you know?'

"That's my son, miss," answered Leopold, as he

took the child by the hand and presented him to Leonie, saying :

"Go and shake hands with this lady. Where have you been hiding yourself, you little rogue? Did I not tell you to stay in the antechamber?"

Leonie tenderly kissed the child, after having delicately complimented the father on his beauty.

"Sir," she observed in pressing the pretty boy to her bosom and pointing to Natalie, "I have the honor of introducing to your notice Julian's sister."

"I am sincerely delighted," he answered, "and cannot help congratulating you on being blessed with so charming a daughter."

"Ah! the poor child is no longer herself. She is at present in a pitiable condition. She is hourly wasting away."

And, pressing her cheek to the boy's brow, who clung in her arms in half-timid bashfulness, the countess dropped a furtive tear, which she in vain endeavored to conceal. The company remained for a moment in silence, and Natalie, taking the smiling boy from her mother's lap, cloyed him with kisses, candies, and *bon-bons*.

Subsequently the thread of the narrative was resumed, which turned, as is scarce necessary to observe, on Julian and Maso, on the latter's wound, on the encouraging despatch, and on the approaching arrival of Count James, which was so impatiently expected.

The reader must remember that Leopold had received certain information at Turin anent the family name and the city wherein the countess re-

sided. Recalled home on account of his wife's serious illness, he of course hastened thither. Happily, however, Leonora became convalescent in a brief period following his arrival. But the poor mother was incessantly lamenting the absence of her boy Maso; she wept and perpetually importuned Lady Bianca, her mother, as also her husband, to secure to her the restoration of her cherished son. With the design of appeasing her unspeakable anguish, Leopold endeavored to impress on her mind that Maso was already enjoying the protection of the countess, the mother of his trusty friend; that she had effected his removal from the ranks of Garibaldi; and that in all human probability she would bring him back to Tuscany safe and well. But day followed day and Maso appeared not, whereon Leopold conceived the design of repairing in all haste to the residence of Leonie. He took with him little Otto, his third son, who had scarce attained his sixth year. He was the most mischievous member of the entire family, who seemed to be endowed with the quality of perpetual motion, and was a constant annoyance to his mother during her convalescence; for the good Lady Bianca, too generous and too indulgent, had not the slightest power over the mischievous lad.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE DINNER.

We have not the time, nor is it any of our purpose, to detail to the reader all the events that occurred during the day. It was Saturday, and was occupied in earnest conversation between Maso's father and Julian's mother. Both were a prey to uncertainty, hope, and fear. Hourly, friends and relatives came to congratulate the countess on her return home. The apartments were flung open to all as on special reception days; nothing was witnessed save the coming-in and going-out of ladies and gentlemen; nor was scarce anything heard but the rustle of silken trains and the hum of compliments and congratulations. Alternately the subjects of conversation were regrets for the mother's ill health, the daughter's feeble condition, and on the anguish which wrung the hearts of both. The unhappy lady, whose heart was fixed on other things than compliments and ceremonies, vainly endeavored to conceal from all her uneasiness and heartache, and return a gracious word to all who sympathized with her in her sorrow.

The countess pressed Leopold to remain and

dine with them on the following day. The canon, the Countess Olympia, her daughters, and Florence composed the company. All the honors were conferred on Leopold, all the caresses were lavished on Otto, who, fresh, rosy, brisk, and smiling, was the hero of the table and the favorite of the guests. Seated between Natalie and the eldest of his cousins, each of them unremittingly placed every delicate *morceau* on his plate, and had no little care to prevent him from soiling his nicely-bleached bib. Having freely got over his timidity of the previous evening, the little lad deluged the company with his childish prattle, and all were amused at the naive wit which incessantly poured from his lips. Florence, who never lost an opportunity of trying to make himself seem big, was never done directing attention to the perfect resemblance of the child and his brother Maso, with whom he had the honor to hold a long and familiar conversation in the barracks of Savigliano ; and, addressing Leopold, he every minute repeated, in self-sufficient tone:

"My dear sir, those luminous crystal eyes so forcibly remind me of Maso! When I see little Otto smile I seem to think that I am looking on Maso's handsome face. What a beautiful child he is!"

The father smiled sadly, and Leonie remarked to him: "Who knows, Mr. Leopold, but that your darling boy may arrive to-day with my cherished son? Oh! how my heart beats at the happy thought."

"Do you know, Otto," said Natalie to the child, "that that gentleman yonder has seen Maso?"

"Who? that man down there?" answered Otto, pointing towards Florence with his fork.

"Yes, exactly."

"Why, that ugly old fellow! That's the ugliest old man I ever saw in my life."

"Otto, you villanous little rascal!" cried his father in thunderous tone, whilst a subdued snicker ran round the table, and Florence's face turned blue with indignation.

"What news have you received from Tuscany this morning?" asked the canon, in the adroit endeavor to divert the attention of Leopold, who was burning with shame at the unexpected escapade of his roguish little boy.

"Oh! nothing of any special account. This is a fat time for a crowd of impostors, cheats, and mountebanks, against whom the government of our good grand duke has shown so much indulgence that it may be said to amount to feebleness. The scribblers of the *Civil Italian Library*, of the *Spectator*, and of other masked sheets play the *rôle* of a set of junketers, while our pockets are robbed and our children stolen from us.

"This is the most important news I have to convey to you, and, to my mind, we need not expect any improvement."

"Think you, Mr. Leopold, that affairs can remain as they are at present?"

"I am no prophet, and cannot, of course, pre-

dict future events; but all I see tells me of the restoration of our grand duke. On the one hand we have a flock of ambitious and hungry thieves, who, though all their lives tatterdemalion ragamuffins, now aspire to place and power, to compass which they would not hesitate to again crucify Christ. On the other hand, Piedmont promises them all they desire; every species of decoration, provided they assist her in placing her paw on the crown of Lorraine, which she vehemently covets. Hence it is that we behold marquises and barons hob-nobbing with rowdy lazzaroni; muddy-brained Cincinnatuses abandoning the plough they were scarce intelligent enough to follow, to undertake the responsibilities of official life and loll in the lap of luxury. Sordid penny-a-liners and lawyers without briefs strut about with as much ostentatious pomp as if they had been born in the purple, driving fast horses in gorgeous carriages, blazoned with ridiculous armorial bearings. It is not generally known that a locust-cloud of Piedmontese agents swarm over the land proclaiming that if we but were so singularly fortunate as to become annexed to Piedmont we should attain the acme of human happiness!"

"What happiness, indeed!" exclaimed the Countess Olympia. "The most enlightened and polished people of the Peninsula to become the serfs of the rude and barbarous Bœotians of Italy!"

"Speak not so, my dear sister," answered Leonie. "I agree with your opinion as regards the Pied-

montese, but my brief sojourn at Turin and in other cities convinced me that I had been deceived. You might, indeed, say with justice that a small portion of the people and nobility have been spoiled and led astray by a government whose desire is to corrupt the people entirely; but do not accuse a whole nation of barbarism, impiety, and ignorance; for I can confidently assure you that as regards religious belief, civilization, and chivalrous courtesy, Piedmont is even superior to our own Romagna, nor do I think that it is inferior to Tuscany. I am speaking of the mass of the people; I do not refer to the government or its satellites, who are the world's shame and the scourge of Italy!"

"Ah! the Alpine air must have turned your head, and communicated to you the contagious malady. Our liberals will, I conceive, be henceforth your greatest admirers," answered Olympia with irony.

"You are not speaking seriously, I am sure. The Piedmontese Government is, I readily admit, abominable in the extreme; but it must nevertheless be confessed that the people are worthy of admiration. If you had but witnessed the fervent piety wherewith they frequent the churches, how they reverence their clergy, and how devoted they are to the Pope! Would to God the subjects of His Holiness were as devoted to him as are the good people of Piedmont!"

"As to me, I beseech God to preserve me from the contamination of that holy people! Continue your panegyric. I shall be back in a moment," re-

marked the Countess Olympia, as she rose from the table in response to a word whispered in her ear by one of the servants.

"The Countess Leonie is right," chimed in the canon. "When it is a question of Turin we too readily confound men and things. The revolution which for the past eleven years has there ruled emanated from the higher classes, not from the people."

"The Masonic societies have sustained and kept it animated with vitality despite the every effort of the people, who so vehemently detest it; and the scum of the Italian rabble, entrenched within its defences, have made it a furnace of conspiracy wherewith to set all Italy ablaze. Under the wing of the government, these scoundrels, who are the same throughout, have arrived at the most infamous lengths. But it is not the fault of Piedmont; it is the exclusive work of the coterie who hold in their hands the ruling power, and who hypocritically pretend to augment the power of the house of Savoy, with the design of bringing about the ruin of this same house and all Italy as well."

"And are you not fully convinced, canon," asked Mr. Leopold, "that after Piedmont has succeeded in annexing Milan, Parma, Modena, and Florence the appetite will increase with the eating, and that Naples and Rome will be likewise gobbled up?"

"I am perfectly certain of it. Our puny liberals are never tired of proclaiming that Italy shall henceforth form but one great and powerful kingdom."

The countess at this juncture, growing impatient at her sister's absence, profited by a pause in Don Egidio's conversation to ask a servant:

"Where is the Countess Olympia?"

"In the gallery, madame. She is speaking with her husband's coachman."

"Is she coming back?" she asked in visible distress.

The servant intimated that she was.

"Has he really come back already?" she demanded, rising as she spoke from the table.

"Who? my uncle? and with Julian?" cried Natalie as she sprang from the table in a state of indescribable excitement.

"O Heavens!" exclaimed Leonie in an almost breathless tone. "Run, my daughter, run quick and see if Julian has come, and if so, give him as soon as you see him a kiss for me. I— but, Mr. Leopold, please await him here with me."

Natalie at once rushed toward the door, but when she got there she cried:

"Florence, go you and see; I am so weak with emotion that I really cannot go."

She returned tremblingly to the presence of her mother. Florence hastened forward as requested, followed by the good canon, while little Otto, clinging to his father, who stood still as a statue, exclaimed in childish amazement:

"Papa, what is the matter with all these people; they don't know what they are doing. Tell me what all the fuss is about."

CHAPTER LXII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

"It is he ; yes, for a certainty !"

"Oh ! yes. Well, well, who would have imagined it ? What a keen eye Amelia has !"

"Did I not tell you it was he ? Do you not see that his handsome face is the very reflex of his mother's countenance ?"

"Ah ! poor Julian, how pale and emaciated you look !"

"So here you are ; who would expect to find you here ?"

These hurried exclamations followed a gentle tap of a lady's hand nicely gloved, on Julian's shoulder. But they did not confine themselves to words. A distinguished looking lady, in mourning, seized him by both hands, and a gentleman of equal distinction welcomed his unlooked-for presence with a mixture of melancholy and subdued pleasure. Both were beside themselves with joy on seeing him.

For a moment after this meeting Julian stood as if petrified with amazement. He met the embraces and caresses of all with the immobility of a statue of distress. His face assumed all the colors of the

rainbow. But the first pang of astonishment over, he grasped the hand of the old gentleman with such warm vigor that he dropped his Panama hat on the ground. He endeavored, but in vain, to conceal the embarrassment he felt, for he would not for all the earth let it be known, could he conceal it, that he was so overwhelmed with confusion.

"Julian, here is your hat," said the elder of the two young ladies in giving him his hat with a gracious smile, after he had shaken the hand of the gentleman aforementioned. "But, tell me, where is Natalie? What has become of her? Is she well?"

"I thank you, Amelia; a thousand thanks, marchioness. How fortunate, how delighted I am!" the youth answered with evident hesitation, holding his hat in one hand and his silk kerchief in the other, wherewith he from time to time wiped his face.

"Julian," answered the latter, "put on your hat; we are all friends here. And now give us some information, if you can, about your good mother."

"Is she at Milan with you?" the marchioness forthwith demanded, as she graciously tapped him on the shoulder.

"Yes. If she has not as yet arrived, she will not delay long," answered Julian, turning towards Amelia, who asked him:

"And has your sister likewise arrived?"

"Certainly; I expect them from hour to hour—that is, if they are not as yet arrived."

"But how is it that the countess has been able to communicate with you under such circumstances and in such a city as this?" insisted the gentleman.

"What do you say, marquis?"

"In what hotel have you taken apartments?"

"I await my mother's arrival to select suitable rooms."

"O Julian! come to our apartments," exclaimed Amelia.

On hearing this proposition Julian turned pale, and his distress was so visible that the two ladies as they passed through the crowd considered him a perfect object of pity. Having emerged from the crowd and entered a cross-street, which ended in a small open square somewhat sheltered from the sun, they were enabled to repose a moment and breathe the fresh air. Julian in his effort to conceal his trouble considered every means to extricate himself from the hands of those who held him as in a vice.

Our readers may readily conceive that the individuals who so unexpectedly increased the embarrassment of our poor Hunter of the Alps were members of the family of the young Achilles, allied by the closest ties of friendship to Julian's family. All, consequently, desired to know the cause of his presence at Milan. They enquired for his mother, his sister, the Count James, his aunt Olympia, his cousins, and the other members of the family. We must here observe that the Marquis Alphonsus, his wife Helena, and his two daughters, Amelia and Maria, knew nothing of the flight of Julian and

his enlistment in the Piedmontese army; for the marquis had spent the winter in Paris, whither his wife went to meet him about the middle of April with her two daughters; but the Countess Leonie was careful not to write to the marchioness or to any of her friends concerning the melancholy freak of her beloved son. Nevertheless, during the winter certain rumors leaked out anent the rupture between Julian and his mother had come to the ears of Madame Helena, who was greatly pained thereat, because, as we have observed, she had come to an understanding with the countess concerning the marriage of Amelia, who had just completed her seventeenth year.

The same cause which had induced the countess, and subsequently Count James, to travel through Upper Italy under the stormy circumstances produced by the war had also brought the Marquis Alphonsus and his family to Milan—we mean the endeavor to discover and bring home Achilles. The superiors of the college whence the boy fled could give no other information to the marchioness than the fact that he had suddenly disappeared. They were of opinion, nevertheless, that he had enlisted in the Piedmontese army. Hence the slow procedure, the perpetual hesitation. One moment they asked, Is he in Tuscany? whither it appeared he had gone; the next instant, Was he in the kingdom of Sardinia? Finally, his father, after making the closest search at headquarters, determined to follow with his family the track of the allied army to Milan, where he would act as cir-

cumstances might dictate. They arrived on the 9th of June at an early hour in the morning. This family, who wore mourning for two dear relatives recently deceased, were in a state of inexpressible consternation, and wept for the fate of the runaway boy, whose fate was such a mystery.

We may easily conceive why the unexpected meeting of Julian caused the family of the marquis such astonishment. Amelia, who immediately recognized him in the midst of the throng, at once pointed him out to her mother. The marchioness could scarce believe her eyes ; her daughter, certain that she was right, persisted, and at the moment when the imperial cavalcade passed by she rushed into the serried throng of gaping sight-seers. She called Julian by name, and gently tapped him on the shoulder. Father, mother, and sister were equally convinced of the truth.

The young girl had got an inkling of the mystery existing between the Countess Leonie and her mother. While Julian was entirely ignorant of the matter, Amelia was perfectly conversant with it. She had been informed of the consent of her parents. She was aware that the first overtures would be made in a few months, when the two families met at the watering-place of Porretta ; she knew besides that the marriage was to take place during the coming autumn. But who had given her this information ? Nobody. She learned the fact through an accident.

While the Marchioness Helena, a prey to anguish on account of the flight of Achilles, had her

trunks packed in order to proceed to Paris, Amelia was apprised of the whole affair through a stray epistle which she picked up. It was a congratulatory new-year's letter, wherein the Countess Leonie, writing to her friend Helena, thanked her and her husband, the marquis, for the cordiality wherewith they granted their daughter's hand to her son; and she observed furthermore that she preferred this match to several others, apparently more advantageous, which had been previously proposed, and she detailed all the preparations for the approaching marriage.

It was not Amelia's fault if this letter fell into her hands. The marchioness had instructed her daughter, whom she knew to be both clever and astute, to glance over all her papers and place the most important in the safe. Overwhelmed with grief, the unhappy mother did not think for a moment that in the bunch of keys which she confided to her daughter was one which opened a secret drawer wherein Leonie's letter had been carefully concealed.

Setting to work, Amelia opened all the drawers indiscriminately. A single letter attracted her attention; she devoured its contents with unspeakable eagerness.

She could easily discern as she read that she was acting in defiance of her mother's wishes. But who could expect a daughter of Eve so young in years to refrain from reading a letter so interesting?

Carried away by her curiosity, she forgot every-

thing else; she forgot her own existence; she was wholly absorbed in the contents of this epistle. She could not believe her eyes; she read it a second and even a third time. While engaged in its perusal she felt a new world of sensations rising in her heart and disturbing her mind. Satisfied at last, but still unappeased, she attempted to fold the letter and replace it in its envelope; but her hands trembled, a cold sweat streamed down her face, two icy tears glittered on her cheek. She blushed with shame, wiped her face with her silk apron, and proceeded to put the letter where she had found it; when she perceived on the envelope the following words in her mother's hand: "I answered the enclosed, stating that the proposal was accepted with pleasure, but under the seal of strict secrecy."

She felt a vertigo in her head as she read these simple lines. She found it difficult to shut the drawer, and when attempting to quit the room her limbs trembled under her, and she tottered as she walked. When she reached an adjacent room she fell upon a sofa and pulled the bell-cord for assistance. Her sister Maria and two female servants rushed into the room. They sprinkled her face with eau-de-cologne and restored her to consciousness. Her swoon was attributed to the mental distress which her brother's disappearance occasioned, and the marchioness never suspected that her most important secret was known to her daughter.

When we remember that Amelia was acquainted with Julian from his infancy, that she esteemed

and loved him sincerely, that she heard him eulogized on all sides as a most accomplished young man, when we consider, too, that Julian was a most desirable match, owing to his excellent qualities, his moral virtues, and social position, his fortune and his comeliness, we may easily imagine the effect the discovery she had just made must produce in Amelia's soul. The young lady had been educated under the maternal eye, far from the flatteries and snares of the world. The pestiferous breath of the maxims which theatrical compositions abound in, and which are exhaled by licentious books had never ruffled her imagination. She was totally unacquainted with the petty malice, the mean dissimulations, the small perfidies with which young people manage to deceive themselves when fancying they deceive the vigilance of their mother. She had no experience of those follies, those levities, those coquetries which often occasion tears of blood.

This innocence did not prevent Amelia from possessing a face, a figure, an education, and a fortune which excited envy in those witty Phillises, those scented Ariadnes, who are accustomed to turn candor into ridicule as the crows disparage the snowy whiteness of the dove.

It is idle to deny that the discovery and reading of the letter of the Countess Leonie deeply troubled Amelia, and caused her great anxiety. Thinking that she had unwittingly abused her mother's confidence, she experienced the keenest remorse; she was so sorry to have committed an action so un-

worthy of her, that she could no longer face the presence of the marchioness with her usual serenity. She imagined that when her mother looked at her she beheld in her face the offence of her guiltless curiosity. Before her mother she assumed a melancholy air, under which she concealed her poignant remorse, as the unknown fate of Achilles seemed to justify and explain her sadness.

The reader will therefore readily conceive that she was deeply interested in Julian, and yearned to hear some definite news of him. She frequently desired her mother to write to the countess to know what had become of him, but she feared to broach the subject. However, on account of her light, innocent, girlish character, and, perhaps, also her want of knowledge of the world, she considered that she should regard Julian thenceforth as one of the family, and love him, and be as familiar with him as she was with her own brother Achilles. Hence, no sooner did she see him standing on the plaza than she approached him, and, calling him by name, tapped him on the shoulder. The gentle girl imagined that Julian knew the mystery as well as herself, but in this she was egregiously deceived.

CHAPTER LXIII.

A QUESTION.

After they had retired to the shade, Julian was pestered and overwhelmed by a deluge of questions. He scarce knew what to do or what to say. The Marquis Alphonsus, a man of a very serious character, singularly taciturn, at present wholly bewildered by the freak of his son Achilles, was never done asking him:

"How comes it that you are here without the countess, your mother?"

Julian, as we have already remarked, knew not what to say, and only answered the questions in the most equivocal manner. He was even less able to give a plausible answer to the running fire of questions kept up by the marchioness and her two daughters, less tolerable even than this everlasting: "But why?"

Poor Julian, placed as he was between the anvil and the sledge, was firmly decided to disclose none of his adventures, but equally resolved to tell no untruth. He therefore had recourse to every means to meet all questions in a satisfactory manner, without infringing on veracity.

"You have left the countess at Arona then?" demanded the lady, as she looked at him sternly, and seemed to read every lineament of his countenance.

"Yes ma'am; she wrote me from Arona, saying that we should meet one another."

"She wrote you? But then why are you not together?"

"And how long have you been at Milan?" asked Amelia.

"Have you been long at Arona? They say it is an exceedingly beautiful city. Was Natalie there also?" enquired in turn the younger of the two sisters.

"Silence, children!" interrupted the marchioness; "let Julian answer your mother. Tell me, Julian, when did you leave home; for, remember, I have written to your mother from Marseilles?"

"What, do you come from such a long distance?" demanded Julian, seizing the occasion to ask a question in turn.

"If you knew, Julian! if you knew him!" exclaimed Marie sadly.

"Keep silence; he has enough of trouble not to give him any more," remarked Amelia in elbowing her indignantly.

"Achilles ran away from college. It has been said that these infamous rascals lured him away and induced him to join the army. I don't know where he is," added the marquis with indignation.

"This is why we are tossed about on this jour-

ney. O Julian! could you but for a passing instant imagine what we are compelled to suffer," resumed Marie. "See how the heart of poor mamma is broken!"

"None can regret it more intensely than I do," answered Julian, as, on hearing the unwelcome news, he changed all the colors of the rainbow.

"How good-hearted Julian is!" remarked Amelia, as she flung on him a glance, not only of sympathy but of love.

"True, true, indeed! I have lost my boy Achilles, and for the past six weeks I have not known a moment's happiness," answered the Marchioness Helena, who, with her eyes fixed on Julian, observed all the rapid changes that appeared on his countenance.

"I am of opinion, madame," mildly observed Julian, "that we have selected an unpleasant subject of conversation. In what hotel are you staying?"

"At the European Hotel, whither we must go immediately," answered Amelia, as she again took Julian's arm. "You are coming with us, Julian, are you not? You must stay with us while we are in town."

"The European Hotel, do you say? I was not aware that there was a European Hotel in Milan."

"Come on and you will see," said Alphonsus.

"I am sorry that we have already dined," replied Marie.

"Oh! we can dine again when we reach the hotel," answered her sister. "Come on, Julian."

"Well, then, you go ahead with your father and sister; I have something to say to Julian," spoke the marchioness to her daughter.

The daughter, by no means welcoming the command, answered:

"Mamma, there is no reason why we cannot both walk with Julian. I have a multitude of questions to ask him anent his sister Natalie."

"Did you not hear what I told you, Amelia?" replied the mother.

"Yes, but has not Julian two arms—one for you and one for me," urged the pretty girl as she flung a smiling glance at Julian.

"No; you do as I told you," answered the marchioness with stern and dignified look.

"Well, all right; but I shall only stay away for a few minutes, mamma. I have some things to ask Julian also."

Julian smiled good-naturedly at the observation of the artless girl. Neither did he care to enter into a conversation with the marchioness, as he instinctively knew that the subject of the conversation would be anent the offence he had committed. Holding himself on his guard, he remarked, in order to turn the topic of conversation:

"How sprightly and lively Amelia is! But where are the two little boys?"

"I have left them in care of my sister. But, Julian, let us turn to another subject. You seem to be no longer yourself; you are the very picture of woe. You have not as yet told me where is the countess, your mother, how it comes that you have

preceded her to Milan, and what is the cause of your extraordinary separation. What is the news, Julian? Do not forget that I cared for you when yet a child, that I cloyed you with kisses and loved you to excess; you should therefore be frank with me, and confess everything."

"I shall tell you all, my good lady. It is a question of a certain affair that compelled my presence here. You must know that amid this deluge of troops one must walk with precaution; besides, women are no lovers of the cannon or the bayonet."

"I presume that the affair you allude to is of supreme importance. I am amazed that the Count James entrusted you with it."

"Well, he is himself suffering sharply from rheumatism."

"But, Julian," interrupted the marchioness, "will you please be so good as to tell us what is the nature of this important affair?"

"Madame, I observe that you take great interest in my welfare, and I beg leave to assure you that I am deeply thankful therefor; but pray tell me all about Achilles, and how he came to run away from college."

"Ah! do not open up so sore a wound. At the hotel I will give you all the information in connection with the affair—our run to Paris, Florence, Genoa, and Alessandria, and subsequently to Florence and Turin. But what I wish to find out, Julian, is the fact of your presence in Milan. You will, I trust, pardon me for asking such a question; but you know we mothers are

singularly suspicious, especially when it is a question of our sons, and you know that *I* have lost my darling boy Achilles. And observe that I have heard something about you, Julian, something that caused me exquisite pain. In the month of February last your Aunt Olympia wrote me, and told me something which amazed me. You will not, I trust, grow angry if I convey to you the intelligence I allude to."

"Certainly not, madame; speak freely and unreservedly," answered Julian, as a crimson tinge mantled his pallid cheek.

"Why are you so nervous and excited?"

"Oh! I am wearied and fatigued."

"Your aunt wrote me a note in hurried haste, wherein she said that all harmony between your mother and you was broken, and a cold cloud of misunderstanding hung between you both."

"What!" answered Julian in nervous tone; "I am amazed at the idea of my aunt writing such malicious balderdash."

"Why, Julian, I am surprised to hear you talking in such a manner! Do you mean to deny that there is at least a shadow of reality in that which you are pleased to term malicious balderdash?" urged the marchioness with a mingled smile of doubt and sarcasm.

"Ho, ho! Amelia is coming back," replied Julian hurriedly and with marked surprise. "Do not be bashful, you are always welcome to my presence."

And as he spoke he offered her his arm, beside

himself with joy that she returned so apropos to put a speedy end to the cross-examination to which the marchioness had so inexorably subjected him. The Countess Helena flung a flashing glance of rebuke at her daughter, and dropped the conversation on the instant, and coldly passed to another topic.

The gentle girl flew from subject to subject in her innocent babble, and in her affectionate simplicity, girlish *naîveté*, and harmless familiarity elicited the indignation of her mother, who from time to time cast on her a look of reprimand ; whilst at the same time her observations excited the surprise of Julian, who by nature was somewhat taciturn and reserved. But on the present occasion he preferred the hum of the fly to the sting of the asp.

But—why should we furthermore conceal it?—the marchioness at the first glance conceived certain suspicions, and each remark induced her to believe that Julian's presence in Milan was not the result of an accident, but that, on the contrary, he was the victim of the same course of folly that ruined her son Achilles. She had ever entertained a lofty opinion of Julian's shrewdness and judgment ; but, despite all this, the minutiæ of their conversation, the mental agitation of Julian, his timid looks, the evident embarrassment of his answers, all combined to augment the suspicions and uneasiness of the marchioness.

Julian at once perceived this black suspicion clouding the lady's countenance. Pretending to be delighted with the presence of Amelia, he utilized

her as a shield in order to resist the arrows of the marchioness. Amelia, in the excess of her artless simplicity, became so familiar with Julian that to one who did not understand her her conduct might perhaps seem reprehensible.

When they placed foot on the hotel porch the marchioness, in high dudgeon and indignation, availed herself of the opportunity when Julian stopped to speak with Alphonsus with adroit delicacy to detach her daughter from Julian's arm, and dryly told her to retire to her room and stay there. Amelia forthwith obeyed, but with girlish poutishness.

Julian, whose brain throbbed with mental excitement, was unaware of the order which the marchioness, in a hasty moment, had issued. He approached a servant, and, as usual, enquired for news anent his mother.

The servant forthwith replied :

"Sir, it is not the countess, but Count James of —, who came here the other day accompanied by his son. He left yesterday to return to his home in the Romagna."

"What do you say? The Count James of —, who lives in the city of — ?"

"Yes, sir."

"And his son ?"

"Yes."

"But he has no son !" answered the young man amazedly.

"Of that I am not certain. Come inside and glance over the hotel register."

The servant, on being questioned, answered several more enquiries.

"Where are you going, Julian?" asked the marquis, who chanced to meet him on the stairs. "You seem terribly excited."

"I? My mind is preoccupied certainly about the arrival of my mother, whom I hourly expect to meet, but who, unhappily, does not come."

"How the deuce does it happen that your mother did not write to you and inform you of the day of her arrival? Now, as for me, I cannot understand it. I would like to have a confidential conversation with her; but I have to dine two hours hence with a major-general, and I deeply regret that I must part with you so abruptly. Helena awaits you up-stairs; you promised, I believe, that you were to dine with us to-day."

"A thousand thanks, my dear sir, but I really cannot promise, nor can I make any engagement; for you know—"

"But where are you boarding, my boy? You can tell me that at least."

"I am at present staying with a friend."

"Oh! you have then friends in Milan? I am glad to learn it. But may I take the liberty of asking who is this friend?"

"You do not know him," answered Julian, as he vainly endeavored to turn the topic of conversation, as a drowning man would grasp at a straw; "but if you wish to make his acquaintance—"

"No, no; I have too many irons in the fire today. Act as you please. Should you dine with us,

it will afford us the greatest pleasure ; if you do not, we expect you to-morrow. And, above all, I ask you to inform me of your mother's arrival, should she come."

"You need not entertain the slightest doubt on that head."

"Will she take up her residence with that friend of whom you spoke to me about a moment since ?"

"I think not. On her arrival we shall in all probability engage a suite of rooms here."

"Good ! *Au revoir !*"

CHAPTER LXIV.

POOR AMELIA.

THERE existed no longer room for doubt. The register of the European Hotel of Milan that Julian referred to bore the name, surname, and residence of Count James and of his son. Julian at once recognized the hand-writing of his uncle. He passed through Milan, he stayed for a day at the hotel before mentioned, and left at an early hour on the previous evening.

"Confound it!" cried Julian, "just to think that I visited every hotel in the city yesterday save this one!"

He grew livid with disappointment. Who could recount the castles in the air built, the foolish and melancholy ideas generated in the brain of our Chasseur of the Alps by this journey of the count and his pretended son? His mother, his sister, their sufferings, their anguish, such were the thoughts that occupied his mind. And then the marchioness awaiting him up-stairs, ready to inflict on him anew a martyrdom, and which he knew not how to avoid.

"What kind of a lad was the boy, his son, who

accompanied Count James of—?" asked Julian of of one the servants as he was about to ascend to the apartments of the marchioness.

"What Count James? The gentleman from the Romagna who left here last evening?"

"Exactly."

"His son, did you say?"

"Yes, his son. Was he a big boy?"

"Oh! by no means; he was quite young, with sparkling black eyes—as pretty a boy as you could wish to see."

"Thanks, madame." And he passed out, seized, overwhelmed, and beside himself with amazement.

How strange are the oddities of human destiny! The Count James travelled through all Lombardy in search of his nephew, Julian. He found Achilles, for whom he was not seeking, effected his exemption from the Garibaldian service, and restored him to his parents safe and well. Alphonsus, his wife, and two daughters flew from city to city in search of his son Achilles, and unexpectedly dropped on Julian in Milan, invited him to dine on the same evening in the very hotel that Count James had left a few hours before.

"O my dear Julian! how sad you look. You cannot conceive how deeply I am interested in you. Where have you been? Be seated; put aside all ceremony," said the marchioness as she pointed, in addressing Julian, to a sofa hard by.

"A thousand pardons, madame. I would have come up sooner were it not that the marquis detained me down-stairs."

"But how pale you look, my dear boy!" exclaimed the marchioness as she stared him with half-affrighted gaze.

"Julian, what *is* the matter? You are not yourself at all! Act toward me as you would toward your mother; you know the love I bear you."

"Nothing is the matter with me, madame. Do not be in the least alarmed, I pray. I am somewhat fatigued, and the sweltering heat literally prostrates me."

"But there *is* something the matter with you," urged the lady in tremulous tone. "The mother's intuitive eye penetrates deeper than a son can dream. I can read on your haggard brow a lesson that you cannot see. You had better take a little refreshment, a goblet of Bordeaux wine."

"Oh! do not trouble yourself in the least. I am really in need of nothing."

All in vain! The waiting-maid, who had been summoned, entered the room. Amelia followed her, bearing in her hand a plate laden with countless delicacies, which, with girlish graciousness, she presented to Julian, and then seated herself by his side; but her mother, with rebuking glance, intimated that she should leave the room. The child obeyed unmurmuringly; but she had scarce gone out of one door when she re-entered by another, and, returning to Julian's presence, forgetful of her mother's orders, sat down beside him, poured him out a glowing goblet of sparkling wine with a smile which concentred the volumed swell

of love. The marchioness, on observing this unusual familiarity, flushed with indignation, and cast on her daughter a glance withering as the lightning. But that glance was disregarded. Reclining on the cushion, she continued coquettishly to chat with Julian, while her eyes beamed smiles and spoke volumes of love, to the ineffable mortification of her mother.

The lady scarce knew what to think of this annoyance, or rather levity, which Amelia never evinced before. She was deeply chagrined, and endeavored, though in vain, by glance and gesture to restrain her daughter's boldness and reduce her to a Quaker-like quiet.

Despite her just indignation, she sought to conceal her anger, as she wished not to lower her daughter's estimation in the mind of Julian, as she wished her one day to become his wife. She feared lest if Amelia, in the presence of Julian, was not more reserved, he would deem her a creature given up to levity and affectation. Furthermore, the marchioness was somewhat embarrassed and put out by the presence of her daughter at a moment when she wished to question Julian on a subject of supreme importance. She grew nervously impatient at the manner in which Amelia seemed to slight her instructions.

A few moments elapsed in copious small-talk, and Julian, struggling between the two mill-stones of the cross-examination of the marchioness and the more interesting babble of her pretty daughter,

inwardly meditated as to how he could extricate himself from the labyrinth wherein he was confined, rejoin his friend Adrian, and write a note to his comrade Maso. He began by drawing on his gloves, but the gentle girl, who watched his every move with eagle glance, observing on his finger a ring adorned with a shining brilliant, which he had purchased the foregoing evening, exclaimed:

"What a pretty ring that is you have, Julian! Please let me see and examine it at my leisure."

He immediately drew it from his finger and presented it to her, while her mother's eyes grew instinct with indignation. Seeing that her daughter took no notice of her reprimanding glance, Madame Helena arose, approached her daughter, and with quiet brusqueness whispered in her ear to leave the room forthwith.

"Oh! what a pretty ring this is anyhow," cried Amelia as she adjusted the ring on her own finger, from which she drew off her own.

"Why, it fits me exactly. You need not expect to get it back. I am going to keep it, but I'll give you mine in exchange for it. I guess it will fit you."

"It is none of my purpose to accept anything in exchange for my trifling ring, Amelia. I voluntarily present it to you, and shall be most happy to see you wear it, but yours—"

"Pardon her, my dear Julian," remarked the lady in a half-embarrassed and compassionate tone. "Amelia has fallen into a vein of light levity and good humor to-day, but it has gone far enough.

Give back that ring, and go at once and rejoin your sister Marie."

"His ring? Here's his ring!"

And she held out the shining brilliant, but retained Julian's.

"Come, Julian," resumed the marchioness with angry air, which she vainly tried to conceal, "take back this ring on my account, and stop all further foolishness."

"Thanks, madame," he replied, as he drew back his hand good-humoredly, for he observed the lady's embarrassment. "I never exchange anything with anybody."

"Do you hear that, you impertinent little imp? Julian has taught you a good lesson how to conduct yourself."

"Oh! pshaw, Julian refuses that ring just because—"

"Please do us the favor of leaving us alone, my dear child. Go and help your sister to pack up the trunks, for it is now growing late."

"Why, what time is it?"

"It is three o'clock," said Julian, who had again drawn on his gloves without taking back his ring, and looked at his precious little watch.

"Oh! what a handsome watch," exclaimed Amelia as she seized it with coquettish *naïveté.*

Julian said nothing, but looked on and smiled, while Amelia's mother grew pale with mortification. The girl, in an ecstasy of delight, scanned the precious little timepiece, and then, being evidently reluctant to give it back, said:

"If instead of this I give you my watch—an excellent English one set in diamonds—what would you say?"

"Oh! I couldn't think for a moment with parting with this," said Julian laughingly.

"Why, do you think that this one of mine will give you the heartache?"

Julian blushed deeply and cast his eyes on the ground. The mother could no longer restrain herself. With irrepressible indignation she approached Amelia and administered to her a severe rebuke. The girl at once grew silent. Julian, rising from the sofa, gracefully bowed to the marchioness, who endeavored to detain him, and retreated with hurried step.

The same day, about six o'clock in the evening, the Marquis Alphonsus dined with his family in a small *salon* at the European Hotel, over which, at the moment we speak of, a sepulchral silence reigned. He had returned more desolate and discouraged than ever after his conversation with the Piedmontese officer, from whom he sought information anent the lot and whereabouts of Achilles. Having heard the foolish though harmless manner in which his daughter acted, the humiliation that her mother had suffered, and the abrupt departure of Julian, he experienced a sting of anger which he found it impossible to hide. Madame Helena was still deeply embarrassed, while her daughter was a victim of pouttishness. While at dinner a servant approached the marchioness and presented her a note which he bore on a silver tray. Every

eye, even the glance of Amelia, was concentrated on the marchioness, who, as she hastily scanned the missive, changed all the colors of the rainbow.

"Who gave you this note?" she asked the servant.

"A coachman, madame."

"Who has written you?" asked Alphonsus.

"It is Julian. Just read it," she answered, as she nervously presented the note to her husband and flung on Amelia a killing glance.

Julian wrote, in substance, that the disagreeable facts that had recently occurred imposed upon him the unpleasant necessity of returning no more to the hotel, to present his respects to the marquis and Miss Marie. He told her that he was about to return home immediately, as he observed that his mother did not come to Milan, and he thanked her for all her kindnesses. As to his watch, which Amelia had kept, he begged the marchioness not to pay the slightest attention to it. It belonged to his sister, and he felt convinced that Natalie would be delighted to offer it to Marie, that she would be happy to know that the marchioness presented it to Marie in her name. He begged the marquis to accept his most distinguished consideration. But to Amelia he never referred.

"You have committed a grave error, Amelia," exclaimed Alphonsus after having perused the note. The poor girl turned as pale as death and trembled like an aspen-leaf in autumn.

"Not a word about you; he does not even men-

tion your name! But you may bitterly repent of your error by and by."

The poor girl, transfixed with distress, silently looked at her father, while her heart for a moment almost forgot to beat.

CHAPTER LXV.

NOT FOUND.

It was highly imprudent to have apprised the Countess Leonie and her guests of the return of Count James. Having arrived home about five o'clock in the afternoon with Achilles, and learned that his wife and two daughters were dining with the Countess Leonie, the count did not wish to cause his wife too sudden a surprise. He deemed it prudent to despatch a trusty servant to the residence of the countess, and to secretly inform his wife of his return and request her to hasten home at the earliest convenient moment. While waiting in the parlor, a servant having asked if the Count James had as yet arrived, the imprudent servant answered that he had. The other, to make himself appear big before his mistress, hurried forthwith to reveal the great secret. Immediately a regular *levée en masse* took place around the table, and every one stood on the tiptoe of excitement.

"Yes, yes; the count has just arrived," answered Madame Olympia in reply to the questions of Florence and the canon. "He is arrived, but neither Julian nor his comrade is with him. He

has brought back the son of the Marquis of —; the two others are prisoners in the hands of the Austrians."

The scene that occurred on hearing of the arrival of the count is literally indescribable. The reader already knows the intense anxiety wherewith the Countess Leonie awaited the arrival of her son, as the telegraphic despatch sent by the Chevalier Eugene assured her that she might expect him at any moment.

This announcement had awakened so many emotions in her motherly heart, and so much joy in the soul of Leopold, that the disillusion was simply terrible.

It were impossible to convey the sorrow that assailed the countess on learning that she was once more deceived—yea, more so than she was even at Turin and Chivasso!

Who would undertake to portray the sorrow of Natalie, the regret of Leopold, the childish amazement of little Otto, the chagrin of Don Egidio, the lamentations of Florence, the embarrassment of Olympia, the astonishment of the two girls, the tears of the servants, and the soul-rending pertubation of everybody? We shall not try to depict this lamentable scene; we shall pass to other topics, or rather we shall return on our track.

At Como as well as at Verese the researches of the Count James amounted to naught. It must, however, be admitted that for a man of his character, whose blood was quicksilver, that it did not require a grea cause to put him in ill-humor.

Thus, following the impulse of his imagination, wearied with running after shadows, set on the edge of anger by the recurrence of his rheumatics, he decided on the morning of June 7 to come to Milan, and thence proceed homeward, bringing with him his godson, Achilles, whom he delighted to be able to restore to his disconsolate mother.

But what of Julian and the letter that he sent to Turin by the sleepy peasant, Procope, to Chevalier Eugene, giving his sister-in-law good news of her son Julian? The letter referred to was the iron that had entered his soul and racked his throbbing brain.

"Now, is it any of my fault if all this trouble has occurred?" he half-angrily said to Achilles, who endeavored to calm him in his excitement. "Is it, I repeat, any of my fault if this foolish boy fled from home; if a crowd of parrot-praters have denounced me with mechanical balderdash; if, with the honest design of quieting his mother, I wrote that ill-conceived letter? Poor lady! no wonder that she is wasting slowly away under her weight of woe. But I again reiterate that it is no fault of mine."

And the good man but spoke the truth. He had indeed neglected no means to find his nephew, and if he did address a few lines of consolation to Leonie, it was but the outcome of a generous heart. Besides the information he received at Como was of a character to induce him to believe that success would shortly crown his efforts.

Another reason compelled him to believe that

the best thing he could do was to get home as soon as possible, for he was there expected daily. He had found no reason to induce him to think that his nephew or Maso had fallen in the skirmish of San Fermo or in the rout of Gaveno. On the contrary, the answers of the majority of those whom he consulted gave him cause to think that the two lads had been made prisoners by the Austrians, a fact of which he had been assured by certain members of the volunteers. Such being the case, there was no means of delivering them from Lombardy, as the Austrians had evacuated it in haste. It was necessary, under the prevailing circumstances, to visit their camp on the border of the Mincio, no very easy matter. It seemed more certain of success to have recourse to some influential official of the Romagna, a province yet in their keeping. This last mode of procedure seemed the easiest and at the same time appeared to present the greatest chances of success.

The count was under the impression that his nephew was certainly an Austrian prisoner. He determined to inform the countess of the fact with positive assurance, and he gave every one to whom he spoke to understand that Julian was a prisoner of war.

It was while laboring under this impression that he sent the intelligence alluded to to his wife.

"Ah! do not try to deceive me with your soft words. Do not amuse yourself with my sorrow. Julian is dead! He is surely dead! I can believe nothing else. Do not laugh at my sorrow. You

cannot read the anguish of a mother's heart on having lost her only boy!"

In these incoherent words, inspired by despair, the countess, in a state of the most deplorable desolation, as she sat almost helplessly in her arm-chair, received the Count James, who, apprised of the terrible distress of Leonie by his wife, had hastened to convey to her a few words of consolation.

"Do not be so troubled! There is no reason why you should give yourself up to vain fears, or to the dread begotten of too lively an imagination," answered the count as he affectionately pressed her hand.

Leonie retired in a brusque and almost sullen manner, exclaiming as she withdrew to the Count James:

"I do not wish to have any more conversation with you; you are cruel and unfeeling, and care not for a mother's affections. Julian is a prisoner. Do you dare to deny it? Why did you endeavor to deceive me by your telegraphic despatch? Why did you inform me through the Chevalier Eugene that he was safe and well, and that you would restore him to me in a few days? Heaven! thus to mock a mother's feelings who but lives by almost a miracle, sustained by the breath of hope. I had rather my heart was pierced with a sword. Then I could once more meet my poor Julian! He is dead! I know he is dead!"

"But, Leonie, I beg you to calm your feelings and listen to me for a moment?"

"No, I'll listen to no more deceitful nonsense. I do not wish to spend another moment in your presence; you have rent my very heart! O my poor Julian! if you had not prevented me from going to look for him, I would have him in my arms ere now."

"O uncle, do not take any notice of my mother; she knows not what she is doing," sobbed Natalie, her eyes suffused with tears, as she grasped the count's arm and led him from the room.

The count, though highly indignant at the undeserved rebuke he had received, could not resist the pleading of the angelic Natalie, whose face grew a thousandfold more lovely in her tears, and at once grew calm, carressed her tenderly, and left the room with her. Leopold, sad and silent, also rose and followed the count, while the little lad Otto, filled with amaze, tripped after him. Seating themselves in an adjoining room the count and Leopold entered into a conversation on the recent journey of the former.

CHAPTER LXVI.

A PATHETIC SCENE.

THE unexaggerated account we have given of the reception given to Count James by Leonie will afford the reader an idea of the moral aberration that had taken possession of her mind and utterly prostrated her. We shall not, therefore, describe at greater length the anguish of this unhappy lady, broken down, almost annihilated, by the excess of her emotions. We shall confine ourselves to the events that follow.

The countess passed the entire evening in the darkest mood of mind, refusing to see any one save her daughter, from whom, however, she would not receive a single word of consolation. On the following day, June 12, she was unable to leave her bed. At an early hour of the morning Mr. Leopold left and set out for Tuscany, to offer his desolate wife a few words of illusory hope.

During this painful separation Julian's mother and Maso's father both wept like children. They promised mutually to send any news to one another that they should learn. Then the countess, ever noble and courteous notwithstanding her delirious grief, heartily thanked Leopold for the

brotherly love which Maso had unceasingly evinced towards Julian, and, being unable to restrain the affection that deluged her heart, she grasped in her arms little Otto and kissed him with that overpowering love which none but a mother can feel. Taking a little cross set in dazzling diamonds, hanging from a golden chain, which belonged to Julian when a child, she placed it on the neck of Otto, with the remark:

"Here, my pretty boy; may this little cross ever recall to thy mind the friend of your poor lost brother and his unhappy mother! Otto, do not forget to beseech God and his ever blessed Mother for Julian's safety."

The little lad nodded in assent.

"And," she added, "when you learn that I am no more in the land of the living you will not, I trust, forget to offer up a 'De Profundis' for the repose of my soul."

"But why do you want to die?" answered the child in the height of amazement.

The good lady heaved a deep sigh, and kindly bade adieu to the father and child, who left and took the route for the Apennines.

During the course of the afternoon the countess asked for Achilles, and expressed her desire to see him. Madame Olympia and Natalie introduced the youth. Natalie preceded both to the foot of the stairs. The fugitive collegian, despite his pretended nonchalance, blushed and grew evidently embarrassed on approaching Leonie.

"And you also, you have acted the foolish part,

my dear Achilles," she kindly observed as she placed her hand on his shoulder. "And you have no news from your father, from the marchioness, or your sisters."

"None, madam ; but I hope to be relieved by my godfather at any hour, from this horrid mode of life. He has written to papa, volunteering to restore me to my home ; but as soon as they have received the letters they will certainly come hither."

"Oh ! how I would wish to see your mother once more. It would be such a great heart-relief in the midst of my affliction !"

Remaining in a pensive mood for a few moments, she resumed :

"Oh ! how my heart would bound with joy did I know that Julian was still living. How true is it that man proposes and God disposes ! What joy ! what hope ! and then—naught but a dream ! Achilles, how many years are you younger than Amelia ?"

"Two years."

"You are then fifteen years of age ?"

"Yes, madame."

"Six months younger than Natalie. Amelia is just eight months younger than Julian. What a beautiful pair ! My poor Julian, taken away from me in the heyday of his youth, and as he was about to pass through the portal of happiness ! But the good God will relieve my tribulations, and restore to me beyond the skies the object of my earthly love."

Achilles looked at her in amazement. Suddenly quite a commotion was heard, a hurried running

to and fro, and cries that betokened astonishment and pain.

It was another dagger in the heart of the countess. Her daughter had fallen into a swoon, and, though prompt succor had been rendered, a feverish spell prostrated her, which, though not serious, alarmed all members of the household. It was occasioned by the shock consequent on the scene that occurred between her mother and her Uncle James the previous evening and the pain caused by seeing her mother in such a desperate state of distraction. She was placed in bed and tenderly cared for. The countess, wildly affected, insisted that she should be put in her own room. Vainly the physician besought to send Natalie to the residence of her Aunt Olympia, where she could enjoy a little mental relaxation; for her illness was not, as we have observed, of a serious character, and to cure it required but a change of place and a cessation of mental worriment. But Leonie would not for an instant listen to any such proposal.

"To send her to my sister's!" she exclaimed; "not to let her stay with me! No, no; I shall not allow any such thing. As long as I live my daughter, the very counterpart of my poor lost Julian, shall not quit my side! I wish you to know that I mean what I say. She is the treasure of his soul, the gem of his heart! And you think I could, for even a passing moment, let her be removed from me? Why, she is the very embodiment of Julian. He rests in her heart and mine."

"Have a care, countess; she may grow worse,"

replied the doctor, as he looked at the delicate girl, who on hearing her mother's remark grew extremely melancholy.

"You see the condition she is in, madame," he continued. "Seriously speaking, do you for a moment think that you can conscientiously act so prejudicially to the health of your daughter?

"I tell you plainly, countess, that if you adhere to your present resolve I shall not assume any responsibility for you or your daughter. You can, if you reject my advice, employ another physician."

"O doctor! you do not understand me. You intimate that my hours on earth are well-nigh counted! Anent that, however, I have nothing to say. God will soon relieve me from all my sufferings by calling me to heaven, where I shall meet my son; for assuredly I have gone through my purgatorial trials here. As for Julian, he was so good, so innocent, so pure, that he must, in accordance with divine justice, be in heaven. When I am no more my sister Olympia can act as a mother toward Natalie, but not before."

"Sister, be careful," replied Olympia with emotion; "if you continue to act as you are doing, you will be the death of Natalie!"

"Pshaw! I would be the death of her were I to deceive her as the Count James deceived me with regard to Julian. She must soon prepare to see her mother die; wherefore, then, should I deceive her? Yes, my time on earth is but short!"

The poor girl turned pale at this ill-conceived observation of her mother. It was a heart-rending

scene. Bursting into tears, Olympia endeavored to take Natalie from the bed whereon she lay, when her mother, rising from her couch, exclaimed:

"Oh! do not take my daughter from me. After poor Julian, she is the only one left me. I shall never again speak as I have just spoken!"

Olympia ceased, and, approaching the bed of her sister, asked her to promise that she would never thenceforward talk in such a foolish strain.

Leonie at once promised.

"Well, then, I shall not remove Natalie from your presence, but do not speak with such wanton foolishness in future, causing your dearest unnecessary pain."

The promise was duly observed. The countess soon grew more calm; the cloud which fogged her mind, ordinarily so lucid, began to dissipate. She appeared to be more content, and less agitated; so much so, indeed, that all her attendants were surprised. Trembling on the very verge of delirium as she was, her mind became now filled with a sad tranquillity, which vented itself occasionally in sighs, fervent prayers, and tender appeals to her son. No more bursts of womanish ill-temper, no more complaints, no more reproaches, no more bitter recriminations, no more dark imaginings.

She had become herself once more, but she would suffer no one, not even Don Egidio, to speak to her of Julian save as of one dead. This fixed and immutable idea was riveted in her throbbing brain, and the endeavor to eliminate it were an impossible experiment. Happily her daughter, less

obstinate and more reasonable than her mother, had more confidence in their uncle James. She fully believed that her brother still lived, and that he was a prisoner at Verona, as her uncle had given her to understand. She besought him earnestly to exercise every means to restore her brother to his abandoned home.

The Count James, truth to tell, required no stimulant to effect the restoration of his nephew. Too well he knew that no time was to be lost, and that by quick action he should preclude the possibility of any accident resulting from the deplorable condition of the countess.

Taking the advantage of a moment when the countess was in a calm condition, he had himself introduced to her notice through the good offices of Don Egidio. The countess graciously consented to receive him, with an air of half-cold severity, but with womanly tenderness. She intimated to him in whispering tone, so that Natalie might not overhear them, with marked simplicity:

"James, my daughter has conveyed to me intelligence which has caused me great pain. As you are aware, I used certain expressions yesterday which were not only bitter but unjust. I regret having so done, and I sincerely beg pardon for having acted so rashly. I implore you to forget it if you can. It was only the outbreak of a morbid mind, but certainly not a dictate of the heart. I offer you the expression of my most cordial thanks for your toil and trouble in seeking for Julian. You will, however, receive therefor an eternal re-

ward. I must give you to understand, in your quality of guardian, the infamous perfidy evinced toward him by Bernard, the cabinetmaker. But it is none of my purpose to revive reminiscences of a character to rend a mother's heart. Don Egidio will tell you all. However, I forgive the unhappy hypocrite, and I have had a number of Masses offered to Heaven for his soul."

"My gracious lady," answered the count in tremulous accents, as he warmly pressed her hand, "is it possible that you can remain deaf to reason, and that you refuse to lend an ear to the account which I so earnestly wish to give you of my journey?"

"I do not refuse, count; I do not wish to shut my ear to your defence. It were unworthy of me to do so. There is no use in crying over spilled milk. I am sorry for the hasty manner in which I have acted."

"Herein, my dear countess, lies your mistake: you suppose that I have naught but sad news to communicate."

"Oh! do not strike so tender a chord. In knowing that Julian is dead I know all."

"Ah! you only imagine that."

"Well, let us change the subject. You can no longer deceive me, James. Let us turn to some other topic."

The count, who vainly tried to speak with simulated composure, dropped the theme. It was better for both.

Count James for some time past had lost all

hope of finding Julian, and he was, perhaps, more in need of consolation than Julian's own mother. It will, therefore, not be wondered at if he administered scant consolation.

But a black cloud hovered over him and intensified his despair.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE TROUBLES OF COUNT JAMES.

THE embarrassment and depression of Count James originated in the following way: On the night following the 11th of June the Austrian troops in the Pontifical States suddenly marched out of the cities they garrisoned and advanced in the direction of Modena and Venetia. The conflagration of rebellion had burst into flame in several parts of Romagna. In other parts it growled and murmured in an undertone against the Government of the Holy See. All the arrangements of Count James were instantly disturbed and his melancholy and perplexity redoubled.

This noble family could not see without regret the perfidy, felonies, and crimes then enacted. All its members had remained faithful to the Holy See, and willingly disposed to fulfil all the obligations of loyal subjects. It will, therefore, be no matter of surprise if the heart of Count James was filled with bitterness and indignation at the cowardly and impious revolts against the rights of the Sovereign Pontiff.

We shall not wait to examine if the retreat of the Austrians from the fortress of Ancona, from Bo-

logna, and Ferrara was wise or politic. We shall confine ourselves to the statement that the abandonment of the right bank of the Po was condemned by the greatest living military captains; they censured the evacuation of the forts of Ferrara and Placentia, which were admirably calculated to serve as a defence for the formidable quadrilateral of Mantua, Peschiera, Verona, and Legnago, in the rear of which the Austrian army, encamped between the Adige and the Mincio, seemed to be in a position to resist every shock and onset of the enemy.

We shall expatiate to a certain degree on the political causes which determined this retreat, in order to inform the reader of the dark mysteries that guided the events of 1859.

It had been stipulated between Austria and France that both should observe during this war a strict neutrality regarding the papal patrimony, which both occupied since 1849, for the professed purpose of protecting the tiara against both internal and foreign foes. Despite this fact, Austria, subsequent to the disasters which she met with on the Tessino, and the march of her legions on the Mincio, had myriad reasons to believe herself seated on a political volcano. Against her were leagued the Emperor of the French, the Piedmontese, and their allies—namely, all the sectaries of the Italian Peninsula.

Accordingly, though France, flushed and intoxicated with victory, took care not to violate the national honor, and scrupulously observed the condi-

tions of the convention, yet no guarantee could be found against the perfidy of Piedmont, and especially against the roving bands of irregulars that the Turin Government had levied in Tuscany; for, to the aforesaid irregulars, led, not commanded, by brutal ignoramuses, honor was a hollow-sounding word, and the sacredness of a treaty a big joke. How, then, could Austria, if she was possessed of the slightest prudence, believe that her troops would not be attacked by these infamous bands in the papal cities? And in such circumstances what would be the consequences it were impossible to divine. We must not, then, too hastily blame the Austrians for withdrawing their garrisons from the Romagna after the defeat of Magenta. They could, perhaps, have delayed it a few days and rendered it less precipitate. It is a matter of regret that they did not. But, in admitting that the Pontiff, duly apprised of the departure of the Austrian forces from the legations, would have provided against contingencies by sending there a sufficient though less numerous force, yet what guarantee could be relied on against the inroads of the Piedmontese?

The invasion of the Papal States was already decreed. Even could Pius IX. with his faithful soldiers stop the infernal storm that tore violently away from him the Romagna, in June, 1859, he would only have succeeded in postponing for a brief period the massacre of Castel Fidardo. But without a direct miracle from Heaven, he could not have saved his people.

But to return to Julian. He remained at Milan two days longer after having written to the marchioness, and did not leave till the morning of 12th June, the very day that his mother and sister were so suddenly taken ill. He passed those two days almost entirely in his own room. He feared that if he went out he might again meet Alphonsus, the marchioness, or her daughters, and such a meeting, it is scarce necessary to observe, would be in no wise welcome. The questions addressed him were very embarrassing, and the coquettish manner in which Amelia acted slightly ruffled his temper.

The loss of his precious watch, of which he had been so unceremoniously deprived, stung his soul, not, indeed, on account of the intrinsic value of the article, although that, too, was considerable, but on account of the memories it conjured up. While he would not condescend to ask for it, but wishing to give a lesson to the indiscreet but harmless girl, he penned, in a moment of lost temper, the letter, already referred to; and this act of boyish retaliation agonized the soul of poor Amelia. Did he know the unspeakable pain it caused the artless and gentle creature it were never written. But he was no prophet, and thought that under certain circumstances a mild rebuke but amounted to an act of courtesy.

The departure of his uncle from Milan, which he learned at the European Hotel, induced him to believe that his mother had changed her mind; that she had instructed Count James to go

seek for him in Lombardy, and that she and Natalie had returned home. But then, instead of going to Bergamo, where the Garibaldians were garrisoned, why did his uncle depart so hastily for the Romagna? Had any mishap befallen his mother or sister? These ideas racked Julian's brain.

He had already written four letters to the countess. After having made new enquiries in all the city hotels, and before returning to Adrian's villa, he wrote a fifth letter, wherein he told his mother all his adventures, giving her at the same time his address, and assuring her that he would return home as soon as his friend Maso had sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of the journey. Having felt quite assured that his mother had returned home, he thereto addressed his letter. His crowning consolation consisted in writing his mother in the most affectionate manner, and in giving her the most minute details of all his mishaps; it was the only means to quiet the uneasiness and anxiety wherewith his soul was harrowed at thought of his mother and sister's suffering. From this moment he scarce missed a day that he did not write home.

"My mother," he said to himself, "will be quite content so long as she knows I am living and well."

Poor Julian! how egregiously you were deceived.

Julian received on his return a highly welcome reception from Madame Clelia, Celsus, and Maso. He found his friend Maso quite convalescent; he was no longer confined to his bed, but lay

stretched on a sofa beside a table covered with vases of delicious and fragrant flowers. It is scarce necessary to state that this delicate act of attention came from Celsus, who had taken it into his head to make Maso a consummate botanist. The young fellow was as yet pale, weak, and emaciated, but he grew in strength and vigor from day to day.

"Why, you look much worse than Maso, Julian; what is the matter with you?" asked Clelia after warmly welcoming him.

"Oh! nothing is the matter with me; I am somewhat unnerved by the sweltering heat, to be sure, for Milan is like an oven."

"Pshaw! we have not had any of that excessive heat yet that I so eagerly desire for my tropical plants and flowers," chimed in Celsus. "My dear boy, I wish you to come along with me and see some rare flowrets I have just received; why, they are worth more than that battle of Magenta, about which every one is talking. Come and see them."

"But what about my clothes?" asked Maso, who had already been bored to madness on the botanical question; "have you brought them along with you?"

"Why, yes—a whole trunk full."

"Let us see them."

Celsus remained silent, and while Maso examined Julian's purchases he rose and went out.

Madame Clelia made very minute enquiries as to Julian's experiences at Milan.

He unhesitatingly told her all as far as his researches for his mother were concerned, as well as

of the popular rejoicings, the mad revelry in honor of the Franco-Sardinians, and the two sovereigns; but he took precious good care not to breathe a word about his meeting the Marquis Alphonsus and his family. He mentioned it to none save Maso, who laughed heartily at the way in which Julian lost his watch, and condemned unequivocally the pert laconicism of his letter to the marchioness.

Two days thus passed by.

On the evening of the 13th Adrian, who, as we have already observed, had been knighted, returned from Milan. His first act was to cordially greet the little Tuscan, as he familiarly called Maso, and presented him with a pin set in diamonds and bearing the cross of Savoy. He also presented one to Julian, observing as he did so, in half-sarcastic tone:

"Do you know, my dear count, that I have news for you from the Romagna which will probably sadden you. The Austrians have evacuated it, and all its cities have torn down the papal banner and flung to the breeze the flag of King Victor Emmanuel, whom they have proclaimed dictator. The cardinal legate at Bologna has left, and all the other delegates are on the run to Rome, followed by the civil officials and troops. There is a general rush."

"Why, a revolution has occurred," cried Julian excitedly.

"A revolution! not at all. Only a provisional change of government. These people, so devoted to the cause of Italy, seeing themselves abandoned—"

"Oh! I must start for home at any risk. No one knows what may occur."

"There is not the slightest necessity. It is only a mere trifle. Your palace will not be fired, I assure you; your friends will not suffer the slightest injury," answered Adrian smilingly.

"You think that this is a repetition of the Republic of 1849, but it is no such thing. The present political change is but the pacific triumph of moderation. The demagogues, the Mazzinians, the sectarian Brutuses are now things of the past. Italy, personified in our beloved Victor Emmanuel, bears a royal crown. So you need not be alarmed; civil order and public tranquillity will not be disturbed in the legations, and the Holy Father will continue to be venerated and will remain safe in the enjoyment of all his prerogatives."

"But who, meantime, administers the Government?" asked Julian.

"Men of the highest integrity and acknowledged ability, who assumed the charge of civil affairs."

"Of the highest integrity? Do you mean to believe any such thing of those unredeemed rascals?"

"Don't be so hasty. How can you apply such epithets to such superior and irreproachable characters as, for instance, Popoli and Minghetti, of Bologna?"

"Superior! irreproachable! Do you think that I don't know them?"

As the discussion promised to wax warm, Maso

adroitly managed to effect a change of subject. Julian a few moments afterwards wrote to his mother, and told her that his only reason for not starting home immediately was that he could not obtain permission to do so from Maso's physician.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

"JULIAN, I am amazed at you! I never before thought you were of such a singular disposition. You see that I am now well; you have written home several times, and your friends know that you are safe; Mr. Adrian assures us that he will procure passports for us at any moment, and the doctor says that I am strong enough to start for home. You have heard that the revolution in the Romagna is of the most pacific character; yet, notwithstanding all this, you are a perpetual prey to sorrow, and seem to live but to suffer. Why not assume your wonted gayety, and cast all trouble away."

"Oh! you do not understand the cause of my distress. You do not seem to ponder on the fact that all my letters have remained unanswered. Imagine yourself in my place, and then tell me if this inexplicable silence of my mother, sister, and friends is not sufficient to cause me racking pain?"

"Why, as to that, I am in the very same condition as yourself. Did you not write my father from Milan? And did I not write him myself a number of letters during my convalescence?"

"Maso, your position is very different from mine. Besides, I am not near so troubled as you seem to think."

"No, I understand you perfectly well. Were it not for me, you would have been for the past fortnight at home in the midst of your friends. I can see the grief that consumes you. But I am now better, and can start at almost any moment."

"Oh! you could not as yet support the fatigue of the journey."

"Wait for a day or two and you will be convinced that I can. I do not wish to run away abruptly or leave without cordially acknowledging the many kindnesses that have been shown me by this good family, who, as you are aware, treated us as if we were their own children. Madame Clelia, Celsus, and Adrian, mad-cap liberal that he is, deserve our affection and regard. Adrian, despite his politics, has a generous heart."

"Yes, I agree with you that kindness should be repaid with kindness. But, as you know, we have acted thus far very respectfully toward our generous host. For any substantial acknowledgment—well, we can leave that to our parents."

"Well, I am not so sure of that. You know our kind host complains somewhat of the manner in which you talk of the political events of the day. Personally he is delighted with you, but he finds that you are not liberal enough in your ideas, that you are not a patriotic Italian, and that you are too ardent a stickler for the Pope."

"What! does he think that in order to manifest

our love for Italy we must reject our legitimate rulers and expel the Sovereign Pontiff? Adrian is good at heart, no doubt, but he sadly lacks brains. If he thinks he can convert me to the political platform of the Carabonari, he is egregiously mistaken. I look on that plague with holy horror. Do you know, Maso, the order of liberty that the foolish old Adrian professes? To the order professed by cowards who, through human respect, proclaim themselves liberals."

"Why, I am amazed at your language. Adrian a coward!"

"Yes, as cowardly as a rabbit. In reality—for I pumped him on this point—he is no more of a liberal than you or I am; but he wishes to follow the fashion. He acts like so many ladies of the Italian nobility, who as far as liberalism is concerned do not understand the slightest thing about it, but who make all sorts of liberalistic grimaces, because, as I observed, it chances to be the fashion. For these crackbrains it is as indispensable to inveigh against the temporal sovereignty of the Holy Father, against the clergy and religious, as it would be to do without health-ruining corsets and ridiculous bustles. But to return to our kind host. He is never done prating of a free and independent Italy, but when asked to define minutely what he means thereby he can only stare at you in silent ignorance. He simply repeats what others say and thinks as others think to escape the raillery and jibes of his associates. But were the Austrians victorious, and should they cross the Adda, he

would kneel down and black the boots of Marshal Giulay with the same craven flunkeyism he evinced toward Victor Emmanuel in Busca Palace."

It was a beautiful morning in the middle of June. Our two young friends were seated in the shade of a laurel bower looking on the broad alley leading to the little villa where they had been so kindly received and treated. The sky was bright and clear, and the heat intense. The boys were lazily reclining in the cool shade, and familiarly chatting.

While Julian was engrossed in his liberal-politico discussion a carriage drove up and stopped at the end of the avenue. A gentleman holding a travelling-satchel in his hand, and accompanied by a small boy, got down from the carriage. On observing them Maso stared for a moment, turned marble pale, and, recovering from his emotion, rushed to their presence and flung himself into their arms. Julian followed him, and on coming into their presence heard Maso murmur:

"Carlo, my dear Carlo!" as he kindly caressed the boy.

The stranger, approaching Julian, respectfully doffed his hat, remarking: "It is the Count Julian I presume I have the honor of addressing?"

"Yes, sir," answered Julian with surprise, for he divined that it was Maso's father who stood before him.

"Ah! a thousand thanks for your kind letter. O Julian! did you but know what pain your absence has caused at home."

It were vain to attempt a description of the joyous scenes and pleasant conversation that followed this unexpected meeting. The letter which Julian addressed from Milan to Leopold, informing him of the illness and recovery of Maso, was handed to the former in Tuscany but two days after his return from his visit to the Countess Leonie. That letter restored strength and consolation to Leonora, joy to Madame Bianca and the entire family. Leopold immediately started, accompanied by his second son, Carlo, aged about twelve years, for Milan, and thence proceeded with the utmost haste to the villa where Maso was residing.

"Julian, prepare to set out as quick as possible," said Leopold after a brief conversation. "Before leaving home I conveyed word to your mother of my intention of coming hither."

"Certainly, as soon as I obtain my passports—which I cannot before to-morrow—I will be ready to start. So desirous am I to reach home again that there is scant danger of my causing any unnecessary delay."

CHAPTER LXIX.

SOLFERINO.

WHILE the circumstances just related were occurring at Adrian's villa other events of the gravest character were about to take place in Lombardy.

After the affair of Melegnano the two armies held Europe in suspense for a period of fifteen days. The Austrians, commanded by the Emperor Francis Joseph in person, were firmly established on the Mincio, adjacent to the celebrated Quadrilateral, the Franco-Sardinians, led by the Emperor Napoleon, in serried and threatening phalanx, against them. Arrived on the bank of the Chiese, Napoleon desired to make a halt, for the double purpose of granting his troops a period of much-needed rest and holding a council of war to decide what course of action should be adopted in that conjuncture.

It was rumored that the Austrian emperor was firmly resolved to defend the Chiese at any cost. He had already deployed countless legions of hussars and uhlans in the vast plain of Montechiaro, for he desired to bring on a cavalry engagement, which would offer him great advantages. It is well

known that the Austrian cavalry is remarkable for the unity of its movements, its activity, and bravery.

But it is inexplicable why all those numerous and powerful squadrons of Hungarians, Bohemians, and Moravians suddenly recrossed the river and disappeared. Napoleon at once determined to cross also immediately on their tracks and penetrate to the right bank of the Mincio. In truth, from the 20th to the 23d of June almost all the allied forces advanced beyond the stream and encamped in the circumjacent valleys, at Carpenedolo, Castiglione, and Castel-Goffredo. But they saw no sign of an Austrian. In vain the emperor of the French explored the vast plain. He instructed the aeronaut, Godard, whom he hurriedly brought from Paris, to make an ascension and explore the chain of hills which stretched between the Lake of Garda, the Mincio, and the lowlands of Medole and Castiglione. Godard made his ascension, but could discover nothing.

Francis Joseph had divided his troops into two armies, under the command of Marshals Schlick and Wimpffen. After having taken counsel with his most sagacious generals, he decided to pretend to remain on the defensive, and even to abandon the right bank of the river. This he did with the design of attracting the allies to that position. He would then convert his defence into an attack with most marvellous celerity by crossing and recrossing the Mincio from the 23d to the 24th, and, after having cut the Franco-Sardinians, whether on the cross-

ing of the Chiese or the adjacent plains, would turn on them his entire force of two hundred thousand men and five hundred pieces of artillery. This would have succeeded, had the brave monarch advanced its execution by a single day.

This is overwhelming evidence, together with the result of more recent investigations, how maliciously false were the rumors, so widely spread, that the designs of the Austrian emperor were traitorously revealed to the French. So far was Napoleon from suspecting that he would have to sustain on the 24th the assault which in truth he did sustain that he issued that day usual orders for the march, prudent, it must be admitted, but in no wise different from those of the preceding days. He and his commanders were already convinced that the enemy, which showed no sign of life, had entirely evacuated the right bank of the Mincio, and that on that day there would at most be nothing but perhaps a slight skirmish between the advance guards. Is it likely, then, that if the emperor of the French knew the designs of the Austrians, he would not have taken the necessary precautions to ensure victory ?

Be that as it may, however, on the morning of the 24th the advance-guards of the allied armies flung themselves on the enemy. Both were surprised at this sudden and unexpected meeting. The rivers Chiese and Mincio issue on the north, the one from Lake Isco, the other from the Lake of Garda, and discharge their waters into the Po, after having irrigated a territory of fifteen

miles in breadth. The greater portion of this district is studded with countless hills ; the rest forms a vast plain. From Volta to Lonato the hills grow gradually smaller, though in many places they increase in height and seem to be interlaced with one another, skirting the plain and bearing on their summits a cluster of towns, villages, and hamlets beautifully surrounded by smiling vineyards and flourishing plantations. On the plain spread out as far as the eye can reach are fields of waving corn, verdant orchards, and rich, luxuriant meads.

At the centre of this chain of hills, at the foot of which the smiling valley lies, the little mountain of Solferino erects its crest, which is capped with a village of the same name. A huge rock, in the form of a truncated cone, crowns it, and on its topmost summit haughtily stands an olden tower, moss-grown and gray, which is known as the Italian Sentinel. From this spot the eye of the observer takes in a sweep of horizon which is only bounded by the Alps and the sea.

The houses of Solferino form a sort of amphitheatre around the mountain, and its streets lead to the frowning fort that commands the circumjacent hills. Its northern wing is defended by a massive pile of masonry which the French name "Bosquet des Cyprés" ; the south wing is backed by a cemetery surrounded by equally strong walls. At a short distance, and facing the Alpine road, stands the Church of Our Lady of Discovery. The most accessible of the roads which leads to this bastion, which has ever been deemed impregnable, is that

which issues from Castiglione and leads to San Cassiano. However, another, though narrower, way exists which skirts the declivity of the cemetery; a path also ascends zigzagging round the hills, which, serving as detached forts, defend the southern road. Finally, from the elevated cone spring out, like branches from the trunk, the crags of Monte Fenile, of Grole, and of Fontana, which on the west directly face Castiglione. A little lower down Monte Sarco is seen, and behind it the little hills of Cavriana. On the right, as you proceed toward the Lake of Garda, the eye meets the rocks of San Martino. The elevation which bears this name is a rugged little mountain, with vast, circuitous back, which has narrow flanks, offering a multitude of excavations admirably calculated to serve either for defence or attack. The Lugana road, which, starting from Rivoltella, cuts the way from Peschiera, leads to these cragged heights, of which the most impracticable route is that traversing the space between the church, Roccolo, and the house of Contraccania; for the escarpment is dangerously precipitous, and its brow is crowned with a cypress wood singularly fitted to afford refuge or an opportunity for ambush.

To the left of Solferino stretches away the valley, which, in proportion as it extends to the south, sinks into mud and marshes, and at the foot of the hills where the valley begins are the great highways of Castiglione and Carpenedolo, which, passing by Guidizzolo and Medole, terminate at the bridge of Brito-on-the-Mincio.

These two populous communes, surrounded b far-spreading meadows and carefully-cultivated fields, are the keys of the plain which divides the two rivers. If the reader can conceive an imaginary quadrilateral whose extremities would be situate in the environs of Pozzolengo, Volta, Medole, and Revoltella, he would almost be able to form an adequate idea of the ground whereon was fought the battle of the 24th of June.

The Austrians crossed the Mincio with eight corps and two divisions of cavalry. The first army, commanded by Marshal Wimpffen, was composed of the respective corps of Generals Schwartzenberg, Schaffgottsche, Veigl, Liechtenstein, and Zedwitz. In the second army-corps, under the command of Marshal Schlick, were the detachments of Generals Benedek, Stadion, Clam-Gallas, Zobel, and the cavalry division of General Mensdorf.

The allies advanced with twenty infantry and four cavalry divisions. The French infantry were composed of the five divisions of MacMahon, Canrobert, Niel, Baraguey d'Hilliers, and the division of the Imperial Guard. The Sardinians formed four divisions under the command of Fanti, Durando, Cucchiari, and Mollard. The French cavalry were composed of the divisions of Partonneaux, Devaux, and Morris des Gardes ; the Sardinian cavalry formed one division.

It is almost impossible to state accurately the number of soldiers engaged on both sides. Rustow, who has endeavored to make a fair and rea-

sonable calculation, affirms that the Austrians who participated in the battle that day did not number less than a hundred and sixty thousand men, and the Franco-Piedmontese a hundred and seventy thousand or more. It is, however, safe to state that on that terrible day three hundred thousand men at least engaged in deadly combat, with one thousand pieces of cannon, and on a space of ground scarce covering thirteen miles.

The Austrian forces, divided into two wings, advanced as follows: On the right toward Castiglione, from Stiviera and Lonato, by the acclivities and slopes which form a net from Solferino to the Lake of Garda; on the left toward Carpenedolo by the valley which stretches between Guidizzolo, and Castel-Goffredo. The object of the right wing was to attract the enemy by feigning a retreat. The left wing was assigned the duty of flinging themselves on the right flank of the enemy and hurling him irresistibly to the foot of the mountains.

The allies had the chance of surprising the foe, who lost in an instant the best advance-posts which covered the centre of the field of operations. For, all along the line which from the base of Castel-Goffredo ascends to the summits which face Pozzolengo, the French corps struck, as they arrived, the Austrian forces, who, on account of their inferior numbers, could offer but a feeble resistance.

Between eight and nine o'clock the battalions of Baraguey d'Hilliers made themselves masters of the three small mountains of Fontana, Grole, and

Fenile, from which they vigorously began to batter with rifled cannon the forts of Solferino, that stood directly opposite. Marshal MacMahon forced a passage toward San Cassiano, while General Luzy, of Niel's corps, attacked Medole, where the advanced guard of Wimpffen's army was stationed. Accordingly, at the very moment when the Emperor Francis Joseph was informed of the approach of the Franco-Sardinians the latter had already precipitated themselves on the surrounding farms and massed their forces on the slopes of the hills which commanded the roads into the redoubts.

While these engagements were going on, the emperor of the French, having hastened from Montechiaro, halted on the plaza of Castiglione, mounted a steeple, and looked all round him. Observing the countless numbers of the enemy who swarmed at his feet, on the summit of the hills, and descended on his right like a torrent along the slopes down to the valley, he trembled and grew pale. But immediately from the top of his observatory Napoleon saw and understood, with lightning-like conception, the terrific struggle that was about to take place; he saw and understood that the enemy purposed to batter his right wing and envelop his centre. He reflected an instant, and the idea flashed to his mind to exert on the spot every effort against the enemy's centre, to wrest from him the heights of Solferino and Cavriana before the latter would have time to overpower his right wing, which was in a very perilous position between Guidizzolo and

San Cassiano. The plan was marvellously sagacious, but a moment should not be lost. The laurels of the day would evidently be culled by the side who would succeed in anticipating the other. If Wimpffen, with his eighty thousand men, should chance to defeat Niel before Napoleon dislodged Stadion from the summit of Solferino, Austria would triumph; but if Napoleon, before Wimpffen enveloped Niel, could capture with the flower of his forces the aforesaid height, from whose summit the splendid star of Magenta seemed to shine, France would undoubtedly be victor.

The emperor commanded his guard to hasten their march and rush to affect a junction with Marshal MacMahon. He ordered all the reinforcements possible to be sent to the support of Marshal Niel, and these reinforcements were to be detached from the corps of Marshals MacMahon and Canrobert. Without a moment's delay, and while Auger's batteries, sustained by Decaen's division, were pouring in a raking storm of grapeshot in conjunction with Wimpffen, the emperor, wildly cheered by his troops, leaped on to the summit of Monte Fenile, and, heedless of the plunging tempest of lead around him, prepared to carry Solferino by assault and direct the battle in person.

On his arrival the Dieu brigade had pushed well forward, as far as the foot of the cemetery hill. All at once the dazzling flash of bayonets was seen through the bushes and underwood that cover the base of the rock of Solferino. It was an Austrian detachment that had ambushed there with the de-

sign of surrounding Baraguey d'Hillier's corps and separating it from MacMahon's. On the instant, Napoleon brought up D'Alton's brigade in battle line, and, entrusting the carrying out of the supreme effort to General Forey, he flung it with wild impetuosity on that death-freighted cloud that was just about to burst. This ill-judged operation was disastrous in the extreme. In a moment the column was almost annihilated by a raking fire of round-shot and canister, while from countless muskets a perpetual sheet of flame and smoke leaped out fringed with a line of lead. The *débris* of the column were borne back and crushed like reeds in a hurricane before the dash of the Austrians in their mad rush to burst through and carry the French centre.

But see! here come on double-quick the brave regiments of the Imperial Guard, panting to get at holds with the enemy. General Maneque, at the head of five battalions of voltigeurs, wildly rushes to the support of D'Alton's brigade, of which there are but a few tattered remnants left, and with irresistible impetuosity tumbles the enemy back to the foot of Mount Sanco, where a hand-to-hand struggle takes place, so desperate, avenging, and bloody, that we would shudder to attempt its description. General Ladmirault, with three other columns, attacked in turn the cemetery redoubts.

Mad attempt!

He tumbles to the ground wounded; his division is broken like glass and put to rout by the Austrian brigades under Gual and Koller, who hurled it into

a gorge and tore it to pieces under a cannon cross-fire from the fort and the cemetery.

It was now one o'clock in the afternoon. The most advantageous and formidable points of the Solferino position, so desperately disputed and at such bloody cost, were as yet in the hands of the Austrians.

Six hours of battle, or rather six hours of incessant butchery in its most brutal forms, had decimated Stadion's corps, who, no longer able to hold his position, was compelled to shelter his harrassed and battle-worn troops behind the entrenchments, and entrust the castle and the fort to a brigade that he yet held in reserve. A few battalions of Zobel's corps joined it, but the reinforcement was not sufficient; and herein consists the crowning blunder of the Austrians. They should have garrisoned these important positions while they yet had time with a sufficient number of soldiers. The Emperor Napoleon, on the contrary, had under his eye twenty thousand troops of the Imperial Guard and sixteen thousand men of Baraguey d'Hillier's corps. Reischach's regiment fought with such terrible ferocity as to literally astound their enemies, and defended the points of Solferino, the most desperately attacked, while the *débris* of Stadion's brigade and Zobel's detachments made a desperate effort to hurl the serried and resolute French legions down the slopes. It was one of the most furious charges ever delivered or received. The madness and horror of that almost hand-to-hand fight surpasses all powers of imagination.

The village, fort, and cemetery were like three belching volcanoes. From the adjacent heights the fires of the French batteries converged on these three points, while in answer the Austrian artillery kept up its incessant thunder-roar, that seemed to make the air around them vibrate and the earth beneath them rock.

The most disputed point was undoubtedly the cemetery. Five times the French dashed to its capture with superhuman energy; five times were they sent whirling back by the impetuous onset of the Austrians, who themselves stood horror-stricken and dazed at the ghastly slaughter they had made. The dead, the dying, and the wounded literally carpeted the sward, while the blood in countless rivulets went gurgling down the hills like water after a pelting rain-storm.

At length, despairing of being able to carry the cemetery by assault, the French directed their energies against the fort, from whence, if captured, they could rake with their artillery that impregnable spot before which all their valor failed. It was the supreme effort of the day, the decisive hour of battle. That handful of Austrians, battle-worn and decimated, who had thus far sustained with such marked heroism so many attacks, can no longer defend all the heights. The French columns, in serried, massive order, advance slowly, calmly, with the same measured step as if on a field review, closing up the gaps that the grape and canister tore through them, and, with incredible contempt of death, march up to the cannon's mouth

and then burst upon the foe with a wild hurrah. The cheers, the yells of rage, the shouts of defiance of these invincible battalions drowned the roar of the artillery, and must have sent a shock of terror through the hearts of the foe, if, indeed, such men could know fear. Finally, the brave Colonel d'Auvergne scrambles first up to one of the topmost heights, and, placing his white handkerchief on the point of his sword, waves a salute of triumph to the emperor. The latter returns the salute. It is the salute and shout of victory. The Austrian understands it well, but he strives in vain to stifle that triumphant cheer or oppose a successful barrier to his overpowering foe. Brigade succeeds brigade, charge follows charge, each more desperate than the other; but the Austrians are soon compelled to fall back to the valley facing Pozzolengo and Camerlata. They are furiously pursued by the French, who were constrained to halt only by a blinding storm, of which the incessant flash of the lightning, the crash of thunder, the wind, hail, and torrents of rain forced a truce on the victor.

While this awful strife was raging on the left wing, near the centre Marshal MacMahon was vigorously engaged with the Austrian forces who barred the passage of San Cassiano and Cavriana, and with serious obstinacy threatened to hold him separated from Niel's corps. He was opposed by Clam-Gallas, who made him pay so dearly for his laurels at Magenta. He led his columns toward San Cassiano, when a solid Austrian phalanx, de-

bouching from the Guidizzolo road, startled his gaze. He in hurried excitement ordered twenty-four pieces of artillery to be placed at the embouchure of the road and crumble the enemy with their fire. The impassible Austrian vigorously returns the salute, and one of the bloodiest artillery duels ever witnessed takes place—a duel in which the brave and handsome General Auger had his arm shot off, which a few days subsequently cost him his life.

Marshal Schlick's corps put the French left wing in no slender peril in the plain of Medole, and tended directly to cut it off from its centre. Now, the distance between Marshal MacMahon and Marshal Niel was quite considerable, and neither the one nor the other had sufficient force to effect a junction. The two cavalry divisions of Partonneaux and Devaux, and, later on, Moris' division, arrived on the nick of time. Deploying at once in battle order, they covered his weak flanks and bravely attacked Mendorf's cavalry, who had plunged along to harrass the battalions on his right. Thus reinforced, although not to such an extent as to be by any means sure of victory, MacMahon turned in the direction of San Cassiano and hurried forward the division of La Motte Rouge to effect the occupation of that position.

The assault was so furious that shortly after noon the Austrians concentrated their strength and endeavored to rally at Mont Fontana and prevent the capture of Caviana, the last stronghold of their centre. This breastwork of hills commanded,

through the heights of Cavriana, the opposite fortress, and so strong a position was it, that it might be compared to Solferino. The Austrians, led by the intrepid Prince of Hesse, stood sternly in their tracks, and repulsed with splendid obstinacy the whirlwind charge of the French. Indeed, not only did the Austrians beat back the Turcos from a redoubt wherein they were firmly entrenched, but they were victors in a whole series of assaults, paralyzing every time the vigor of the foe. Had the Austrian centre not been already disorganized, the prince could have assumed the offensive and recaptured Cassiano. But the Imperial Guards, whose presence was no longer required at Solferino, were despatched to assist MacMahon. After a resistance as obstinate as vain, the Austrians, harrassed and attacked on all sides by an enemy superior in numbers, and torn and shattered by the artillery pouring with incessant roar round-shot and shrapnel into their thickest ranks, were finally obliged to retreat, fighting as they fell back like baited lions to the last line of the Cavriana hills.

From the top of these heights the Emperor Francis Joseph, who had with breathless excitement witnessed the marvellous heroism of his devoted troops, ordered up his last reserve in the endeavor to oppose a final barrier to the French columns, that from height to height and slope to slope pressed on with the resistlessness of an angry tempest to overwhelm this, his last refuge, to save his centre. From early morning the emperor had not taken a moment's repose, galloping from rank

to rank, where the hail-storm of lead fell thickest and death reaped richest harvest, he was inspiring, encouraging, animating his soldiers, whose bravery, truth to tell, required no stimulus. Francis Joseph presented a striking contrast to those monarchs who, sitting snugly at home in their luxurious palaces, send out their serfs to slaughter and be slaughtered. But the fury of the French, who, from the desperate resistance offered them, had grown ferocious as wounded tigers, swept everything before them, and their rifled cannon, whose fire their artillerists sent to the mark with unwearied obstinacy and deadly skill, carried to such a long range that the Austrian reserves, though they never for a moment blenched, were literally torn into fragments. What with the demoralization occasioned by the defeat and irreparable overthrow of the centre, and the slaughter caused by the French rifled artillery before Cavriana, the emperor determined to abandon the position. The bugles brayed retreat, and the commands of Clam and Zobel retired toward Goeto, the thunder-storm that had swept down on the field so furiously favoring the design of the Austrian emperor.

The deadly struggle on the centre terminated by the French capturing the little village of Cavriana, and from that moment there was not the slenderest doubt as to the issue of the day. Nevertheless the Austrians, who were completely victorious over the Sardinians on the right wing, and who were in no wise weakened on their left in the conflict with Niel, undertook, at the instance of the emperor, to

test the result of another attack, and were on the point of turning the fortunes of the hour.

On this side the French were not so strong as the enemy. Canrobert's corps, which was stationed between Mendole and Guidizzolo, could render them but scant assistance, as the marshal had orders to watch an Austrian corps which was to debouch by the Mantua road.

After having occupied Medole, Niel turned his march toward Guidizzolo and quickly flung his force against the Austrian left wing, encamped in the vicinity of the main road to Goeto, the key of the entire plain. Until three o'clock in the afternoon the marshal, who observed that his command was unequal to the forces of Wimpffen, concluded that it was better to stand on a defensive that assumed, nevertheless, the appearance of an offensive, and await the reinforcement he so importunately demanded, at one moment from Marshal Canrobert, at another from Marshal MacMahon. The Austrians, who had not as yet received orders to fling themselves on the enemy, were satisfied with vigorously repelling his attacks. But as the line of battle was very short, and as the contending forces kept up an incessant fire, it chanced that Marshal Niel, as well as Marshal Wimpffen, sacrificed in this mutual make-believe attack the flower of their troops.

When the critical moment arrived to begin a general aggressive movement the only reserve remaining to the Austrians was Sebotlendorf's brigade, with two batteries; the rest of their troops

were wearied and battle-broken after a day of furious fight under the most untoward circumstances. But Marshal Niel had just received a new body of reserves, who arrived at the determining moment to repair the serious losses he had endured.

The impetuosity with which the Austrians dashed to the attack on the right wing of the French army is designated by Bazancourt as "mad heroism." Their divisions and brigades, notwithstanding their forlorn and hopeless condition, bounded like hungry panthers on the foe, the while they were being hammered, battered, and torn to shreds by a hundred mitraleuses, converging on them from every side, and pouring into their decimated ranks an incessant death-tempest of grape-shot and canister. It was at this trying juncture that the young Prince of Windshgraetz, at the head of his regiment, flung himself madly on the enemy's squares, and in the midst of the furious struggle tumbled to the ground, pierced by two bullets. But the young hero did not lose his courage with his blood; ordering that he should be carried forward on the shoulders of his soldiers, he continued to animate his men, waving them on with his waving sword, while his life-blood ebbed away, stimulating them to burst those barriers of fire and steel, and break down that human wall of brass. His example so fired his men that they sprang with a yell of rage and vengeance on the bayonets of the foe, and had it not been for the timely arrival of three French battalions, who overpowered this heroic regiment, that regiment would have torn

through the heart of the enemy like a whirlwind through a forest.

Observing that the rapid and continual advance of the French troops rendered it impossible for Wimpffen to achieve definitive triumph, the Austrian emperor ordered him to retreat, in keeping close, however, to the Mincio. The marshal executed this order in the midst of the terrible tempest, which Heaven in its mercy seemed to have unchained to put a stop to such ghastly carnage.

The Austrian right wing still remained, which, under the command of Benedek, crossed swords with the Sardinians among the rocks of San Martino. But here victory smiled on the former up to the moment when the emperor ordered the general to fall back, notwithstanding his advantages, lest he should expose his command to be surrounded by the enemy.

But before abandoning the positions wherein he had so forcibly recalled to the minds of the Sardinians that he still was the terrible Benedek of Custoza and Mortare, he once more scattered the soldiers of Victor Emmanuel, hurling them before him like autumn leaves in a gale. He then, in obedience to the emperor's command, retreated, following the course of the river, grumbling and growling and gnashing his teeth.

From six o'clock to nine o'clock in the evening the easy conquest of the hills, villages, and fields that the Austrians had voluntarily evacuated constituted the achievements of the Piedmontese, a deed which they pompously call "the great victory

of San Martino," which they payed for, however, with the loss of four thousand two hundred and sixty-three men killed and wounded, and twelve hundred and sixty-eight made prisoners. The "victorious" Sardinians took only a handful of soldiers from the enemy; at least we cannot find any mention of more in the official report.

The retreat of the Austrians toward the Mincio, and their passage to the other side of the river, ended the bloody struggle, which will be one of the most memorable of modern times, on account of the fearful losses it occasioned. According to the official reports of both belligerents, the Austrians had thirteen thousand men killed and wounded, and the Franco-Sardinians about eighteen thousand—that is, thirty-one thousand men who, in the brief space of fourteen hours, were either wounded or slain.

Indeed, it could not be otherwise, if we consider the superhuman valor evinced on both sides. The eagle of France, victor at Solferino, bore away another triumph, the result of the heroism and genius of the greatest military power the civilized world ever saw.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE RETURN.

WHEN Julian took leave of his kind hosts the hearts of both the one and the other were deluged with sorrow. Adrian, who found fault with him only on account of his indifference to liberalism, warmly shook hands with him on his departure. His wife, the generous Clelia, wept as he took leave, and almost seemed to think that she had lost once more her darling and never-to-be-forgotten son. Celsus, with his distinguishing botanical enthusiasm, overwhelmed him with kindness, while he reproached him for having concealed for such a long time his real name. The courtesies of Leopold, who wished to furnish him with all the money he required, and indeed much more, the parting caresses, demands, and promises of Maso, the farewells, the reciprocal expressions of thanks, and the sorrow evinced at his departure—all touched intensely the tender heart of Julian. Maso accompanied him to the carriage-door, and, with his eyes welling over with tears, he said :

"Good-by, Julian ! I need say no more to you, as we shall soon meet again. After spending a few days at home I will visit you. Good speed !

and do not forget to remember me to your kind mother and amiable sister."

Julian, overcome by emotion, could scarce answer, and sobbed like a child. He warmly shook hands with Mr. Adrian and Leopold, kissed the mischievous little Carlo, expressed his unbounded thanks toward Madame Clelia, and then, brushing a tear from his eye, leaped into the carriage and drove off.

During the journey he believed himself the victim of a deceptive dream, and could scarce imagine that he was *en route* for his own home. He could hardly conceive whether or not the three months he had passed separated from his family, and so many troubles and perils, were a dream or a reality. "During my entire journey," he wrote in his diary, "I did not breathe a word to any one, save my dear friend Maso. I did not, indeed, think of talking. I was absorbed in the past and much more in the future. In fact, the past almost upturned my mind, and at times I could scarce help asking myself the question: 'Am I awake or dreaming?' The future filled my soul with anxiety. The importunities of Mr. Leopold, who was ever striving to hasten my departure, clung in my mind, and filled it with gloomy forebodings. What sombre thoughts flashed through my brain during these three days' journey! I had brought along with me to read 'Marco Visconti de Grossi,' that I had bought in a book-store at Milan. A hundred times I tried to read it, and as often did not go through half a dozen lines till I had to close

the book and again relapse into a melancholy reverie. None other than myself can conceive the intensity of my suffering."

Towards evening, on the 24th of June, Julian's carriage had arrived about a mile from the city which was the object of all his desires. Fearing to enter before nightfall, he alighted and walked on foot, telling the driver to bring him his travelling-trunk the following day. He proceeded slowly and diffidently to the city gate. Though the weather was pleasant and the road excellent, it chanced that he met but few persons. At a certain distance, however, he observed coming toward him a carriage, the horses of which he at once conceived were those of the countess, his mother.

He remained for a moment on the summit of excitement. There was no longer any doubt; he re-recognized Blaisius, the coachman. He trembled a moment; his heart almost forgot to beat; he pulled down his hat to conceal his face, and walked hastily past by the side-path that edged the road. The carriage passed on; but Julian, who flung a sly glance as it dashed by, remarked inside a rather youngish woman clad in mourning, and a little girl. He was accordingly filled with the most painful anxiety. He trembled from head to foot.

He entered the city at the moment they were lighting the lamps. He hastened hurriedly toward his own home, while his heart was racked at the thought of hearing of some domestic mishap. The lady dressed in black whom he saw in his mother's

carriage filled his soul with awe; and as to the young lady therein, he could form no conception as to who she was. He did not recognize in the carriage either his mother or his sister. The young lady, however, puzzled him most; he did not know who she was or why she was there.

In the midst of his perplexity, and in his darkest gropings, Julian arrived, listlessly and scarce knowing where he was going, at the end of the street which debouched on the market-place.

He immediately halted, looked at his old residence, and tremblingly hesitated. He could discern no light in the hotel from cellar to attic; a new wing that was being built shut off the light from his eyes.

"I wonder if they are in the country," he murmured to himself.

While meditating in this state of uncertainty, not knowing what next move to make, the carriage he had met outside the city dashed by. The young girl was not in it, and the darkness of the night did not permit him to recognize the others. He saw the carriage pass through the entrance-gate.

"They are not in the country, then," he muttered.

He therefore thought that the best part he could choose would be to get some intimate friend who would break the ice for him—who would introduce him to his beloved mother, whom he yearned to see, and yet whom he feared to meet. Did he only know it, little had poor Julian to fear from that

heart-broken mother. The only punishment that awaited him was a kiss and an embrace. When he arrived at the peristyle his heart failed him; he could not muster up courage enough to go in; he shrunk from the idea of meeting his mother, whose heart he had so intensely pained.

The thought occurred to his mind that he had better go and have his Aunt Olympia intercede for him before going into the presence of his mother, and yet every moment was an age till he saw that mother. He accordingly wended his way to the residence of Count James; but on the road he changed his mind again, and directed his steps to the dwelling of his old tutor, Don Egidio. On coming to the door he stood for a moment, and then, summoning up courage, he gently rapped. He awaited the answer, pale as death.

The door was immediately opened. Julian in an instant found himself in the presence of his dear old teacher, and the hearty welcome he received it is not for us to attempt to describe.

After getting over the first paroxysm of emotion, and brushing away the tears that blinded him, his first exclamation was:

"My mother! my sister! I want to see them!"

The good old man, Don Egidio, was himself overwhelmed with emotion. This Julian at once observed. He quickly asked:

"Why, what is the matter with you, good father? Has any untoward circumstance occurred?"

"What is that you say?" observed the canon, vainly endeavoring to control his emotion.

"Oh! I need say no more," murmured Julian as he buried his face in his hands; "I have broken the hearts of my dear mother and sister, and peace of mind can never visit me again."

CHAPTER LXXI.

COMING HOME.

"OH! pshaw! my child, you are losing your senses. They are all as well as ever at home. Come along with me and see them; I shall go at any moment you desire. You will then know if I am in the slightest degree exaggerating." These words, addressed to Julian by Don Egidio, gave him courage at once. He arose, and, looking at the canon with but the faintest vestige of doubt, exclaimed:

"Ah! do not deceive me. Tell me truly if my mother is still living."

"Yes, my boy; she and your sister are in the best of health; you know I would not deceive you."

"All right, then!" exclaimed Julian. "Let us go immediately and see them. But are you sure that no mishap has occurred?"

"I tell you once more that all things are right."

"But I am somewhat doubtful," answered Julian, as he stared fixedly at the canon, while the latter looked at him with a calm and half-stern air. "There are, if I mistake not, strangers at

home. On coming into town I met my mother's carriage twice, and observed within a young lady clad in mourning. Who is she? Why not tell me?"

"Can you guess," observed Don Egidio, "who was the young lady in mourning? What if you found out that she is an ambassadress sent by yourself?"

"Why, I guess you are joking."

"Indeed, I am not; I am speaking seriously. Come on, I will tell you everything on the way. You must, however, do everything I tell you. For this evening you must just do as I bid you and ask no questions. Do you know why I ask you to do so? Well, just because I fear your unexpected appearance would overcome and prostrate your mother and sister."

"Oh! do not be in the least afraid. But who is the young girl that I saw in the carriage? To me she is a perfect stranger."

"Stranger? why, your remark is a subject for inextinguishable laughter. You know her much better than I do. However, let us start, and kill no more time."

And suiting the action to the word, he seized his hat in a hurried flutter and started out with Julian.

"I know her," muttered Julian to himself as he descended the stairs, "and I have sent her in the quality of an ambassadress! I think the canon must imagine that I have lost my senses."

The God of mercy, whose eye ever watcheth over

the widow and the orphan, vouchsafed, at the moment when their tribulations were at the highest, a restoring dew to fall on the hearts of the afflicted pair and gradually prepared them to witness their bitterness of soul changed into unspeakable joy.

The reader will remember that we left Leonie and Natalie ill and melancholy in their apartments in the hotel. On the following morning all their trouble had disappeared; they seemed to be endowed with a new life. The countess no longer feared for the death of her son; a secret voice, a mysterious impulse, seemed to inform her of his safety. She did nothing now but pray for his speedy return.

This unexpected change was a great comfort to Natalie, who, always persuaded that Julian was a prisoner at Verona, endeavored to regain her former influence over her mother. Aided by Aunt Olympia, the Count James, and Achilles, she finally induced her mother to put faith in the belief she herself held. She thought, however, that Julian was much safer in the hands of the Austrians than in the Garibaldian ranks.

On Thursday, June 16, Achilles was to return home under the protection of Count James. He had neither the time nor the courage to start earlier. Everything was ready, and the boy, accompanied by Count James, had entered the apartments of the countess about four o'clock in the afternoon, to take leave of the ladies, when all at once a servant announced that the Marquis Alphonsus, the marchioness, his wife, and several

other persons were coming up-stairs. This announcement was to all like an electric shock. The Count James immediately rushed to the door; the Countess Leonie rose and proceeded to meet and welcome the visitors; Natalie followed, and Achilles, pale as marble, accompanied them.

It were impossible to describe the scene that followed. The Marchioness Helena flung herself impetuously into the arms of her son, and a perfect struggle ensued between the father and two sisters to first embrace him. Overpowered by this touching scene, Leonie envied the Countess Helena her great joy, and tearfully hoped that she herself would ere long participate in a similar scene in clasping Julian to her bosom.

"What about Julian?" demanded the marquis as soon as the first paroxysm of excitement had subsided.

"Has he not returned as yet?" asked the Countess Helena.

"Where in the world is your brother all this time?" eagerly enquired Amelia, staring into the face of Natalie.

The Countess Leonie and her daughter sought to conceal their trouble; but when they discovered that the family of Count Alphonsus had met Julian at Milan their surprise and pleasure knew no bounds. The countess for the moment thought that they wished to impose on her, and she accordingly changed the topic of conversation, the more so as it stung her to the soul to be compelled to confess that her only boy had joined the Garibaldi-

an ranks. But seeing that the affair was a fact, the countess deluged them with questions; everyone spoke at the same time, and no one could expect an answer. Leonie was literally crazy with excitement. She could speak of nothing, think of nothing, except Julian. And Natalie, with her peevish, girlish impatience, was almost as bad. The minds of both were simply absorbed in Julian's return.

"But how does that happen?" Leonie repeated. "Julian all alone at Milan? He is not a prisoner, then? And dressed up in citizen's clothes? And staying with a distinguished friend? Is it possible? I can scarcely comprehend it; it is almost incredible. Julian no longer a soldier!" But when the countess was shown Julian's watch, which Amelia had taken and kept when she met him at the European Hotel, the joy of Leonie was boundless. She asked in anxious eagerness to see the note which Julian addressed to the marchioness. This proposal was of course a dagger in the heart of poor Amelia. Stealing up to her mother's side, she begged in the most pitiful accents not to let the note be seen.

The Marchioness Helena, out of consideration for her daughter, sought a pretext for its concealment, but Alphonsus, who was somewhat galled at her girlish levity, abruptly exclaimed:

"Yes, show the countess the note. Amelia, Achilles, and Marie; you will be pleased to retire. Countess, Natalie, with your good pleasure, may

also retire. I shall submit the note to you, and afterwards explain it."

Amelia re-entered the room in a moment, and in tears seated herself between the countess and her father. Leonie, more and more surprised, asked what all the trouble signified.

"I shall tell you," answered Helena.

And in the most adroit and delicate manner the marchioness narrated as briefly as possible all the circumstances that had occurred at the European hotel. After having heard all and glanced her eye over the note, the countess turned toward Amelia, who was standing beside her mother. She smiled amiably as she looked at her, asked her in the gentlest terms to he seated ; then, sending out for Natalie, she explained the entire affair as she showed her her brother's note. A long conversation was forthwith begun, which ended only with midnight. From that hour the soul of Leonie was lit up with hope. Every cloud of sorrow had fled.

It is unnecessary for us here to expatiate on the manner whereby the marquis was informed of the discovery and escape of his son. The Count James had written him from Milan. The servitor opened the letters, which he was accustomed to from privilege ; he then hastened to despatch a telegram to the marquis, who immediately left Milan, and arrived on the day we speak of at the residence of Count James. He did not doubt but that his arrival would cause unmixed joy to both Count James and Leonie. He had not the slight-

est knowledge that Julian had perpetrated such a whimsical escapade, or that he should find the countess in such a state of anxiety and mental anguish.

The marquis passed three days, sometimes at the residence of Count James, at other times at the apartments of the Countess Leonie. It will readily be conceived what a balm his visit was to the heart of the disconsolate countess. Alphonsus had the unmixed consolation of leading the countess into a perfectly tranquil state of mind. She requested him to allow Amelia to remain with her for a few days. Helena at once consented, and promised to return and bring her home as soon as she would receive intelligence of Julian's return. It is scarce necessary to observe that Amelia was delighted with the proposal.

But perhaps some of our readers may ask what became of the letters that Julian wrote to his mother. She never received them. Of ten or fifteen that he wrote not one reached her. The cause is thus explained: A member of one of the secret societies, the impersonation of perversity, intercepted them with assiduous industry. He bribed a post-office official to examine all letters addressed to the countess, and withold all that came from her son.

CHAPTER LXXII.

HOME AT LAST.

It was ten o'clock in the evening when Julian and Don Egidio entered the gate leading to the hotel. As they passed the portico Julian trembled and became the very impersonation of fear and shame. As chance would have it, Florence was the first to meet him. Had it not been for Don Egidio, the good man, in the excess of his rapturous joy, would have put the house topsy-turvy. The canon knew that, for the time being, he should conceal with scrupulous care Julian's arrival from all persons occupying the same apartment as the countess. After having requested Julian to remain in an adjoining room, and to stay there till called, Don Egidio entered Leonie's chamber, where she was seated in an easy chair, surrounded by her daughter, Amelia, her sister Olympia, and a few friends, who kept up a conversation neither interesting nor animated. The good priest deemed it best to omit all preliminaries, and exclaimed :

"Countess, I bring you good news!"

"Oh! oh!" rang around the room, while Natalie ran to take the good canon's hat and cane.

"What is the good news you bring me?" asked

the countess eagerly, in a tone of mingled nonchalance and agitation.

"Julian is on his way home; he will, in all likelihood, arrive to-morrow."

"Heaven be praised!" cried the mother, as she stared at the canon with excited gaze.

"This time it is a true fact. I tell you, Julian—"

"Will he come to-day?" interrupted Natalie, pale as a lily. "Don Egidio has a certain air which—"

"Softly, my dear," answered the good canon; "give me leave to speak."

"Continue," exclaimed Leonie excitedly; "tell me where is my son?"

"You know," he answered quite composedly, "that I am not in the habit of uttering one sentence before finishing another. You will, then, I trust, listen to me. What I propose telling you is but the sterling truth."

All then held their breath and listened to what the good man had to say.

"An hour ago," he remarked, "a gentleman from Milan came into my presence and surprised me by telling me the best news as regards Julian."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Leonie with vivacity. "But who is this person?"

"Give me time to tell you, countess."

"Oh! do not repeat the scene that occurred on Holy Saturday, when you told us that Julian had joined the Garibaldians," broke in Natalie. "Why always bring us unwelcome news?"

"Do you wish to hear me through, or do you not?"

"Yes, certainly, go on; and you keep silent," exclaimed Olympia, turning toward Natalie.

"Well, from this friend I learned, and he is a good authority," continued the canon—"I learned that after the battle of Varese, while on the march for Como—"

"Who?" impatiently asked Natalie.

"Oh! have patience. I mean Julian."

"Well, go on."

"While on the march to Como he remained for a time in a peasant's cabin, for his friend Maso was in an almost dying condition."

"Poor Leopold!"

"Oh! that amounts to nothing. On the following morning a gentleman came to find the youths to bring them to his country home, where Julian put aside his military uniform. While his comrade was being cared for he went to Milan with the gentleman who had received them and treated them with such marked kindness, and thus it chanced that he met with the Marquis Alphonsus and his family in that city."

"Do you see?" exclaimed Amelia, as she stared at the Countess Leonie.

The latter made no answer, but, in breathless eagerness, remained silent.

"And is Maso well again?" asked Natalie.

"Yes, thank God! and Mr. Leopold has lately seen him. Julian has started for home on the 21st, and the gentleman who brought me the news tra-

velled with him to Modena; so that you see he will arrive home soon, perhaps to-night."

"What is that you say?" broke in the countess, pale with excitement. "Who is the person you speak of? Can I see him? Can you not induce him to come here?"

"Certainly, countess; he— But what time is it, please?"

"A quarter past ten," answered Olympia.

"Well, at a quarter to eleven the gentleman in question will see you."

"And he parted with Julian at Modena?" eagerly asked Amelia.

"No, but he accompanied to Modena— But wait till you see the gentleman himself; he will be here in a very short time, and he will explain all."

"O mamma! if Julian should come home to-night, would not you and I be glad? I will send Pietro to the station immediately, and tell him not to come back without Julian."

And as she spoke Natalie ran toward the door.

"Wait for a moment, miss; I have a word or two more to say to you," cried the canon excitedly.

But she paid no attention; she rushed forward, followed by Amelia. The sudden exit of the two girls upset all the plans of Don Egidio. He immediately arose to call them back, but scarce had he placed his hand on the door-knob than he heard a cry of surprise. It was uttered by Natalie, into whose arms Julian flung himself unexpectedly as she entered the room, exclaiming in broken accents:

"My dear Natalie, you see I have come home again."

"It is all over now," murmured the good priest; and, turning toward the countess, who stood by, pale with amazement, he said in gentle tone:

"Come on, madame, to the next room, and suppress your distressing agitation; Julian is here at last."

At mention of these words she uttered a cry of surprise, and exclaimed:

"Oh! heaven be praised."

She sank, overcome by emotion, on the sofa. The rest of the scene it is unnecessary for us to describe. A moment afterward Julian entered her apartment accompanied by his sister.

On seeing her he smilingly remarked:

"Well, mamma, you see I have come back to you again," and, going over to her, he kissed her with vehement tenderness. Those only who have read of the pain and anguish of the good lady can conceive her happiness.

Julian has written an account of the tender manner he was received by his mother. He says:

"All in the room withdrew except my aunt, Natalie, and the canon, Don Egidio. For a time my mother was so prostrated by mental agitation, consequent on my return, that she could scarce speak a word. She could but press me to her bosom and kiss me. She scrutinized me as if she doubted my identity. She found me wonderfully changed. It could not be otherwise, for that evening I was the victim of fear, almost broken down

with dread at the idea of meeting my mother after having caused her so much pain. She finally had me sit down to supper, and seemed to take a singular delight in serving me with her own hands. I told her I was wearied, and wished to retire to rest; she consented as soon as I asked her, giving me, as I left, that sweetest of all things—a mother's kiss. It was the first I had gotten from her in eight months. I slept soundly enough, indeed, but I was soon awakened, and observed my mother bent over me, looking at me as if she had never seen me before. I asked her to go and snatch an hour of repose, but she told me her only repose was to remain with me, and, accordingly, seating herself beside my pillow, she remained there, I believe, nearly all night.

"This passion to have me ever beside her, without allowing me to separate myself from her for an instant, lasted for a whole week. During that period I could not spend an hour apart from her and my sister. Each of them seemed to be jealous of my affection. My mother lavished on me every sort of kindness, and literally overwhelmed me with caresses. Never till then did I conceive how much she loved me, or the intensity of my guilt in acting toward her as I did. It was the first time I adequately appreciated the wealth of love that animates and informs a mother's heart. From that moment I understood that unspeakable love a mother alone can feel, and why our Divine Redeemer, in his human nature, chose a mother to love and cherish him!"

CHAPTER LXXIII.

TWO WEDDINGS.

THE villa of Countess Leonie on the 27th of July, 1859, was full of life and animation. It combined the cultivation of a private garden with the crowded animation of a public promenade. Here a young mother with an infant at her breast was seated beneath the clustering boughs of a rose-bearing laurel, and there a fine child in a go-cart was bounding, exulting, and rejoicing. Two little boys in the laurel avenue at the left were wonderfully interested in the gambols of a Courland dog. A little farther on two boys of larger growth were busily beating the branches with a rod, and thus forcing the chesnuts to fall in showers on the ground. Three gentlemen at the right were walking side by side, gravely engaged in serious conversation. In a green and odoriferous bower a cluster of ladies were seated, talking and laughing merrily together. A little farther on four fine young men were joking and laughing with a hilarity, an earnestness, and vivacity which evinced delight, and was absolutely contagious.

We are more or less acquainted, dear reader, with all these people. They consist of the families

of Count James, the Marquis Alphonsus, and Mr. Leopold, who have come, men, women, girls, and boys, to visit the countess, and congratulate her on the happy return of Julian. They selected the anniversary of her daughter's *fête,* which was piously celebrated in the chapel of the villa, a chapel consecrated to the martyr, St. Natalia, the ancient patron of the family. They had all heard Mass in the morning, which was celebrated by Don Egidio, and received the sacrament at his hands to thank our Saviour for all his benefits. Abundant tears of tender piety were shed by these three mothers at the foot of the altar, from which the pure and living waters of ineffable consolation seemed to gush upon their souls.

After breakfast the joyous party dispersed and spread themselves in hilarious groups through the delightful villa. The fathers, meantime, had to consider a domestic ceremony which was destined to be the source of new and greater joys; we mean the marriage of Julian with the eldest daughter of Marquis Alphonsus, and of Maso with the sister of Julian. These marriages had been fixed and determined on during the preceding thirty days.

The reader is not to suppose that an affair so important was concluded without encountering a crowd of difficulties. In the first place, the wife whom his mother had selected for Julian seemed distasteful to him on account of certain lamentable levities which had shocked him at Milan. But the countess, who earn[illegible]nged to see them wedded,

and who held the heart of her son in her hand, gradually operated on his mind and slowly dispelled his dislike. She was aided in these efforts by Amelia herself, who apologized for her conduct, and who, instructed by experience, assumed as modest a bearing as if she were a Roman matron of the days of Cincinnatus.

On the other hand, Julian's proposition with relation to his sister made the countess hesitate. She was pestered by perplexities of the most opposite nature. The Marquis Alphonsus might be said to have pledged his word for Achilles, yet the countess shuddered at the thought of compromising herself. She clung to every imaginable pretext to escape the solicitations of her son. But the arrival of Maso, who came ten days before his mother and the children, removed every difficulty. She was so pleased with his appearance, he was so winning and amiable, that she was quite charmed with Maso. Having been informed as to the extent of the fortune which he was to receive from his father and grandmother, the countess exclaimed: "My daughter shall be free in her choice of a husband." We need hardly say that the young lady preferred Julian's friend to Achilles. The marquis did not find much to complain of. He supported this trifling contradiction with patience, being appeased by Count James, who said to him very seriously:

"Before three years are ended you shall be at home with my Christine; believe me, she is quite as good as Natalie."

Alphonsus smiled and d satisfied. The

gayety of the company at the dinner is beyond our powers of description. They spoke on all topics and every subject. They laughed gayly and gracefully at the three Garibaldians, who occupied places of honor as the kings of the festival. They were a select assembly of the devoted partisans of the Sovereign Pontiff, attached from principle rather than interest to the legitimate princes of Italy, and consequently hostile to the clandestine intrigues by which Piedmont managed to annex and incorporate the duchies of Modena, of Parma, Tuscany, and the Romagnas. We may easily imagine how outspoken and uncompromising they were. They called a spade a spade, and stoutly asserted with Hamlet:

> "There's not a rogue in Denmark
> But what's an arrant knave."

The peace then recently established by the emperors of France and Austria at Villafranca furnished our conversationalists with ample matter for discussion, criticism, and debate.

To conclude, the two couples are still living in friendship, harmony, social intercourse, and domestic peace. They are the envy of all the married people who know them. They constitute the happiness of the Countess Leonie, who is delighted with a cherub boy whom they have added to the list of her acquaintances. Whenever she alludes to the checkered adventures of Julian she is wont to exclaim, in a tone of indescribable tenderness:

"I fancy, Julian, that I am in a dream."

THE END.

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